



Engraved by H. Brocas from the Original Folio Edition.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



Engraved by H. Brocas from the Original Folio Edition.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



*Engraved by H. Brocas from a Drawing of the same size, made by Christ. Humphrey
from the original Picture in the Collection of his Grace the Duke of Chandos.*



SHAKSPEARE'S
DRAMATIC WORKS;

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED, A COPIOUS

I N D E X

TO THE
REMARKABLE PASSAGES AND WORDS.

BY THE
REV. SAMUEL AYS COUGH, F.S.A.
AND ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

EMBELLISHED WITH
A STRIKING LIKENESS OF SHAKSPEARE,
FROM THE ORIGINAL FOLIO EDITION,
AND ANOTHER
FROM THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

A NEW EDITION.
VOL. I.

"———IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE ROSE;
"EACH CHANGE OF MANY-COLOURED LIFE HE DREW,
"EXHAUSTED WORLDS; AND THEN, IMAGIN'D NEW."

DUBLIN,
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET.

1791.

51/15



To
it has
POEM

OF
text o
carefu

Th
quarte
The
publi

Un
in 15
public
Ode
Edito
as bei
this C

Our
Editio
which
Editio
ductio
be my

W
our P
pelled

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO render this Edition a complete Collection of the WORKS of SHAKSPEARE, it has been recommended to print uniformly with his Dramatic Pieces, the genuine POEMS of this celebrated Bard.

Of the Collection here presented, it is necessary to give some account :—The text of the late Edition of the Poems given by Mr. Malone has been followed ; after carefully collating it with the different Collections extant.

The most considerable Poem, *Venus and Adonis*, was first published in 1594—quarto, although the earliest Edition to be met with is that of 1596—small octavo. The *Rape of Lucrece* was also first printed in quarto, in 1594, and afterwards republished in small octavo.

Under the quaint title of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, William Jaggard first published in 1599, a Collection of Sonnets, &c. with the initials of our Author. In this publication a Sonnet beginning with, “ If music and sweet poetry agree,” and an Ode beginning, “ As it fell upon a day ” (which had been printed by the same Editor in his Collection of the Poems written by Richard Birnfield) were inserted as being the production of Shakspeare ; they have not, however, been admitted into this Collection.

Our Author's Sonnets, with his name, appeared in 1609—quarto. Subsequent Editions were enlarged by the interpolation of various “ Translations from Ovid,” which were made, and afterwards claimed by Heywood. In Jaggard's second Edition of the “ *Passionate Pilgrim*,” in 1612, he made free to give, as the production of Shakspeare, Marloe's celebrated Madrigal of “ Come live with me, and be my love,” and the Answer to it, which has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

While we have been scrupulously attentive not to admit a line as the production of our Poet, against whose authenticity any evidence could be produced, Candour compelled us to receive two Poems not to be found in Mr. Malone's Edition, but which

have appeared in all the Copies since 1640. As they have not been by any Editor attributed to another hand, and seem only to have been rejected by Mr. Malone on account of their first appearing in a posthumous publication ; we have not deemed that sufficient reason for considering them spurious, and have given them a place at the conclusion of the work.

☞ In publishing the Poems to connect with the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, the sole aim of the Editor was, to have it in his power to accommodate the Admirers of Poetic excellence, with a complete and uniform Copy of *Shakspeare's entire Works* : at the same time, not presuming to change the terms of his original subscription ; he leaves it entirely optional with the Patrons of *the Royal Edition of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works*, to receive them agreeable to the proposals ; or, with the addition of the *POEMS*, at the small advance of 3s. 3d.

R
John A
J. Atch
William
Rev. A
Rev. M
John A
John A
Thomas
Rev. M
Thomas
Mrs. A
Mr. W
George
Rev. M
Rev. M
Richard
William

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES

TO

JONES'S EDITION

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

A

RT. Hon. Lord Allen
John Allen, Esq. Litchfield, Connecticut
J. Atchefon, Esq. Derry
William Armstrong, Esq. Derry
Rev. Allen Noble Adams, Shercock
Rev. Mr. Armstrong
John Adrien, Esq.
John Anderfon, Esq. Cork
Thomas Archdeakon, Jun. Esq.
Rev. Mr. Austin
Thomas Adderly, Esq.
Mrs. Ahmuty
Mr. William Anderfon
George Adamson, Esq.
Rev. Mr. Allen, Monaghan
Rev. Mr. Alexander
Richard Anderfon, Esq.
William Armstrong, Esq.

Mr. John Archer, bookseller, 6 copies
John William Atkinson, Esq.
Mr. Charles Adair, Loughmore
Andrew Alexander, Esq. Derry
James Anderfon, Esq.
Mr. Rich. Alsop, merchant, Middleton,
Connecticut
Rev. Forster Archer
Miss Eliz. Atkinson
Captain Agnes
Thomas Andrews, Esq.
Rev. Doctor Adamson

B

Hon. Valentine Browne
Miss Bingham
Lieut. Col. Blakeny, Phoenix Park
George Townsend Browne, Esq.
William Batterby, Esq.

John

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

John Bellingham, Esq.
 Thomas Bell, Esq. M. D.
 Richard Bolton, Esq.
 Mr. John Beatty
 Benjamin Ball, Esq.
 Mr. Robert Burton
 Peter Baker, Esq. Cork
 Sir William Barker, Bart.
 Alex. Brennan, Esq.
 Trevor Bomford, Esq.
 Henry Bunbury, Esq. Bunbury Lodge,
 Carlow
 Rev. Dr. Bruce
 Mr. William Boyd
 Mr. Isaac Beers, bookseller, Newhaven,
 Connecticut
 William Bourke, Esq.
 Arthur Charles Buttle, Esq. Antrim
 Dr. J. Buck, Dungannon
 Lieut. Bland, 28th Regt.
 Joseph Bourke, Esq. T. C. D.
 Mr. Brocas, engraver
 Mr. Pat. Burke, Kilmaly, Co. Clare
 Mr. John Berrell
 Cornet William Sydney Bacon, 7th
 Light Dragoons
 Mr. Philip Bennett
 Lieut. Buchannan, 39th Regt.
 Rev. John Broughan
 Charles Broadway, Esq.
 John Henry Burgefs, Esq. Armagh
 Mr. George Blood
 John Brown, Esq. Coolcower, Co. Cork
 Mr. John Boyd, Ballymoney
 Mrs. Bagwell, Marlfield
 George Joseph Brown, Esq.
 Miss Blachford
 Walter Bourne, Esq.
 William Beath, Esq. Newry
 George Butler, Esq. Ballyragget
 Mr. James Barklie, Larne
 Ezekiel Boyd, jun. Esq. Belfast
 Mr. George Binns
 Mr. Adam Black, Market-hill
 Thomas Butler, Esq. M. D. Kilkenny
 Capt. Pierce Butler, Belview
 John Breen, Esq. Rofs
 Rev. L. Batterby
 Mr. R. M. Butler, bookfeller
 Robert Blake, Esq.

Lieut. Browne, 56th Regt.
 Patrick Blake, Edmund Esq. Galway
 Sir William Boyd
 Arthur Barry, Esq. Mallow
 Rev. Joseph Brown, Castlelyons
 William Betty, Esq.
 Henry Brabazon, Esq.
 Humphrey Dalrymple Bland, Esq.
 Jonah Barrington, Esq. M. P.
 Edw. Bulkely, Esq.
 Edward Birch, Esq. Roscrea
 Capt. Buchanan
 Mr. Samuel Barrington
 Jacob Bryan, Esq.
 Rev. Adderly Brown
 Miss Brett
 William Ball, Esq. M. R. I. A.
 Major Botet
 Mr. John Butler, Kilkenny
 Mr. Peter Butler, ditto
 Mr. Thomas Butler, ditto
 Henry Baker, Esq. ditto
 Lady Blunden, Kilkenny
 Mr. John Buchanan
 Mrs. Baggott

C

Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Clonmell, Lord
 Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of
 King's Bench, 2 copies
 Rt. Hon. Lord Chetwynd
 Cha. Chauncey, Esq. Newhaven Connecticut
 Edward Syngé Cooper, Esq.
 R. V. Clarendon, Esq.
 Alex. Crawford, Esq. M. D. Lisburn
 3 copies
 Thomas Chatterton, Esq. Cork
 James Chatterton, Esq.
 Mrs. Chatterton
 Mr. John Cash, 2 copies
 Robert Coombs, Esq. T. C. D.
 Nicholas Henry Walter Corry, Esq.
 Henry Cornelius, Esq. Cloyne
 Richard Colles, Esq.
 Major Carter, 14th Light Dragoons
 Doctor Corbally, Dunshaghlin
 Robert Cornwall, Esq.
 Lieut. Croker, 38th Regiment
 Richard Cudmore, Esq.

Rev.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Rev. John Carey
 Mr. James Campbell
 Mr. Richard Campbell
 Mr. Robert Caldwell, Belfast
 Rev. William Craig, Lisburn
 Edmund O'Reilly Cope, Esq.
 Gabriel Clarke, Esq. Surgeon
 Mr. John Collins
 Mr. William Cole,
 Patrick Comerford, Esq. Cork
 William Chadwick, Esq. Ballynard
 Henry Cope, Esq. M. P.
 Mrs. Conyngham
 Falkiner Chute, Esq.
 James Campbell, Esq.
 Major Cliffe, Rofs
 Thomas Jackson Cocking, Esq.
 John Collis, Esq.
 Rev. Thomas Spread Campion
 Mr. James Cuming, Bookseller, Newry,
 12 copies
 Rev. Dean Carleton
 Rev. John Cranston
 Touchet Campbell, Esq. Lieut. 38th Re-
 giment
 William Collis, Esq.
 Miss Chapman
 Mr. W. Church
 ——— Cavendish, Esq.
 Mr. Cole, T. C. D.
 Morgan Crofton, jun. Esq.
 John Clarke, Esq.
 Rev. Thomas Carpendale, Armagh
 Richard Cavendish, Esq. M. P.
 Rev. Doctor Connor
 John Carden, Esq.
 Lieut. Croker, 38th Regiment
 Michael Cox, Esq.
 Mrs. Coote
 Mrs. Curtis
 Rev. Doctor Cramer
 Charles Crow, Esq.
 Mr. Andrew Coffee

D.

Right Hon. Denis Daly
 Right Hon. Lord Doneraile
 Robert Day, Esq. M. P.
 Jeremiah D'Olier, Esq.

William Deane, Esq.
 Stephen Dickson, Esq. M. D. State Phy-
 sician
 Miss Digby
 Josias Dunn, Esq.
 Rev. Doctor D. Downes
 Counsellor D'Arcy
 Mr. S. H. Drury
 William Drennan, Esq. M. D.
 Hon. and Rev. Mr. De Courcy
 Ralph Dawson, Esq. Cootehill
 Rev. James Denny, Ardfinan, Clonmell
 Jasper Debrifay, Esq.
 Mrs. Douglas
 Whitmore Davis, Esq.
 Miss Dalton
 Miss B. Daly
 Edward Dalton, Esq.
 Robert Donovan, Esq.
 Denis Daly, Esq.
 Mr. George Douglas, bookseller, Derry,
 20 copies
 H. Daly, Esq. Loughrea
 Mr. George Dunbar, Belfast
 Mr. George Douglas, Mount Ida
 John Darcus, Esq. Derry
 Henry Delap, Esq. Derry
 William Davis, Esq. Kilkenny
 Rev. Thomas Vesey Dawson
 James Davis, jun. Esq.
 Mr. B. Dornin, bookseller, 12 copies
 Mr. Donovan, B. A. T. C. D.
 Mr. Henry Doherty, Lisburn
 Francis Dobbs, Esq.
 William Dwyer, Esq.
 Mr. Jos. Dixon
 Francis Drew, Esq.
 Mr. Geo. Draper, bookseller, 25 copies
 Stephen Dickson, Esq.

E.

Lady Dowager Erne
 Pierpont Edwards, Esq. Newhaven, Con-
 necticut
 Humphry Evatt, Esq. Mount Lewis, Mo-
 naghan
 Nicholas English, Esq.
 Joshua Edkins, Esq.

Mrj

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mr. Anthony Edwards, bookfeller, Cork,
35 copies
Miss Eaddall
John Evans, Esq.
John Enery, Esq. Kilkenny
Francis Evans, Esq. Thomastown
Thomas Ellis, Esq. T. C.
Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.
Thomas Oddis Emmet, Esq.
Mr. William Esdaile

F.

Right Hon. John Foster, Speaker of the
House of Commons
Lady Anne Fitz Gerald
Thomas James Fortescue, Esq. M. P.
Thomas William Filgate, Esq. Arthurf-
town
Mr. James Ferguson, Belfast
John Bourke Fitzsimons, Esq.
J. Fisher, Esq.
John Forde, Esq.
William Hunt Forster, Esq.
Charles S. Forster, Esq. Castlehill, Co.
Mayo
James Fitzgerald, Esq. Cork
Counsellor Frizell
William French, Esq.
Robert Fitzgerald, Esq.
Rev. John Fortescue
Mathew Fortescue, Esq.
Mr. William Folds
Colonel Fawcet
Ruffel Fitton, Esq. Cork
Mr. John Forcade, Belfast
Mr. Henry Frazer
Andrew French, Esq.
Mr. William Forbes
Mathew Forde, jun. Esq.
Benjamin Fayle, Esq. London
Mrs. Finn, bookfeller, Kilkenny, 50
copies
Rev. Richard Fitzgerald, Cashel
Doctor Felix
William Fay, Esq.
Rev. Stephen Fletcher, Maryborough
William Fletcher, Esq.
Thomas Foresyth, Esq.

Mr. John T. Fullerton
David Fitzgerald, Esq.
Rev. Maurice Fitzgerald
Mrs. Fitzgerald
George Furnace, Esq. Baldoyle

G

Mrs. Grattan, Tinnahinch
Waterhouse Shippey Greene, Esq.
Thomas Knox Gordon, Esq. Co. Down
George Gaven, Esq.
Rev. Mr. Graydon
Francis Greene, Esq.
Rev. Thomas Gamble
Richard Grace, Esq. M. P.
Lieut. William Geale, 9th Dragoons
T. R. Geraghty, Esq. Dungannon
Mrs. Green
David Gordon, Esq.
John C. Gordon, Esq.
William Gallway, Esq. Portaferry
William G. Gallway, Esq.
James Gollock, Esq.
Mr. Joseph Gordon, bookfeller, Newry,
7 copies
George Gough, Esq. Woodstown
Mr. Lewis Gibson, Cloyne
Mr. Thomas Gonnell, Cork
Mrs. Grace
Mr. John Gough, jun. Lisburn
Lieut. W. W. Garnons, 23d Regt.
Mr. Geoghegan
Mrs. Green, bookfeller, 6 copies
Richard Gladwell, Esq.
Mrs. Pope Grey
Rev. Harry M. Graves, Diocese of Cashel
Miss Helena Greene, Dungarvan

H

Hon. Judge Hellen
Rt. Hon. Lord Harberton
Rt. Hon. Lord Headfort
Joseph Henry, Esq.
Hon. Rev. Dean Hewitt
Sir Vere Hunt, Bart. M. R. I. A.
Doctor Halliday, Belfast
Edward Hudson, Esq. M. D.

Mrs.

Mr.
Miss
John
Fra
F
Rev
Jam
Mrs
Will
And
Edw
John
Mr.
Mr.
Mr.
Geor
Rev.
Henr
Josep
Capt
Willi
Josep
Robe
Mr. C
Robe
Thom
Roge
Rev. A
Rev. I
Mr. J
Mr. R
Hugh
Jonath
Arthur
Mr. M
Vere H
John H
Mr. W
Mr. T
John H
Mr. Hu
Rev. J
Rev. T
Geo. H
Arthur
John H
Mr. La

William
Alderma

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mrs. Hamilton
Miss Hutchinson, Limerick
John Hamilton, Esq. Banker, Belfast
Francis Hodgkinson, Esq. L. L. D.
F. T. C. D.
Rev. Mr. Hastings
James Hartley, Esq.
Mrs. Hawthorne
William Proby Hutchisson, Esq. T. C. D.
Andrew Higinbotham, Esq.
Edward Hamilton, Esq.
John Heard, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Heery, bookseller, 7 copies
Mr. John Halpen, bookfeller, 6 copies
Mr. William Howard
George Hamilton, Esq.
Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, Donaghadee
Henry Holmes, Esq.
Joseph T. Hone, Esq.
Captain Hartwell
William Hincks, Esq.
Joseph Hardy, Esq.
Robert Hamett, Esq. Cork
Mr. Charles Henesfy, engraver
Robert Hill, Esq. Co. Wexford
Thomas Hume, Esq.
Roger Hall, Esq.
Rev. Averell Hill, A. B. Limerick
Rev. Mr. Hordern
Mr. John H. Hopkins
Mr. Robert Hudson
Hugh Hutchinson, Esq.
Jonathan Hudson, Esq. Cork
Arthur Hyde, Esq. Hyde Park
Mr. Martin Horan
Vere Hunt, Esq. Cappagh
John Hogan, Esq.
Mr. William James Hogg, Lisburn
Mr. Thomas Heath
John Hughes, Esq.
Mr. Hughes, bookseller, Wrexham, 6 copies
Rev. Joseph Hutton
Rev. Thomas D. Hincks, Cork
Geo. Hepenstal, Esq.
Arthur Hyde, Esq. Castle Hyde, Co. Cork
John Humphrys, Esq. Carlow
Mr. Lawrence Hearin, Callan

J.

William Todd Jones, Esq. Lisburn
Alderman Jenkin

Meredyth Jenkin, Esq.
Eben. Jacob Esq. M. D. Wexford
William Jones, Esq. Liftake, Co. Lowth
Mr. Mathew Johnson
Mr. Zach. Jackson, 2 copies
Lieut. Inglis, 39 Regt.
Mr. John Jones, bookseller, 130 copies
Lieut. Johnson, 61st Regt.
Thomas Johnston, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Jones, Cork
Alexander Jaffray, Esq. jun.
Godfrey James, Esq.
Geo. Cha. Townsend Jeffries, Esq.
Rev. T. Jones, B. D.
Robert Jenkin, Esq.
John Johnston, Esq. Friarstown
George Joys, Esq. Belfast
Thomas Jackson, Esq. Limerick
Rev. William Jones, ditto
Edward Jones, Esq.
Mr. Rich. Jones, Llanrwst
Walter Joyce, Esq. Galway
Henry Jermy, Esq. Skibbereen, Co. Cork

K

Right Hon. Lord Kingfale
Walter Kavanagh Esq. Borris
Mrs. Kirwan, Castlehatchet
Sir Richard Kellett, knight
James Kearney, Esq. Garretstown, M. P.
Kinfale
Richard Kirwan, Esq. F. R. S. and
M. R. I. A.
John Howard Kyan, Esq.
Mr. Robert Kelfall,
Andrew Knox, Esq.
Mr. John King
Laurence Kenney, Esq.
William Keller, Esq.
Mr. James Kennedy
Mr. John Killikelly
Henry Kennedy, Esq. M. D.
Francis Kirwan, Esq. Bourdeaux
Rev. Dean Keatinge
John Kirwan, Esq.
Mr. John Kirkpatrick, Belfast
John Kelly, Esq.
Rev. Daniel Kelly, Armagh
Mr. William Kyle, Banbridge
Alexander Ker, Esq. Newbliss, Clones
Mr. Thomas Kinder

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mr. Edward C. Keane
William King, Esq.
Henry Waring Knox, Esq. Warringsfort
Edward Kent, Esq.
William Kingsmill, Esq.

L.

Right Hon. Lord Loftus
Right Hon. Lord Lifford
David Latouche, Esq. jun. M. P.
Peter Digges Latouche, Esq.
Rev. Stephen Lyfter
Miss Laird, Belfast
Mrs. Long, Springfield, Co. Kildare
Mrs. Lawler
Mr. Richard Lower, Waterford
William Lane, Esq. Grenville Place, Cork
Thomas Lindsay, Esq. Turin, Co. Mayo
Rev. Hume Lawder, L. Derry
Rev. Richard Lloyd
Mr. J. Labat
Mr. Henry Lyons, jun.
Mr. J. B. Lodge
Mr. H. H. R. Lodge
James Lendrum, Esq.
Mr. Edmund Lee
John Lindsay, Esq.
Mr. James Leahy
Walter Lambert, Esq.
Mr. Robert Lyons
Rev. Henry Leland, Drogheda
Miss Eleanor Laughlin
Rev. Marcus Lyfter
Rev. Edward Ledwich, M. R. I. A. and
F. A. S. of Lond. and Scot.
Sackville H. Lovett, Esq.
Mrs. Lyons, of Ladistown
Doctor Lord
William Lyfter, Esq.

M.

Right Hon. Countess of Masserene
William Montgomery, M. P. Hillsbo-
rough
Thomas Morris, Esq. Lisburn
Miss M'Kane
Mrs. Mangan, Monaghan
Captain David Mellifont, 14th Dragoons

John Maiben, Esq.
Cornet Madden
Richard Mercer, Esq.
Charles M'Carthy, Esq.
Hugh Lyons Montgomery, Esq.
Mrs. Middleton
Mr. James Moore, bookseller, 30 copies
Edward Charles Mayne, Esq.
Mr. Moran
William Mellifont, Esq.
William Molloy, Esq.
Peter Maturin, Esq. London Derry
John Miller, Esq. Moneymore
Neal M'Peake, Esq.
Arthur M'Guire, Esq.
John Mellifont, Esq.
Alexander M'Clintock, Esq. Rathdonnel,
Letterkenny
Rev. John M'Causland
Mr. William Magee, bookseller, Belfast,
36 copies
Charles Moore M'Mahon, Esq.
Mr. William Magrath
Mr. John Melling, Newry
Mr. Richard Maher
B. M'Donald Esq. M. D.
Robert Maunfell, Esq.
Jos. M'Gough, Esq. Drumsil
Theobald M'Kenna, Esq. M. D.
Mr. William Mullay,
Mr. D. Mullay
Mr. Alexander M'Minn, jun. Lambeg
Cornet Mellifont, Royal Irish Dragoon
Guards
Mr. R. M'Allister, bookseller, 6 copies
Mr. Peter Maziere, Cork
Surgeon Musgrave, Lisburn
R. Mac. Donnell, Esq.
Mr. Michael Mills
James Montgomery, Esq. Belfast
Mr. Peter Montfort
Andrew Mease, Esq. M. D. Strabane
Rev. Samuel Morris, Stuartstown
Mr. Ambrose Moore
Richard Martin, Esq.
Thomas Mitchell, Esq. London
Mr. John Melling, Newry
Rev. Mr. Maunfell
Rev. Bryan Manfergh, A. B. Chaplain to
Earl Mountcashel

John

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

John Magee, Esq.
 Mr. James Maguire
 Mr. John Moore, Carrick-on-suir
 Arthur Maxwell, Esq.
 Mr. Pat. Magenis
 Alex. Marsden, Esq.
 Mrs. Minnett
 Thomas Moore, Esq.
 Rev. Oliver Miller
 Mr. Joseph Maddock
 Hugh Moore, Esq.
 Mr. Thomas Mc. Grath, Lisburn
 Rev. Thomas Stanley Monk
 Mr. Thomas Mahon
 Capel Molyneaux, Esq.
 Mr. David Maitland, Belfast
 Mr. Daniel Mc. Carthy
 Mr. John Macartney
 Mr. John Macartney, Pro Collector
 John Murphy, Esq. Kilkenny
 Rev. Mr. Meara, Freshford
 Mr. Hugh M'Donald

N

Simon Newport, Esq. Waterford
 Mr. Richard Nun
 William Norris, Esq.
 John Nicholson, Esq. Derry
 Rev. Frederick Neligan, Cashel
 Lorenzo Nixon, Esq. Chapel Izod
 James Nixon, Esq. Co. Monaghan
 John Nicholson, Esq. Bride-street
 William Bridges Neynoe, Esq.
 E. Worth Newenham, Esq.
 Mr. Edward Nolan
 Brabazon Noble, Esq.
 Philip Newton, Esq.

O

Rt. Hon. Lady Oriel
 Rt. Hon. the Countess of Ormonde
 Ralph Ousley, Esq. M. R. I. A.
 Cornet Ousley, 8th Dragoons
 Miss Oliver
 John O'Conner, Esq.
 William Ormston, Esq.
 Mrs. O'Reilly, Baltrasney
 Edward O'Bryen, Esq.

Mr. John O'Neil
 Mathew O'Reilly, Esq.
 Charles Ormsby, Esq.
 Thomas O'Reilly, Esq. Coalville
 Bryan O'Reilly, Esq.
 John Herbert Orpin, Esq. M. D. Cork
 Rev. Francis Orpin, Cork
 Rev. Lau. Owen O'Reilly, Kildalky, Co.
 Meath
 J. Mason Ormsby, Esq.
 Silver Oliver, Esq.
 Richard O'Brien, Esq.
 John Ormsby, Esq.
 Rev. William O'Conner
 William Osbrey, Esq.
 Anthony O'Reily, Esq.
 Denis Thomas O'Brien, Esq.
 James Moore O'Donnell, Esq.
 Mr. William Oullahan
 Henry Osburne, Esq. Cork

P

Hon. Henry Pomeroy
 Hon. George Pomeroy
 William Penrose, Esq. Waterford
 George Putland, Esq.
 Jos Pim, Esq.
 A. N. Pedder, Esq.
 Joseph Pollock, Esq.
 Rev. Philip Percival, Templehouse, Boyle
 William Patterson, Esq. M. D. M.R.I.A.
 Derry
 Mr. Powell
 Miss Paumier, Kinsale
 Henry Palmer, Esq.
 Mr. Thomas Prentice
 Eldred Pottinger, Esq. Craigavade
 George Evans Parker, Esq. Limerick
 Mrs. Payne
 Mrs. Pepper Laughton, Nenagh
 Mr. William Prichard, bookseller, Philadelphia, 5 copies
 John Patrickson, Esq.
 George Powell, Esq.
 David Brandon Power, Esq.
 John Parsons, Esq.
 John Power, Esq.
 Mr. William Porter, bookseller, 6 copies
 Mathew Plaince, Esq. Limerick

Rev.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Rev. Anthony Pack, Kilkenny
Dennis Pack, Esq. Kilkenny

Q.

Henry George Quin, Esq.
Thomas Quin, Esq.

R.

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Raphoe
John Roberts, Esq. Old Connaught
Colonel Richardson
Stephen Ram, Esq.
Alderman John Rose
Rev. George Rogers, A. M. Chancellor of
Dromore
Mr. William Read
Rev. John Ruxton, London Derry
Thomas Rainey, Esq.
William Rogers, Esq. Lisburn
Captain Roberts
Lieut. Col. Roberts, 28th Regiment
Stephen Edward Rice, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Roden
William B. Reynolds, Esq.
William Rawlins, Esq.
David Ross, Esq. Derry
William Ross, Esq. Strabane
John Rea, Esq. Letterkenny
Pemberton Rudd, Esq.
Rev. John Richards, Co. Wexford
George Rothe, Esq. Derry
Michael Ryan, Esq. M. D. Kilkenny
Robert Ruffel, Esq. T. C. D.
Rev. Richard Radcliff
Colonel Richardson, Enniskillen
Alderman Read
Rev. Edward Sterling Roberts
Mr. John Rice, bookseller, 12 copies
Joseph Rawlins, Esq.
John Radcliff, Esq.
John Rock, Esq.
Mrs. W. Ruxton
Mr. Thomas Roden, bookseller, 6 copies
Mr. Roberts, bookseller, Chester, 6 copies
John Roach, Esq.
Solomon Richards, Esq. Solsbrough
John Reily, Esq.

S.

Richard Sheridan, Esq. M. P.
Zephaniah Swift, Esq. Windham, Con-
necticut
Mrs. Symes, Ballybegg
Francis Saunderfon, Esq. M. P.
Robert Shaw, Esq.
Miss Jane Staples
Capt. Southwell
Bowen Southwell, Esq.
Rev. Richard Strong, Rathdrum
Nath. Sneyd, Esq.
Rev. William Smith
Rev. Mr. Stewart, Cootehill
Thomas Smith, Esq.
William Thomas Smyth, Esq.
Henry Saunders, Esq.
Henry Seguin, Esq.
Nathaniel Nisbitt Smyth, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Shufflebottom
Mr. George Smith
Mr. John Stewart, bookseller
Mr. William Sherwin
William Smith, Esq.
Counf. Stephen James Siphthorpe
Mr. Val. Smith
Francis Skelton, M. D. Drogheda
Hugh Skeys, Esq.
Capt. Saunders, 4th Dragoon Guards
Robert Swift, Esq.
William Shannon, Esq.
Armitage Seally, Esq. Bandon
Baldwin Seally, Esq. ditto
Rev. Geo. Seally, L. L. D. ditto
Rev. Archdeacon Synge
Mr. John Skeys
Arthur Barry Sheares, Esq. Mallow
Robert Seally Esq. Barleyfield, Co. Cork
Robert Smith, Esq.
Jones Stevely, Esq.
John Sutton, Esq.
O'Neale Segrave, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Sims
John Shepard, Esq. Lisburn, 2 copies
Mr. Nicholas Sherlock
Rev. Thomas Staples
Mr. John Stoyte
John Shannon, Esq. Derry
William Shanahan, Esq. Johnville

Howard

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Howard St. Ledger, Esq.
 Eustace Stawell, Esq.
 Heyward St. Ledger, Esq. Cork
 Mr. David Servant
 Mr. Daniel Sullivan
 George Shoales, Esq.
 Capt. Skene, 5th Dragoons
 Rev. James Smith, Carrick on Suir
 Thomas Spinner, Esq.
 Rev. Nicholas Stewart, Newtown Stuart
 Captain Stark
 William Southwood, Esq.
 Sir Robert Scott
 Mr. Robert Sims, Belfast
 Mrs. Saunders
 Mr. Sandford, bookfeller, Shrewsbury,
 6 copies
 Mrs. Sheridan
 Henry Sandes, Esq.
 Anthony Sillery, Esq.
 Rev. Edward Sandiford
 Mr. William Shanahan, Kilkenny
 Roger Scully, Esq. Cashel

T

John Toler, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor
 General
 Uriah Tracy, Esq. Litchfield, Connecticut
 Captain Thomas, 28th Regiment
 Mrs. William Twigg
 William Trotter, Esq. Downpatrick
 John Tandy, Esq.
 William Thompson, Esq. Treasury
 Rev. Thomas Trench
 Rev. Horace Townsfend
 Mr. Barth. Teeling, Lisburn
 Thomas Towers, Esq. Ballymore,
 Boyle
 Nicholas Power Trench, Esq. Galway
 William Taylor, Esq.
 Richard Townsfend, Esq. M. D.
 Mrs. Trotter
 Henry Tighe, Esq.
 Elias Tankerville, Esq. Galway
 Mr. James Thompson, Derry
 Mr. Mr. Torrins, Knocktopher

Richard Townsfend, Esq. Palace Town
 Mrs. Peter Trant
 Frederick Thompson, Esq.
 Rev. Fitz Gerald Tisdall
 Joseph Tallan, Esq. Dundalk
 Mrs. Tottenham
 John Thorpe, Esq.
 Mr. Henry Thunder
 Mrs. Tandy
 James Tobin, Esq. Kilkenny
 John S. Thwaites, Esq.
 Mrs. Tenison

V

Captain Vandellure, M. P.
 Richard Vincent, Esq. Norfolk
 Rev. Archdeacon Verschoyle
 George Vicars, Esq.
 Thomas Hyde Villiers, Esq.
 Richard Verschoyle, Esq.
 John Ormsby Vandellure, Esq. M. P.
 Rev. Thomas A. Vesey, Caledon
 Mr. John Vicars
 Mrs. Valatine
 Charles Vierpyl, Esq. Kilcullen
 Nicholas Aylward Vigors, Esq. Leighlin
 John Unthank, Esq. M. D. Limerick
 S. W. Upton, Esq.
 Rev. Robert Vicars, Coobanagher, Mary-
 borough

W

Hon. Miss Wingfield
 Edward Woods, Esq.
 Mr. Luke White
 Mrs. Wallis, Cork
 Miss Westenra
 Thomas Wilkinson, Esq.
 Henry Westenra, Esq.
 Thomas Westrop, Esq. M. D. Cork
 Rev. Mr. West
 John Williams, Esq. 2 copies
 Robert Watson Wade, Esq.
 Mr. Launcelot Watson, jun. Newry
 Rev. Doc. Waller, Crinkin-lodge, Bray
 Rev. Mr. Whitelaw

Rev.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Samuel Whyte, Esq.
 Rev. Henry Wynne, A. M.
 Rev. Richard Webb
 Rev. John Webb
 Mr. Robert Webb, 2 copies
 William Leeson Wall, Esq.
 Messrs. A. Watson and Co. booksellers
 Limerick, 7 copies
 Thomas Wray, Esq.
 Mr. William Wilson, bookseller
 Mr. Thomas Ward, bookseller, Lisburn,
 16 copies
 Miss Lucy Warburton
 Jos. Whitaker, Esq. L. Derry
 Mr. Francis Walshe
 James Williams, Esq.
 Mr. Thomas White, bookseller, Cork
 30 copies
 Mr. Henry Watts, bookseller, 12 copies
 Mr. Thomas Walsh, Armagh, 2 copies
 Mr. Rich. White, bookseller, 25 copies
 Peter Wall, Esq. Kilkenny
 Robert Way, Esq. Kilkenny
 Master Clement Wolfeley, Charlesfort Ross

Rev. Joseph Wright
 Mr. Abraham Walker, Newry
 John Walshe, Esq. Kilkenny
 Tho. Walker, Esq. Master in Chancery
 Mr. William Watson, bookeller, 6 copies
 Pierce Worthington, Esq.
 Charles Wilde, Esq.
 William Wilde, Esq.
 Mr. Hill Wilson, jun. Belfast
 Robert Weir, Esq.
 John Weir, Esq.
 John Weir, Esq.
 John Wolfely, Esq. Hebreath
 Benjamin Wills, Esq.
 Mr. John Walton

Y.

Rev. David Young, A. M. Derry

Z

Lieut. Col. Zobel

T
 be co
 in suc
 be al

An
 of the
 mand
 prefer
 his af
 Editor
 scribe
 public

I.
 not o
 a sum

II.
 son, t
 from

III
 finish
 colle

P R E F A C E.

TO profess attempting to add to the celebrity of SHAKSPEARE, must be considered as a vain pretension; but to comprize his Dramatic Works in such a form as to render them more generally diffused than heretofore, will be allowed to have some claim to approbation.

An encouragement liberal, almost beyond example, with which the Editor of the ROYAL IRISH EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE has been honoured, commands his most grateful acknowledgments: the superior execution of the present work will, he hopes, best evince his feelings on the occasion. That his assertions may not be confounded with the trite professions of almost every Editor, he begs the indulgence of his numerous, and most respectable Subscribers, while he briefly points out the principal objects which render his publication more valuable than that of Mr. Stockdale.

I. By prefixing the very elaborate preface of Dr. Johnson, which contains not only a critical dissertation on the genius and writings of Shakspeare, but a summary of the merits and opinions of all preceding Editors.

II. By adding to the life given by Mr. Rowe, the Postscript of Dr. Johnson, the additional Anecdotes furnished by Steevens and Malone, and Extracts from Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

III. To heighten the whole by the embellishment of sculpture, a highly finished Head of Shakspeare is added, from an original picture in the Chandos collection, the genuine production of an Irish artist.

Besides these are inserted, the Dedication and Preface to the folio edition of the Plays, published by the coadjutors of our Poet, Heminge and Cundell; and the commendatory lines of his companion and poetic friend, Ben Jonson.

Without wishing to place the efforts of others in an invidious point of view, JONES cannot avoid observing, that notwithstanding the obvious superiority at which he has aimed, the present work is sold at ONE THIRD LESS than the London Edition.

On the design, and execution of that publication, (which is intirely comprised in the present work) the following observations were premised.

Much as Shakspeare has been read of late years, and widely as the study and admiration of him have been extended, there is still a numerous class to whom he is very imperfectly known. Many of the middling and lower ranks are either not acquainted with him at all, excepting by name, or have only seen a few of his plays, which have accidentally fallen in their way.

To supply the wants of those persons, this edition was originally undertaken; and its reception proved how much it was esteemed a perpetual source of entertainment and instruction. Nor is the utility of the present publication confined to persons of the rank described. It will be found serviceable even to those whose situation in life hath enabled them to purchase all the expensive editions of our great dramatist. The book now offered to the public may commodiously be taken into a post-chaise, for amusement in a journey. Or if a company of gentlemen should happen, in conversation, to mention Shakspeare, or to dispute concerning any particular passage, a volume containing the whole of his plays may, with great convenience, be fetched by a servant out of a library or a closet. In short, any particular passage may at all times and with ease be recurred to. It is a compendium, not an abridgment, of the noblest of our poets, and a library in a single volume.

The editor hath endeavoured to give all the perfection to this work which the nature of it can admit. The account of his life, which is taken from Rowe, and his last will, in reality comprehend almost every thing that is known with regard to the personal history of Shakspeare. The anxious researches of his admirers have scarcely been able to collect any farther information concerning him.

The

The text, in the present edition, is given as it has been settled by the most approved commentators. It does not consist with the limits of the design, that the notes should be very numerous. They have not, however, been wholly neglected. The notes which are subjoined are such as were necessary for the purpose of explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, or distant allusions. In short, it has been the editor's aim to omit nothing which may serve to render Shakspeare intelligible to every capacity, and to every class of readers.

In order to remove an objection made by some to the bulk of the volume, and to accommodate those who are of that opinion, a second title page is printed to be prefixed to page 543, the First Part of Henry VI. In order to retain the favourable opinion which has been experienced for the former edition, the greatest attention has been paid to the paper, the type, and the printing of this; to the correction of the press, and to the revival of the notes.

To these exertions another has been added, in order to give this edition a claim of preference. A copious Index to our favourite Author has been long wished for, frequently planned, sometimes attempted, but never satisfactorily executed. Mr. POPE gave an Index to characters, sentiments, speeches, and descriptions, all which are contained in thirty pages, and which has been adopted by the editors of some of the later editions which bear the name of Theobald. A Concordance was published in 1785: this did not answer the expectation of the public, as it contained little more than those speeches and lines, which immediately occur to the recollection of those who are the least acquainted with the writings of Shakspeare.

When this design came first under consideration, a reference to every word was proposed: on this plan more than seven hundred thousand references would have been necessary; a work dreadful in the prospect: and if the page alone had been given, without any notice of play, act, scene, column, and line, the difficulty of finding any particular passage, or discovering the various applications of words by the author, would have remained nearly as great as a search for it in the rich mines of Shakspearean Literature.

In the present attempt a plan nearly novel has been adopted, by which, at an easy view, will be discovered the different meanings in which almost every

every word has been used by Shakspeare. This will be a means of preserving the early application of words, and tend much to transmit to posterity the English language sacred from the inundation of new words grafted on it, from the commerce and intercourse which, during the last century, has been daily increasing (and may it long continue to increase) with all the nations of Europe, and particularly with the natives of the French continent.

In another view, every thing characteristic is collected under its proper head, by which is more immediately discovered the wonderful knowledge of Shakspeare, shewing him equally acquainted with things high and low; far distant and near at hand; present and long passed by; as well as with the characters which the passions, actions, and views of men assume, and with the various properties of the material world. The Index forms a third volume, more bulky than either of the other volumes; and although it is particularly adapted to the present Edition, it is so constructed as to be made use of to any Edition, as the reference is given to the Play, Act, and Scene,* which answer in nearly all other Editions.

How far the Compiler has in his selection answered the intentions of those who have wished for an Index to their favourite Author, must be submitted to their opinion who shall consult it. He only requests the candour of the public so far as shall lead them to consider what he has done, rather than censure him for what might have been added to a building, of which so substantial a foundation is now laid for the first time.

A Table of the Order of Time, in which the plays of Shakspeare are supposed to have been published, is now added, according to Mr. Malone's accurate investigations.

DUBLIN,
Aug. 1st. 1791.

* Let it be remembered, that in some of the later editions of Shakspeare, the play of "Timon of Athens" begins the fifth act, with what is here called the second scene of the fifth act; so that the reference to act and scene, after act 4, scene 3, will not answer to all editions.

D R. J O H N S O N ' S

P R E F A C E.*

THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental

* First printed in 1765.

must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which

all

all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and æconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers

of

of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick, and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy.

There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramattick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and

and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independant on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators.

interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetick without some idle conceit,

ceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchainning it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors

ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome

nor

nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations

of

of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramattick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama, that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was

now

now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is

more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I prae, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations,

tions, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected

lected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo*,* of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness,

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising,

* It appears from the induction of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life were apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated

mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors, I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condell, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge,

and

and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possess, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems

to have been large; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, wherever invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration; I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardor of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and ingenious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabricks which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to shew how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The canons of criticism*, and of *The revival of Shakspeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

*A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar.* They have both shewn acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman should attempt so voluminous a work, as the *Revival of Shakspeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not so fortunate as to be furnished with either of the folio editions, much less any of the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's performance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's representation." FARMER.

own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical observations on Shakspeare* had been published by Mr. Upton,* a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, historical, and explanatory notes have been likewise published upon Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a

* Republished by him in 1748, after Dr. Warburton's edition, with alterations, &c. STEEVENS.

spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained

by

by h
critic
To
ral ce
I hav
of fin
amin
demn
to be
Th
with
tion,
fages,
lence
the p
again
Th
edition
by col
safe a
part o
nor th
Of
some f
are to
rejecte
notes
tion a
inserte
Hav
substitu
such co
collect
or kind
be blan
By e
all thei
and co
they kn
it to be
one tha
tions I
true for
free fro
dence,
rigour;
have for
is such,

by habit; I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in these which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorized, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have

have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction, wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of tenuity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences. Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays, with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day encreases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye, so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

*Criticks I saw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.*

POPE.

That

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakspeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations give him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could explain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore: or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene

to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and in its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comick wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving.

Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this revival,* an account is given in the following pages by Mr. Steevens, who might have spoken both of his own diligence and sagacity, in terms of greater self-approbation, without deviating from modesty or truth. JOHNSON.

* This paragraph relates to the edition published in 1773, by George Steevens, Esq. MALONE.

SOME

W

I
pecial
some
reason
of the
lives,
critica
certain
remar
he we
may s
works
some
along
He
Avon
registe
fashio
sidera
he wa
emplo
where
rown
his fa

SOME
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency

proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute; for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man,

curious

curious
fancy lik
those of
and natu
formanc
fire and
thought
independ
thought,
it wante
judgmen
pieces w
of them
act of H
of Essex
the quee
king Jan
being wr
of Engla
of his ag
could no
surable,
entertain
natured
panion;
himself
Elizabeth
him man
whom he

and that
handsome
racter of
manded h
is said to
well she
it may no
written o
remaining
he made
not-know
second cl
of the ga
in the w
What gr
owed the
to meet v
the earl o

curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

—a fair vestal, throned by the west. *M. N. D.*

and that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle*: some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship

to

to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him

when

when h
Shakspe

But the
he never
He di
chancel,
the wall

He ha
elder, to
died wit
Hall, a p
a daught
Sir John

This i
the chara
has made
his words

"I ren
"speare,
"My an
"a malev
"who ch
"faulted
"honour
"deed, h
"brave n
"that son
"as Aug
"rule of
"could n
"speaking

"He repl

"And suc
"his virtu
"doned."

when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred *lies here ingrav'd;*
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! Oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

"Cæsar thou dost me wrong.

"He replied:

"Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.

"And such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

As

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspeare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Caesar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson.

Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed translated them,) in his epistle to Augustus:

— *naturâ sublimis & acer:*
Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete criticism upon Shakspeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly

santly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and of Rosalind, in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thermites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

——— *All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,*

f

Seeking

*Seeking the bubble reputation
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

*—She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
 And sate like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at Grief.*

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The stile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very

finely,

finely, that
 does well
 poetical;
 tained, th
 a particul
 mon gro
 informed
 extremely
 Caliban,
 character.

It is the
 the Witch
 guage so
 this writ
 notice, an
 amine the
 Aristotle,
 very hard
 kind of m
 regularity
 law he kn
 state of a
 judge, but
 his own fa
 of a reput
 stage, it c
 dramatick
 the first,
 or heroick
 as it is th
 of the whe
 order, and
 the drama
 undertake
 he was gu
 either from
 made use
 time in w
 them. So
 the *Delecta*
 teen or sev
 sometimes
 all his histo
 and distinc
 the great
 likeness in
 manners of
 fit to be sh
 places gre

finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn, and very poetical; and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; that *Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *the Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *the Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from

the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families,

famil
kept
the n
and
foun
them
moth
band
part
but,
shock
latter
and t
stage
Ægy
and a
more
parrie
wom
killed
is cer
that c
on th
toward
the fa
is hei
ment,
preve
of his

This
propo
avoids
terror
traged
dered,
spirit
strong
Hamle
this n
Better
other
the est
acquai

families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: while *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied

studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

TO THE
FOREGOING ACCOUNTS

O F

S H A K S P E A R E ' S L I F E ,

I HAVE ONLY ONE PASSAGE TO ADD, WHICH MR. POPE RELATED, AS COMMUNICATED
TO HIM BY MR. ROWE.

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of, *Shakspeare's boys.* JOHNSON.

ADDITIONAL

M
account
him to
cerning
strongest
papers of
wood, p
was unv
ever un
particula
know to
down to

" If
or Tave
a woman
Davenar
as well
pany.
then a li
fond alfo
from sch
ning hom
that hea
There's

 ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES

OF

 SHAKSPEARE.

MR. Rowe has told us that he derived the principal anecdotes in his account of Shakspeare, from Betterton the player, whose zeal had induced him to visit Stratford for the sake of procuring all possible intelligence concerning a poet to whose works he might justly think himself under the strongest obligations. Notwithstanding this assertion, in the manuscript papers of the late Mr. Oldys it is said, that one Boman (according to Chetwood, p. 143, "an actor more than half an age on the London theatres") was unwilling to allow that his associate and contemporary Betterton had ever undertaken such a journey. Be this matter as it will, the following particulars, which I shall give in the words of Oldys, are, for aught we know to the contrary, as well authenticated as any of the anecdotes delivered down to us by Rowe.

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father* Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name

name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he has presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it."

The same story, without the names of the persons, is printed among the jests of John Taylor the Water poet, in his works, folio, 1630, page 184, N^o 39: and, with some variations, may be found in one of Hearne's pocket books.

"One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *King Charles II.* would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramattick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [*Charles Hart*. See Shakspeare's *Will*] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramattick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects,) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will* in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." See the character of *Adam* in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. ult.

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit hislrionem*.

Jonson.

If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

Shakspeare.

Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are both *actors* and *spectators* too,

Poetical

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo. MS. Vol. I. some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

"Old Mr. Boman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's, in or near that town."

To these anecdotes I can only add the following.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, observes, that "the story came from the duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

It appears from *Rofcius Anglicanus*, (commonly called Downes the prompter's book) 1708, that Shakspeare took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *K. Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

EXTRACT FROM THE REV. DR. FARMER'S ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE, SMALL 8vo. 1767.

IN 1751, was reprinted "A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints of divers of our Countrymen in these our days: which although they are in some parte unjust and frivolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by *William Shakspeare, Gentleman.*" 8vo.

This extraordinary piece was originally published in 4to, 1581, and dedicated by the author, "To the most vertuous and learned Lady, his most deare and soveraigne Princeesse, *Elizabeth*; being inforced by her majesties late and singular clemency in pardoning certayne his unduetifull misdemeanour." And by the modern editors, to the late king; as "a treatise composed by the most extensive and fertile genius that ever any age or nation produced."

Here we join issue with the writers of that excellent, though very unequal work, *Biographia Britannica*: if, say they, this piece could be written
g by

by our poet, it would be absolutely decisive in the dispute about his learning; for many quotations appear in it from the Greek and Latin classics.

The concurring circumstances of the name, and the *misdeemeanor*, which is supposed to be the old story of *deer-stealing*, seem fairly to challenge our poet for the author: but they hesitate.—His claim may appear to be confuted by the date 1581, when *Shakspeare* was only *seventeen*, and the long experience, which the writer talks of.—But I will not keep the reader in suspense: the book was *not* written by *Shakspeare*.

Strype, in his *Annals*, calls the author *SOME learned man*, and this gave me the first suspicion. I knew very well, that honest *John* (to use the language of *Sir Thomas Bodley*) did not waste his time with such baggage books as *plays* and *poems*; yet I must suppose, that he had *heard* of the name of *Shakspeare*. After a while I met with the original edition. Here in the title-page, and at the end of the dedication, appear only the initials, *W. S.* gent. and presently I was informed by *Anthony Wood*, that the book in question was written, not by *William Shakspeare*, but by *William Stafford*, gentleman: which at once accounted for the *misdeemeanour* in the dedication. For *Stafford* had been concerned at that time, and was indeed afterward, as *Camden* and the other annalists inform us, with some of the conspirators against *Elizabeth*; which he properly calls his *unduetifull* behaviour.

I hope by this time, that any one open to conviction may be nearly satisfied; and I will promise to give on this head very little more trouble.

The justly celebrated *Mr. Warton* hath favoured us, in his *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, with some *hearsay* particulars concerning *Shakspeare* from the papers of *Aubrey*, which had been in the hands of *Wood*; and I ought not to suppress them, as the *last* seems to make against my doctrine. They came originally, I find, on consulting the MS. from one *Mr. Beeston*: and I am sure *Mr. Warton*, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and an associate in the question, will be in no pain about their credit.

“*William Shakspeare's* father was a butcher;—while he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. This *William* being inclined *naturally* to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about *eighteen*, and was an actor in one of the playhouses, and did act *exceedingly well*. He began *early* to make essays in *dramatique* poetry.—The humour of the *Constable* in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* he happened to take at *Crendon* in *Bucks*.—I think, I have been told, that he left near three hundred pounds to a sister. He understood *Latin* pretty well, FOR he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.”

I will be short in my animadversions; and take them in their order.

The account of the *trade* of the family is not only contrary to all other tradition, but, as it may seem, to the instrument from the *Herald's-office*, so frequently reprinted.—*Shakspeare* most certainly went to London, and commenced actor through necessity, not natural inclination.—Nor have we any reason to suppose, that he did act *exceedingly well*. *Rowe* tells us from the information of *Betterton*, who was inquisitive into this point, and had very early opportunities of enquiry from *Sir W. D'Avenant*, that he was no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the *Ghost* in

in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not please: I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge, who was for ever pestering the town with pamphlets, published in the year 1596, *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse, discovering the Devils incarnat of this Age*, 4to. One of these devils is *Hate-virtue*, or *Sorrow for another man's good successe*, who, says the doctor, is "a *foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the visard of the *Ghost*, which cried so miserably at the theatre, like an oister-wife, *Hamlet, revenge*." Thus you see Mr. Holt's supposed *proof*, in the appendix to the late edition, that *Hamlet* was written after 1597, or perhaps 1602, will by no means hold good; whatever might be the case of the particular passage on which it is founded.

Nor does it appear, that Shakspeare did begin *early* to make *essays in dramatique poetry*: the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584, which hath so often been ascribed to him on the credit of Kirkman and Winstanley, was written by George Peele; and Shakspeare is not met with, even as an *assistant*, till at least seven years afterward.—Nash in his epistle to the gentlemen students of both universities, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, 4to. *black letter*, recommends his friend, Peele, "as the chiefe supporter of pleasure now living, the *Atlas* of poetrie, and *primus verborum artifex*: whose first increase, the *Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to their opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit and manifold varietie of inuention."

In the next place, unfortunately, there is neither such a character as a *Constable* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*: nor was the *three hundred pounds* legacy to a sister, but a daughter.

And to close the whole, it is not possible, according to Aubrey himself, that Shakspeare could have been some *years a schoolmaster in the country*: on which circumstance only the supposition of his learning is professedly founded. He was not surely *very* young, when he was employed to *kill calves*, and he commenced player about *eighteen*!—The truth is, that he left his father, for a wife, a year sooner; and had at least two children born at Stratford before he retired from thence to London. It is therefore sufficiently clear, that poor Anthony had too much reason for his character of Aubrey: we find it in his own account of his life, published by Hearne, which I would earnestly recommend to any hypochondriack:

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed: and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with *falliries* and misinformations." FARMER.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL,

EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTRY

OF THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Anglia,
&c. decimo quarto, & Scotiae quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the

the rate
body,
thereof
my exe
thereof
the sai
equally
at the e
and so
by my
the sto
baron;
her dur
be paid
the livi
as she
[time]
answera
fo by m
fifty po
his own

Item,
all my
decease
in Strat
value of
Item,
Hart, a
after my
Item,
now ha
will.

Item,
to Mr.
and to
Warwic
within c

Item,
pence to
eight-pe
shillings
and to M
John H
eight-pe

Item,
for the b
formance
nances,
and two

the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,) at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence a piece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and

and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friars in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And, I do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written. By me

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMLET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTICOTT,

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo d'e mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene etc. Jurat' reservata potestate etc. Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur.

THE

THE
DEDICATION OF THE PLAYERS.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

W I L L I A M

EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &c. LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE;

AND

P H I L I P

EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, &c. GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTIES BED-CHAMBER.

BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND OUR
SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are false upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot but know the dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleased to thinke these trifles something, heeretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour; we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his patrones,

or

or finde them: this hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKSPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what meanes they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKSPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

THE

TO
F R
bered,
bookes
purfes:
wee kn
comme
be, or
your f
or high
buy.
you be
pit, to
and sto
of cou
It h
author
but fir
right,
to hav
where

THE
P R E F A C E
OF THE
P L A Y E R S.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: there you are numbered, we had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you will stand for your priviledges, wee know: to read, and censure. Doe so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a booke, the stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne plays dailie, know, these playes have had their triall already, and stood out all appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have been wished, that the author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envie his friends the office of their care and paine, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies,

maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them: who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle-expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

Of Shakspeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, hide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN. JONSON.

A L I S T

OF THE SIX-AND-THIRTY

DRAMAS OF SHAKSPEARE,

WHICH ARE PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES, WITH THE DATES
OF THE EARLIEST EDITIONS OF EACH: WHENCE IT APPEARS, THAT
TWENTY OF THEM WERE FIRST PRINTED IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

	PAGE
1 <i>THE TEMPEST</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	1
2 <i>THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	23
3 <i>THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR</i> .—1602. 4to.—1619. 4to.	45
4 <i>MEASURE FOR MEASURE</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	75
5 <i>THE COMEDY OF ERRORS</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	103
6 <i>MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING</i> .—1600. 4to.	121
7 <i>LOVE'S LABOUR LOST</i> .—1598. 4to.—1631. 4to.	147
8 <i>THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM</i> .—1600. 4to.	175
9 <i>THE MERCHANT OF VENICE</i> .—1600. 4to.—1637. 4to.	197
10 <i>AS YOU LIKE IT</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	223
11 <i>TAMING OF THE SHREW</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	251
12 <i>ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	277
13 <i>TWELFTH NIGHT</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	307
14 <i>THE WINTER'S TALE</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	333
15 <i>MACBETH</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	363
16 <i>KING JOHN</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	387
17 <i>KING RICHARD THE SECOND</i> .—1597. 4to.—1598. 4to.—1608. 4to.	413
18 <i>KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I</i> .—1598. 4to.—1599. 4to.—1604. 4to.	441
19 —————, PART II.—1600. 4to.	473
20 <i>KING HENRY THE FIFTH</i> .—1600. 4to.—1602. 4to.—1608. 4to.	509
21 <i>KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART I</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	543
22 —————, PART II.—In the folio of 1623.	571
23 —————, PART III.—In the folio of 1623.	603
24 <i>KING RICHARD THE THIRD</i> .—1597. 4to.—1598. 4to.—1602. 4to.	633
25 <i>KING HENRY THE EIGHTH</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	671
26 <i>CORIOLANUS</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	703
27 <i>JULIUS CÆSAR</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	741
28 <i>ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	767
29 <i>TIMON OF ATHENS</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	803
30 <i>TITUS ANDRONICUS</i> .—1611. 4to.	831
31 <i>TROILUS AND CRESSIDA</i> .—1609. 4to.	857
32 <i>CYMBELINE</i> .—In the folio of 1623.	893
33 <i>KING LEAR</i> .—1608. 4to.	929
34 <i>ROMEO AND JULIET</i> .—1597. 4to.—1599. 4to.—1609. 4to.	967
35 <i>HAMLET</i> .—1604. 4to.—1605. 4to.—1611. 4to.	999
36 <i>OTHELLO</i> .—1622. 4to.—1630. 4to.	1043

TO THE
MEMORY OF MY BELOVED,

THE AUTHOR,

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

TO draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For feeblest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,

My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser ; or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room :
~~Thou art a monument, without a tomb ;~~
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses ;
 I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses :
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers ;
 And tell—how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage : or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone ; for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time :
 And all the muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit :
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part :—
 For, though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion : and that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the muses' anvil ; turn the fame,
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame ;
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
 For a good poet's made, as well as born :
 And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race

ALONZ
SEBAST
PROSPER
ANTHON
FERDIN
GONZA
ADRIAN
FRANC
CALIBA
TRINCU

A tempestuous
Enter
Mist. B O A
Bo
Mist. Go
yarely, or v

Boatf. Hei
hearts ; yare
to the master
wind, if roo
Enter Al

Alan. Goo
master ? Pla
Boatf. I pr
Ant. Whe
Boatf. Do
pour : Keep
Gen. Nay,
Boatf. Wh
these roarer
Silence : trou
Gen. Good
Boatf. Nor
You are a co
elements to
present ? we
your authori
have liv'd so

Read

T E M P E S T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONZO, *king of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful duke of Milan.*

ANTHONIO, *his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the king of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, } *lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*

TRINCULO, *a jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*

Master of a ship, boatswain, and mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

NYMPHS,

REAPERS,

} *spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN!

Boat^f. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boat^f. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle;—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boat^f. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where's the master, boatswain?

Boat^f. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boat^f. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat^f. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present², we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in

your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boat^f. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boat^f. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd³ wench.

Boat^f. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! All lost! [*Exeunt.*]

Boat^f. What, must our mouths be cold?

¹ Readily, nimbly.

² Of the present instant, the poet probably means.

³ Incontinent.

Gen. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our ease is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're ¹ merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gen. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut ² him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!
We split! we split! Farewell my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gen. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; ³ long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The enchanted island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere ⁴
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my dear daughter!)
who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know,
Did never meddle ⁵ with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out ⁷ three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how
is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abyssm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir
And princeps, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence!
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence:
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds,
To think o' the teen ⁸ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—

I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

¹ Absolutely. ² Swallow. ³ Perhaps it should be *ling*, heath, &c. ⁴ Before. ⁵ i. e. a very poor cell. ⁶ Mingle. ⁷ Quite. ⁸ Sorrow, grief, trouble.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suit
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created 'em,
The creatures that were mine; I lay, or chang'd
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the keys,
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st
Mira. O good fir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty, [ing,—
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow'd
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, fir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So² dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas! poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens! [me,
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should fin
To think³ but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the promises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint⁴,

That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench; [not;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have⁵ deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach⁶, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have feeded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vain⁷ hours, and tutors not so careful. [you, fir,

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good duiness,
And give it way:—I know, thou canst not choose—
Miranda sleeps.

¹ To trash, Warburton says, is to cut away the superfluities. ² Thirsty. ³ Otherwise than.
⁴ Suggestion. ⁵ Covered. ⁶ i. e. a stubborn resolution.

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point ¹ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precur-
sors

O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a foul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstarting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes ², there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote ³,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?

What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I pray thee:

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst pro-
mise to bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier ⁴.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors: 'Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hells, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. 'Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,

¹ Performed to the minutest article. ² Bermudas. ³ Flote is wave. ⁴ Algiers.

When

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no fight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it; go, hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
Come, thou tortoise! when? [thee:]

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear,

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked 's dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-strokes that shall pen thy breath up; urchins²
Shall for that vast of night³ that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycombs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou brook'd'st time, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms [thee;
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, [thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—wou'd it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else,
This ile with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy
vile race⁴,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague⁵ rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick; thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—

I must obey; his art is of such power, [Afile.
It would controul my dam's god Setebos⁶,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.]

Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage, and
Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist⁷)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Cbanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

¹ Baneful. ² Perhaps put here for fairies. ³ The dead waste, or middle of the night. ⁴ Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. ⁵ The erysipelas. ⁶ We learn from Magellans voyage, that Setebos was the supreme God of the Patagons. ⁷ Silent.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon [earth?
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaving both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
These are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.*

[*Burden, ding-dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd fa-
This is no mortal business, nor no sound [ther:—
'That the earth owes':—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside*] [free thee
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?

What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

[*Milan,*

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul¹ thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight

[*Aside to Ariel,*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity, move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful³.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt; come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.—
What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

¹ To owe, signifies here, as in many other places of our author's plays, to own.

² Consulte thee.

³ Timorous.

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as
he,

Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on ; obey : [*To Ferdinand.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Er. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—Come on.

5 [*To Ariel.*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! —
Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
10 Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

15 *Ari.* To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow : Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gen. RESEECH you, sir, be merry ; you have 30
cause
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
is much beyond our loss : Our hint ¹ of woe
is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant, 35
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
it ; by and by it will strike.

Gen. Sir, —

Seb. One : — Tell.

Gen. When every grief is entertain'd, that's of-
fer'd, comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gen. Dolour comes to him indeed ; you have spo- 50
ken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant
to should.

Gen. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue ! 55

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gen. Well, I have done : But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
singer, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha !

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance ².

Ant. ³ Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly de-
liver'd.

Ant. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gen. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gen. How lush ⁴ and lusty the grass looks ? how
green ?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gen. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed,
almost beyond credit) —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gen. That our garments, being, as they were,
drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness, and glosses ; being rather new dy'd, than
60 stain'd with salt water.

¹ Hint is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common.
² Temperance here means temperature. ³ In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from
titles of religious and moral virtues. ⁴ i. e. of a dark full colour, the opposite to pale and faint.

Ant.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gen. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Africk, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the
king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
a paragon to their queen.

Gen. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?
good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gen. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gen. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous
harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in
his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gen. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at
the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gen. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
riage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense: Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he slung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

S.b. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss; [daughter,

That would not bless our Europe with your
But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. [otherwise,

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd
By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost

your son,
I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gen. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gen. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gen. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,
He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gen. And were the king of it, What would I

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine. [ris

Gen. I' the commonwealth, I would by contri-

Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn², bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth fore-
gets the beginning.

Gen. All things in common nature should pro-
duce

Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth

Of its own kind, all foison³, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gen. And, do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk me
thing to me.

¹ Or, of my reason and natural affection.
plenty.

² A limit, a land-mark.

³ A French word signifying

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always
use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me
sleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[Gon. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I with mine
eyes *[find,*

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
A seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy —
[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. — What
might, *[more:]*

Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, *[and]*
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
But of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
While thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often, do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded,
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, *[me,*
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel. *[dwells]*

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that
Ten leagues beyond man's life: she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post, *[chins]*
(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom *[again:]*
We were all sea-swallowed, though some cast
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? — How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall I bat Claribel*

Measure us back to Naples? — Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse *[Naples,*

Than now they are: There be, that can rule
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough^a of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.

^a A chough is a bird of the jack-daw kind, chiefly in Cornwall.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your confidence—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they molest. Here lies your brother
No better than the earth he lies upon, [ther,
If he were that which now he's like, that's ¹ dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay ² might put
This ancient morfel, this fir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courie. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion ³, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Enter Ariel, with music and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

'That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are
you drawn ⁴?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
'To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done. [Exit]

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pinch me i' the mine,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark

Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe ⁵ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I'll hear it singing i' the wind: yond' same black

cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard
that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder,
as it did before, I know not where to hide my
head: yond' same cloud cannot chuse but fall be-
pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish?

Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a
very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of
the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were he
in England now, (as once I was) and had but this

fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man ⁷; any strange beast there makes a
man: when they will not give a doit to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead

Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but

¹ i. e. that is, id est. ² For ever. ³ A hint of villany. ⁴ Having your swords drawn. ⁵ Make mouths. ⁶ Bombard means, in this place, a large vessel for holding drink. ⁷ i. e. make a man's servant; similar to Wickham's motto, Learning makes a man.

an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine¹; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I dye a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

The master, the scabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Lord Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch, *[Itch:]*

Yea a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, is proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever dined on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: He shall taste of my bottle: if he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, he will not take too much² for him; he shall pay me that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt murther me, I know it by thy trembling³: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; there is that which will give language to you, ⁴cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell me your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be,—⁵that he's drown'd; and these are devils: O! de-
mand me! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well

of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—⁵Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Dost thou other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; ⁶I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege⁷ of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not frights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? I swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I 'scap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then, how 'scap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: I swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor 'credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

¹ A gaberdine is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant, and is still worn by the peasants in Sussex. ² i. e. any sum, or ever so much. ³ Tremor is always represented as the effect being possessed by the devil. ⁴ Alluding to an old proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. Means, stop your draught. ⁵ Alluding to the proverb, A long spoon to eat with the devil. ⁶ Siege signifies stout in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle;
And I will kiss thy foot: I pry thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most pernicious and drunken
monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy sub-

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear. [Exit.]

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could
find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck
these berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a
wonder of a poor drunkard. [grow;]

Cal. I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young 'scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go
with me?

Ste. I pry thee now, lead the way, without any
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our com-
pany being drown'd, we will inherit here.—
Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, well
fill him by and by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.] Farewell master; farewell,
farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

Ban' Ban', Ca—Coliban

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. THERE be some sports are painful; but
their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: o, she is

Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a fore injunction: My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such

Had ne'er like executor. I forget: [baseness]

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-

Most busy-lefs, when I do it. [bours;]

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,

Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had

Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,

While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me

As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease; for my good will is to do,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;

This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morn-
ing with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,

I have broke your heart to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: but you, o you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

¹ Mr. Steevens supposes, that, by an error of the press, *scamel* has been here substituted for *scamell*,
species of bird mentioned by Willoughby. ² For *behest*, or command.

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skilless of : but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of : But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer [speak ;—
The flesh-fly blow my mouth :—Hear my soul
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this found,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow¹
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.
Mira. And mine with my heart in't : and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewell,

Fer. A thousand ! thousand ! [Exit.
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water ; not a drop before : therefore

bear up, and board 'em : Servant-monster, drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ? the folly of this island !
They say there's but five upon this isle : we are
three of them ; if the other two be brain'd like
us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee :
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me :
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no stan-
dard².

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither : but you'll lie, like dogs ;
and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, I speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? let me lick thy
shoe : I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster ; I am
in case to justify a constable : Why, thou deboth'd³
fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that
hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou
tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half
a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ; wilt thou let him,
my lord ?

Trin. Lord, quoth he !—that a monster should
be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again : bite him to death, I
pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head ; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not
suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made
to thee ?

Ste. Marry will I : kneel, and repeat it ; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant ; a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
me of the island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou ;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee :
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle ;

¹ Companion. ² Meaning he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble
between *standard* an ensign, and *standard* a fruit-tree, that grows without support, is evident.

³ Debauched.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not —)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. [patch!—

Cal. What a py'd¹ ninny's this? Thou scurvey
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
Where the quick freshes are. [him

Ste. Trinculo run into no further danger: in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make
a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him.

— As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your
wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log [him,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her, a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I war-
and bring thee forth brave brood. [rant.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee;
but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [sure;

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of plea-
Let us be jocund: Will you troubl² the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.
Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [Ariel plays the tune on

Ste. What is this fame? [a tabor and pipe.

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by
the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou bee'st a man, shew thyself in thy
likeness: if thou bee'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments [not.
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. [flory.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I wou'd I
could see this laborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin⁴, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! By your pa-
I needs must rest me. [tience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Sebastian.] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

¹ Alluding to the striped, or fool's coat worn by Trinculo, who in the ancient dramatics person is called a jester, and not a sailor. ² Means probably to dismiss it trippingly from the tongue. ³ The provincial mode in Staffordshire and the adjoining counties of pronouncing the word afraid. ⁴ i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night; no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top,
invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in
a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions
of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat,
they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!]

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
these?

Seb. A living drollery¹: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes², these are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

Alon. I cannot too much muse³
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since [machs.—]
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I. [were boys,

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men, [em]
Whose heads stood in their breasts⁴? which now
we find,

Each putter out on five for one⁵, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

5 *Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps
his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device,
the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,

10 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up! and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown

15 Their proper selves. [*Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest
Ye fools! I and my fellows [draw their swords.*

Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock't-at stabs

20 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
The dowl⁶ that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember,

25 (For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

30 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend

35 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear⁷ life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then to soft music, enter the
shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes⁸, and
carry out the table.*

40 *Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,

45 In what thou hast to say: so, with good life⁹,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charmswork,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)

50 And his and my lov'd darling.
[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why
55 In this strange stare?

[stand you

¹ Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. ² Certainly.

³ Admire. ⁴ Our author might have had this intelligence from the translation of Pliny, b. V. ch. 8.

⁵ "The Etemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast." ⁶ This

passage alludes to an ancient forgotten custom, now very obscure, when it was customary for those

who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest

for it at their return home. ⁷ Bailey, in his dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the

single particles of the down. ⁸ To *mop* and to *move* seem to have the

same meaning, i. e. to make mouths or wry faces. *Mooks* and *mowes* in Johnson's last edition.

⁹ With honest alacrity, or cheerfulness.

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prospero; it did baf¹ my trespass.
'Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

[Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt.]

Gen. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison given to work a great time after, [guilt,
Now gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy²
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt.]

10

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion³ shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master! here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*

And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and moe:

Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[Exit.]

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;

The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a ⁴corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[Soft music.]

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover⁵, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrim's, [groves⁶,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

¹ That is, told it me in a rough baf¹ sound. ² Ecstasy here signifies alienation of mind. ³ Aspersion is here used in its primitive sense of sprinkling. ⁴ That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. ⁵ Corollary means surplus. ⁶ Stover, from *Estovers*, a law word, signifies an allowance in food or other necessities of life. It is here used for provision in general for animals. ⁷ Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the willow, and in these lines broom groves are assigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say that a husband *bangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a short time; and on such occasions a broom besom has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from uxorial restraint, and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom groves* may signify broom bushes.

Being

Being lals-lorn¹; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grafs-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My² bolky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grafs'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
Have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her wapship-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows

and be a boy right out.

Cer. High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
and honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and season plenty³;
Barns, and garner, never empty;
Vines, with clustring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
to think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art

I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,

With your feds'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp⁴ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
in country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with
the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end
whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after
which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they
vanish heavily.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the spirits*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more. [*passion*]

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack⁵ behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]
Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—
Ariel, come.

¹ That is, forsaken of his mistress. ² Woody. ³ That is, plenty to the utmost abundance;
signifying plenty. ⁴ That is, curling, winding. ⁵ "The winds," (says lord Bacon) "which
move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to¹: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with² Caliban. [*Ceres,*

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Left I might anger thee. [*varlets?*]

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these

Ari. I told you, fir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For killing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor, At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears, That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell, There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done; my bird:

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither, For³ stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture⁴ can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanity taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as, with age, his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers: I will plague them all, Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line. [*Prospero remains invisible.*]

Enter Ariel laden with glistering apparel, &c.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you; tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us⁵.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to [softly]; Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Tri. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster; but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:—

Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,

10 This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts. [*Stephano!*]

15 *Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery⁶:—O, king Stephano!

20 *Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drosy drown this fool! What do you mean,

25 To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

30 *Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin⁷ under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and like your grace.

35 *Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

40 *Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

45 And all be turn'd to barnacles⁸, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

50 *Trin.* And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shapes of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

55 *Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

¹ To cleave to is to unite with closely. ² To meet with is to counteract; to play stratagem against thro tagem. ³ Stale is a word in *forwiling*, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds. ⁴ Education. ⁵ That is, has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. ⁶ A *frippery* was a shop where old cloaths were sold. ⁷ Shakspeare seems to design an equivocal between the equinoctial and the girdle of a woman. ⁸ Skinner says *barnacle* is *anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese; a vulgar error, which requires no serious confutation.

Pro. Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark, hark !

To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews.
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make
Than pard, or cat o' the mountain. [them,

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted foundly ; At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies : Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head : My charms crack not ; my spirits obey, and Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord, You said our work shall cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;

Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir, in the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell ;

They cannot budge, till you release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;

And the remainder mourning over them, Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,

*Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*, His tears run down his beard, like winter drops*

From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works 'em,

That if you now behold them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human,

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch¹, a feeling

Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

Passion² as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part : the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel ;

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye Elves, of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that

By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,

15 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd

20 The noon-tide sun, call forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory

25 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,

Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd, and let them forth

By my so potent art : But this rough magic

I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd

30 Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)

To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet found,

35 I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

Re-enter Ariel : after him Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco.

They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd ; whilst Prospero, observing,

speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! there stand,

45 For you are spell-stopp'd —

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;

And as the morning steals upon the night,

50 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces

55 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly

Did'st thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh

and blood,

60 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature ; who, with Sebas-

tian,

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

¹ A touch is a sensation.

² Passion is frequently used as a verb in Shakespeare.

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—

Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
I will discharge me, and myself present,

[Exit Ariel.]

As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

[Ariel enters singing, and helps to attire him.]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so. —

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir King,

The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where thou be'st he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat, [Prospero
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties of the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[Aside.]

Pro. No;—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't², sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late³; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been justified from your senses, know for certain,

That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was land-
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; [ed.]
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
The cell's my court; here have I a few attendants:
And subjects none abroad: pray you look in;

My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;

At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand
and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes for a score of kingdoms, you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

¹ To drink the air, is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as to decour the way in Henry IV.

² That is, I am sorry for it. To be woe, is often used by old writers to signify, to be sorry. ³ Meaning
My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Tho' the seas threaten, they are merciful;

I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the bleatings *[Ferdinand kneels.]*

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how cam'st thou here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. *[play?]*

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:

I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice; nor thought I had one: she

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

Receiv'd a second life, and second father

This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrance with

An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;

For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy; and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,

Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,

When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown: Now, blasphemy,

That swear'd grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?

Halt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—

Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From stranger to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boatf. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,

And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginsling chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as ere men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of; some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every

These happen'd accidents: till when be cheerful,

And think of each thing well. Come

hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free: *Afide.*

[To Ariel.]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no

man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—

Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my

head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Anthonio!

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true:—This mishapen knave—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,

¹ For *when* perhaps should be read *where*. ² That is, my clever, adroit spirit. ³ Conduct for conductor. ⁴ Beating may mean hammering, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. ⁵ Coragio is an exclamation of encouragement. ⁶ That is, honest. A true man, is, in the language of that time, opposed to a thief. The sense is, Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.

And

And deal in her command without her power :
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these fellows, you
Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He's drunk now : Where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : Where should
Find this grandliquor that hath gilded them ?—[they
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ? [cramp].

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to Caliban.]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wife hereafter,
And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool ?

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell ; where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away ; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,

Since I came to this isle : And in the morn,

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptials

Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd ;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—

chick,—

That is thy charge ; then to the elements }

Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt omnes.]

* That is, I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps*.
Touch me not alludes to the *forencs* occasioned by them. In the next line, the speaker confirms this mean-
ing by a quibble on the word *fore*.

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples : Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant :
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free !

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
PROTHEUS, }
ANTONIO, father to Protheus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.
OUT-LAWS.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Protheus.
PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.
SILVIA, the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely;
We're not, affection chains thy tender days [wits:
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partaker in thy happiness, [ger,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy dan-
ger ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.
Val. And on a love book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love. [prove.

¹ Theobald pronounces this to be a proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, Don't make a laughing-stock of me; don't play upon me. Mr. Steevens, however, is of opinion, that it might take its origin from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is, to be laid on a bench, and flapp'd on the breech with a pair of boots. This they call giving them the boots. He also adds, that the boots were an ancient engine of torture.

Val.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you ;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no ; now let us take our
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, [leave.
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so farewell !

[Exit.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you : Saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to onethen, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth often stray,
And if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shep-
herd then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whe-
ther I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and sitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me : therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd,
the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep ;
thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for
wages follows not thee : therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear ? gav'st thou my letter
to Julia ?

Speed. Ay, Sir : I a lost mutton¹, gave your let-
ter to her, a lac'd mutton ; and she, a lac'd mutton²,
gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store
of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were
best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray ; 'twere best
pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me
for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin ? Fold it over and
over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your
lover.

Pro. But what said she ? did she nod ? [*Speed nods.*
Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I ? why, that's noddy³.

Speed. You mistook, sir ; I said she did nod :
and you ask me, if she did nod ; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it
together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear
with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me ?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly ; har-
ing nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Bethrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief ;
What said she ?

Speed. Open your purse ; that the money, and
the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains : What
said she ?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ? could'st thou perceive so much from
her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from
her : no, not so much as a ducklet for delivering
your letter : And being so hard to me that brought
your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in
telling her mind. Give her no token but stones ;
for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy
pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you
have tescern'd⁴ me ; in requital whereof, hence-
forth carry your letters yourself : and so, sir, I'll
commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
wreck ;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore :—

¹ Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Protheus had been proving him a *sheep*. ² Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton* by a *girl of pleasure*. A *lac'd mutton* was so established a name for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was formerly call'd *Mutton-lane*. ³ Noddy was a game at cards. ⁴ That is, you have gratified me with a *tesfer*, *tesfer*, or *tesfer*, that is, with a six-pence.

I must go send some better messenger;
 I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
 Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
 Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheed-

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, [fully.
 That every day with parle encounter me,
 In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew
 my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Julia. How now? what means this passion at
 his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
 That I, unworthy body as I am,
 Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus—of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
 on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know
 their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia—Say from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,
 from Protheus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
 Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker¹!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight. [*hate.*

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

5 Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again.

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

10 Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.

Fit, fit! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

15 How charitably I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

20 And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

25 Luc. I would, it were;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you

Took up so gingerly?

30 Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

35 Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

40 Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' Love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

45 Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

50 And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

55 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant⁴:

There wanteth but a mean⁵ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁶ for Protheus.

¹ To *ensure* means, in this place, to pass sentence.

² A *broker* was used for matchmaker, some-

times for procurers.

³ *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*.

⁴ *Descant* is a term in music.

⁵ The *mean* is the *tenor* in music.

⁶ The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress em-
 ployed) from the *base* in music to a country exercise, *Bid the base*: in which some pursue, and others are

made prisoners.

Jul. This bubble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation?— *[Tears it.]*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, *[heal'd]*;

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

'Till I have found each letter in the letter, *[bear]*

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,

To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father

Jul. Well, let us go. *[stays.]*

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales

here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them

down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what fights you

see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Pantlino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;

And did request me to importune you,

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment ¹ to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth. *[that]*

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. *[him thither:]*

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent

There hall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;

And be in eye of every exercise,

Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court. *[phonetic]*

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-

With other gentlemen of good esteem,

Are journeying to salute the emperor,

And to commend their service to his will. *[go:]*

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus

And, in good time ²,—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:

Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

Oh heavenly Julia! *[there:]*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or

Of commendation sent from Valentine, *[two]*

Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he

writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily grac'd by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

¹ A month's mind was an anniversary in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a year's mind, and a week's mind. See *Proverbial Phrases*. ² *Ed* is the same as *grave* or *serious*. ³ *Impediment* is *hindrance*. ⁴ The old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, similar to the French *à propos*.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition¹ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two. [after thee:]

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love:
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours; for this is
but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She's not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. [flow.]

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam
Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First,

you have learn'd, like sir Protheus, to wreath your

arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song,

like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one

that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy

that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young

wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like

one that takes diet²; to watch, like one that fears

robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hal-

lowmas³. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like

one of the lions; when you fasted, it was pre-

sently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was

for want of money; and now you are metamor-

phos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I
can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for,
without you were so simple, none else would: but
you are so without these follies, that these follies
are within you, and shine through you like the
water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you,
but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at
[supper?]

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-
favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour insuite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair,
that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her
beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was de-
form'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

¹ That is, allowance.

² To take diet was the phrase for being under a regimen.

³ That is,

about the feast of All-Saints, when the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and probably in *Warwickshire*, go
from parish to parish a *souling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small) for *soul-cakes*,
or any good thing to make them merry. This custom seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray
for departed souls, particularly those of friends.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh, exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant², to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter unto the secret nameless friend of yours; which I was much unwilling to proceed in, but for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done³.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly for, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; and yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—and yet take this again; and yet I thank you; meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:

But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better! That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end⁵.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write to her lover.—

All this I speak in print⁶, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the comelion love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[*Exeunt.*]

² Motion, in Shakspeare's time, signified puppet, or a puppet-show. ³ This was the language of ladies to their lovers in Shakspeare's time. ⁴ That is, like a scholar. ⁵ That is, discoursing, talking. ⁶ In print means with exactness.

S C E N E II.

*Julia's house at Verona.**Enter Proteus and Julia.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.*[Giving a ring.]**Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here,
take you this.*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'ersteps me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not;

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit Julia.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Enter Panthino.**Pro.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

*A street.**Enter Launce leading a dog.**Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done

weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very

fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the pro-

figious son, and am going with fir Proteus to the

imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the

fourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping,

my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid

bowling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our

house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-

hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very

pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a

dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our part-

ing: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you,

wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show

you the manner of it: this shoe is my father:—

no, this left shoe is my father—no, no, this left

shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so nei-

ther;—yes, it is so; it is so; it hath the worse sole:

This shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and

this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now,

fir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as

white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is

Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is

himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me,

and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my

father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the

shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss

my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to

my mother;—oh that she could speak now like a
wood woman¹!—well, I kiss her;—why there
'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now
come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes:
now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor
speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my
tears.*Enter Panthino.**Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master

is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars.

What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away,

afs; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost? for

it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?*Laun.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood;

and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in

losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing

thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy ser-

vice,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?*Laun.* In thy tale.*Pan.* In thy tail?*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the

master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man,

if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my

tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the

boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to

call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.*Pan.* Wilt thou go?*Laun.* Well, I will go. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

*M I L A N.**An apartment in the duke's palace.**Enter Valentine, Silvius, Thurio, and Speed.**Sil.* Servant.—*Val.* Mistress?*Speed.* Master, fir Thurio frowns on you.*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my mistress then.*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?*Val.* Haply, I do.*Thu.* So do counterfeits.*Val.* So do you.*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?*Val.* Wise.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quote² you my folly?*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.¹ That is crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently
used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *woot*, sometimes *wode*. *Woot*, or crazy women, were anciently
supposed to be able to tell fortunes. ² To quote is to observe.*Thu.*

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire; sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks; and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Sylvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection; Yet hath sir Protheus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, sir, but if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well sir! this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. *[Exit Duke.]*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship. Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither. If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discountenance of disability:— Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. *[Exit Serv.]* Come, sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exit Silvia and Thurio.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs:

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

and made them watchers of mine own heart's for-
gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord ; [row.
and hath so humbled me, as I confess
there is no woe to his correction,
nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !
now, no discourse, except it be of love :
now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
as this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly faint ?
Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
and I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
let her be ' a principality,
sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :

she shall be dignified with this high honour,—

to bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth

should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

and, of so great a favour growing proud,

bidain to root the summer-swelling flower,

and make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus : all I can, is nothing
to her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
she is alone ².

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world ; why, man, she is mine

and I as rich in having such a jewel,

as twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

because thou see'st me doat upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

only for his possessions are so huge,

gone with her along ; and I must after,

for love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay more, our
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;

The ladder made of cords ; and all the means

plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,

in these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth :

must unto the road, to disembark

some necessaries that I needs must use ;

and then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Val.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?

She's fair ; and so is Julia, that I love ;—

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire ³

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold ;

And that I love him not, as I was wont :

Oh ! but I love his lady too, too much ;

And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I doat on her with more advice ⁴,

That thus without advice begin to love her ?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

And that hath dazzled so my reason's light ;

But when I look on her perfections,

There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will ;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

Exit.

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to
30 Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I
am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a
man is never undone till he be hang'd ; nor never
welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid,
35 and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-
house with you presently ; where, for one shot of
five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam
40 Julia ?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they
parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him ?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then ? shall he marry her ?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken ?

Laun. No they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them ?

Laun. Marry, thus ; when it stands well with
him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou ? I understand thee
not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou can'st
not ? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st ?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll
but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

¹ The first or principal of women. ² That is, there is none to be compar'd to her. ³ This alludes to
the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy.
With more prudence, with more discretion.

Speed.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog; if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the alehouse with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Sylvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:

O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast turn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;

If I lose them, this find I by their loss,

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Sylvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend;

For love is still more precious in itself;

And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!

Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead;

And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,

Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;

Myself in counsel, his competitor²:

Now presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising, and pretended³ flight;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:

But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross

By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Julia's house in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—

To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,

How, with my honour, I may undertake

A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,

Of such divine perfection, as sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's

Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [*food*]

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason. [*burns*]

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes music with the channel'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,

With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love;

And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men:

Gentle Lucetta, sit me with such weeds

As may best seem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair

Jul. No, girl: I'll knit it up in silken strings,

¹ To suggest is to tempt, in our author's language.

² Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight.

³ Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner.

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on. [pin,
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of my tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him !
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing² journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
We have some secrets to confer about.— [Exit Thur.
Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal :
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
Know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Happily, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim³ might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at⁴ ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence⁵.
Duke. Upon mine honour he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming. [Exit Pro.
Enter Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

¹ This interjection is still used in the North.
² That is, wish'd or desired journey.
³ Aim means
in this instance. ⁴ That is, be not guessed.
⁵ That is, of this claim made to your daughter. Pretence
implies design.

² That is, wish'd or desired journey. ³ Aim means
in this instance. ⁴ That is, be not guessed. ⁵ That is, of this claim made to your daughter. Pretence
implies design.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee, this pride of her's,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er; [her:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets², but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn!

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this fame? what's here?—To Silvia!

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Hisself would lodge, where ere himself they are lying.

My berald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servant's fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here? Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee!

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Meleus' son)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-

To die, is to be banish'd from myself!

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be, to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

² That is, what hinders.

² For is the same as for that, *scilicet*.

Except

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:¹
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not an hair
On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news:
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!

What is your news?

[*vanish'd*]

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
[Which unrevok'd, stands in effectual force]

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became

As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

5 With many bitter threats of 'biding there. [speak't,

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou

Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless doleour.

10 *Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help.

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

15 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts,

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom² of thy love.

20 The time now serves not to expostulate:

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

25 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

30 *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I

have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a

knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave:

He lives not now, that knows me to be in love:

35 yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not

pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet

'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell

myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a

maid, for she hath gossips³: yet 'tis a maid, for

she is her master's maid, and serves for wages.—

40 She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—

which is much in a bare christian⁴. Here is the

cat-log [pulling out a paper] of her conditions.—

Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse

45 can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but

only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade.—

Item, *She can milk*, look you; a sweet virtue in a

maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

50 *Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news

with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the

word: What news then in your paper?

55 *Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

¹ The phrase of, to fly his doom, used here for by flying, or in flying, is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. ² Before the meaning of this address

of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the country girls still observe the same practice. ³ One knave may signify a knave on only one occasion, a single knave. We still use

a double villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. ⁴ Gossips not only signify those who are sponsors for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. ⁵ Bare has two

meanings; mere and naked. Launce uses it in both, and opposes the naked female to the water-spaniel cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can. [thee?]

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother¹: this proves, that thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There: and St. Nicholas² be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock³.

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her virtues.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth⁴.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain! that set down among her virtues! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eye's legacy, and cannot be taken from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is cruel.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal⁵.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there: I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit.*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were out!

Speed.—And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious⁶: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then, will I tell thee,—that thy master slays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio, and Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most.

Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trenched⁷ in ice; which with an hour's heat

Disolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

¹ It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. *Launce* probably infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well known observation. ² St. Nicholas presides over scholars, who were therefore call'd *St. Nicholas's clerks*. ³ That is, a *stocking*. ⁴ Dr. Johnson is of opinion that *sweet mouth* implies the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats; while Mr. Steevens believes, that by a *sweet mouth* is meant that the *finest, sweetest*. ⁵ *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. ⁶ *Gracious*, in old language, means *gracious*. ⁷ That is, cut, carv'd in ice.

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.—

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace. [effect]

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Pro. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely the peraversers so.

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it;

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken

By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my Lord, I shall be loth to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;

Especially, against his very ¹ friend. [him,

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say, this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,

Let it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me ²:

Which must be done, by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this
Because we know, on Valentine's report, [kind;
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

5 Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

10 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime³, to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes

15 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poetry.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears

20 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,

That may discover such integrity:—

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans

25 Forake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet concert: to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump⁴; the night's dead silence

30 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her⁵. [love.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;

Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently

35 To sort⁶ some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:

I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen. [per,

40 *Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after sup-

And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon⁷ you.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 Out. FELLOWS, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, 55
out down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us what you have
about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rise you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:

¹ Very is immediate. ² The meaning of this allusion is, As you wind off her love from him, make
me the bottom on which you wind it. The women's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central
body, is a bottom of thread. ³ That is, birdlime. ⁴ A dump was the ancient term for a mournful elegy.
To inherit, is here used for to obtain possession of, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. ⁶ That is,
to chafe out. ⁷ That is, I will excuse you from waiting.

My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me,

1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;

Or else I often had been miserable. *[Friar,*

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: first, a word.

Spec. Master, be one of them;

It is a kind of honourable thievery,

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want,—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our

comfort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we
have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided, that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our city,

And shew thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Prothelus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurrs my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio: now must we to her

window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Prothelus? are you creep

before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not her.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're

allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be

merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring

you where you shall hear music, and see the gen-

tleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

* Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates.
hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs.

* Quality is nature relatively considered.

3 That is

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Hof. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Hof. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Hof. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Hof. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Hof. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Hof. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite. [thing.]

Hof. You would have them always play but one

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, does this sir Protheus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what, Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick¹.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hof. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead, that you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and music.]

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake? [truth,

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you bid me home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night, I swear,* I am so far from granting thy request, That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit; And by and by intend to chide myself, Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady: But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should speak it; For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives; to whom, thyself are witness, I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave, Affure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence; Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow:

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Hof. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Protheus?

Hof. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind; There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

Silvia, alone at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose², I am thus early come to know what service

* Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies. *Impose is injunction, command.*

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful¹, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
² Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour.
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, [plagues.
Which heaven, and fortune, still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows, as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your³ grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
⁴ Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befotune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exit.

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with
him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought
up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning,
when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters
went to it! I have taught him—even as one would
say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was
sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia,
from my master; and I came no sooner into the
dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,
and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing,
when a cur cannot keep⁵ himself in all compan-
ies! I would have, as one should say, one that
takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did,
I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I
live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He

thrusts me himself into the company of three or
four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table:
he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing
while⁶, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with
the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another;
Whip him out, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the
duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell
before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the
fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you
mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he.
You do him the more wrong, quoth I; *'twas I did the
thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but
whips me out of the chamber. How many mas-
ters would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be
sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath
stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have
stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, other-
wise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of
this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd
me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did
not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?
When did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and
make water against a gentleman's farthingale?
didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you where-
son peasant;

[To Launce.]
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
and tells you, curriish thanks is good enough for
such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and
then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big
as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again.
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end⁸, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneth good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

¹ Remorseful is pitiful. ² It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows
of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. ³ Sorrows. ⁴ To reck is to care for.
⁵ That is, restrain himself. ⁶ A proverbial expression of those times. ⁷ This appears to have been
part of the office of an usher of the table. ⁸ That is, in the end, at the conclusion of every business he
undertakes.

So presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia :

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd no other, to leave her token :
He's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so ; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas ?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia ;

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love :

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

Is pity love should be so contrary,

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

Claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Proteus.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?

Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will :

And now I am (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;

To carry that which I would have refus'd ;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

Am my master's true confirmed love ;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. Oh ! he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Urfula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

So, give your master this : tell him from me,

That his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,

As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me ;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure :

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :

Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath for-

sook her. [sorrow.

Jul. I think she doth ; and that's her cause of

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me :

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a-good¹,

For I did play a lamentable part :

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly ; and would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth :—

Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Jul. Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [Exit Silvia.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you

know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of her's :

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

¹ That is, in good earnest.

Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig¹.
 Her eyes are grey as glass : and so are mine ;
 Ay, but her² forehead's low ; and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective³ in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress's sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unfacing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. THE sun begins to gild the western sky ;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time ;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes : Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Duke.

Sil. Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
 If we recover that, we are sure⁴ enough. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit ?
 Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little. [rounder.]

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat

Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,

"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
 For I had rather wink, than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. [peace.]

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valour ?

Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it con-
 ardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True ; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions ?

Pro. O, ay ; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore ?

Jul. That such an ass should owe⁵ them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Protheus ? how now,
 Thurio ?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late ?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither. [Valentine.]

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peevish
 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest :

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it ;

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently ; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit Duke.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her :

I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.]

¹ It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before *twigs* were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were call'd *periwigs*. ² A high forehead was in Shakspeare's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. ³ That is, *respectful* or *respectable*. ⁴ *Sure* means *certain*. ⁵ *Owe* them.

S C E N E . III.

*The Forest.**Enter Silvia and Out-laws.**Out.* Come, come;*Be* patient, we must bring you to our captain.*Sil.* A thousand more mischances, than this one, have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.*2 Out.* Come, bring her away. [*her?*]*1 Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with*3 Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;*Out* Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.

So thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;

The thicket is best, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee![*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . IV.

*The Out-laws' cave in the forest.**Enter Valentine.**Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

Better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Trace my distresses, and record¹ my woes.

Thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Growth growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

That hallooing, and what sir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

And have some unhappy passenger in chace:

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[*Val. steps aside.*]*Enter Protheus, Silvia and Julia.**Pro.* Madam, this service have I done for you,

Though you respect not aught your servant doth)

To hazard life, and rescue you from him,

That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Purchase me for my meed² but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!Love, lend me patience to sorbear a while. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came:But, by my coming, I have made you happy. [*py.*]*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to yourpresence. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.

Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,

For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths: and all those oaths

Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,

And that's far worse than none; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,

I'll woo you like a foldier, at arms end;

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven!*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.*Val.* Rustian, let go that rude uncivil touch;

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine![*love;*]*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most curst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine! if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest:

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy![*Faints*]*Pro.* Look to the boy.[*the matter?*]*Val.* Why, boy! why wag! how now! what is

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me

To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done:

¹ To record anciently signified to sing. Record is also a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the
first essays of a bird in singing. ² That is, reward.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis : this is it.

[*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How ! let me see :

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook :

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shews another ring.*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring ? At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ! Julia ?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush !

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live

In a disguise of love :

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true : oh heaven !
were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error

Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins :

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either ;

Let me be blest to make this happy close ;

'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven,

I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

[*Duke.*]

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say ; it is my lord the
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine. [*death.*]

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy

Come not within the measure ² of my wrath :

Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch ;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not :

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities ;

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile :

They are reform'd, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd : I pardon them, and
thee ;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go ; we will include ² all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along.

That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Protheus : 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered :

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt*]

¹ That is, the reach of my anger. ² To include is to shut up, to conclude.

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

Mr. PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

Mr. FORD, }

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch parson.

Dr. CAIUS, a French doctor.

HOST OF THE GARTER.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

NYM.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. ANN PAGE, daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.

Mrs. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. SIR Hugh², persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber³ matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and⁴ custalorum.

Slen. Ay, and ratalorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation armigero.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce⁵ is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

¹ Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the *Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. Gildon says, he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. ² This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a parson is called *sir*; upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. ³ The *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of *route* and *riots*. ⁴ Probably intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. ⁵ The luce is a pike or jack. This passage is also supposed to point at Sir Thomas Lucy, who was the cause of Shakespeare's leaving Stratford.

Shal.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady : if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures : but that is all one : If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot : there is no fear of God in a riot : the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot ; take your vizaments ¹ in that.

Shal. Ha ! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my brain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it : There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shen. Mistress Anne Page ? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire ; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed, (God deliver to a joyful resurrection !) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old : it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shen. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds ?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shen. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page : Is Falstaff there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false ; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there ; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master Page. What, ho ! Got pless your house here !

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there ?

Eva. Here is God's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow : and here is young master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another

tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well : I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you : Much good do it your good heart ! I wish'd your venison better ; it was ill kill'd :—How doth good mistress Page ?—and I thank you always with my heart, fa ; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you ; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender. *Shen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir ? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsale ².

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Shen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not ;—'tis your fault, 'tis our fault :—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog ; can there be more said ? he is good, and fair.—Is he John Falstaff here ?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redress'd ; is not that so, master Page ? He hath wrong'd me ;—indeed he hath ;—at a word, he hath ;—believe me—Robert Shallow, esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. *Fal.* Now, master Shallow ; you'll complain of me to the king ?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my ledge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter ?

Shal. 'Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait ;—I have done all this :—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in counsel : you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John ; good worts.

Fal. Good worts ! good cabbage :—Slender, I broke your head ; What matter have you against me ?

Shen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your coney-catching ³ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Eva. You Banbury cheese ⁴ !

Shen. Ay, it is no matter.

¹ *Advisement* is now an obsolete word. ² He means *Cotsfold*, in *Gloucestershire* ; where in the beginning of the reign of James the First, by permission of the king, Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotsfold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old cloaths ; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. The games were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. ³ Falstaff here probably quibbles between *council* and *counsel* : the latter signifies *secrecy* ; and his meaning seems to be, "Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends, ⁴ *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. ⁵ A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or flatterer. ⁶ This alludes to the thin carcase of Slender.

Pis. How now, Mephostophilus ?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca* ; slice ! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man ?—can you tell, my cousin ?

Eva. Peace, I pray you ! Now let us understand : There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand : that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page ; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself ; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot : I will make a prief of it in my note-book : and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol. —

Pis. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam ! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear* ? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse ?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences ², and two Edward shovel-boards ³ ; that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol ?

Eva. No ; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pis. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner !—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe ⁴ :

Word of denial in thy labra's here ⁵.

Word of denial : froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours : I will say, *marry trap* ⁶, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour ⁷ on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John ?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses : sic, what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap, sir, was, as they say, carried ; and so conclusions pass'd the carcires ⁸.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I'll never be drunk whilst I live again,

but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine ; mistress Ford and mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within. *[Exit Anne Page.]*

Slen. O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met : by your leave, good mistress.

[Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome :—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness. *[Exit all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.]*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here :—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple ; where have you been ? I must wait on myself, must I ? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you ?

Sim. Book of riddles ! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas ?

Shal. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you. A word with you, coz ; marry this, coz : There is, as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by fir Hugh here ;—do you understand me ?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable : if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman ? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is

¹ The name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *Joan Faust*, and in some times a cant phrase of abuse. ² *Mill d-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money.

These were the broad shillings of *Edward VI.* and at that time used at the play of *shovel-board*. ⁴ Mr. Beobald is of opinion, that by *latten bilboes* Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate,

that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal which is called *latten* ; whilst Mr. Steevens thinks, that *latten bilboes*, means no more than a blade as thin as a lath. ⁵ That is, bear the word of denial

my lips. *Their ly'st.* We often talk of giving the lie in a man's teeth, or in his throat. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the lips of his adversary. ⁶ When a man was caught in his own

tragem, the exclamation of insult probably was *marry, trap* ! ⁷ *Nuthook* was a term of reproach

cant strain ; and, if you run the nuthook's humour on me, is in plain English, if you say *I am a thief*. ⁸ A literary phrase.

parcel of the mouth : Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid ?

Sbal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope, sir, — I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Sbal. That you must : Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

Slen. I will-do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Sbal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz ; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz : Can you love the maid ?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another : I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt : but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer ; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely : the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely ; his meaning is good.

Sbal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Sbal. Here comes fair mistress Anne :—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne !

Anne. The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your worship's company.

Sbal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pless'd will ! I will not be absence at the grace. *[Ex. Sbal. and Evans.]*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir ?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth :—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow : *[Exit Simple.]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man :—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead : But what though ? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship : they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing : I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you : I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three venes for a dish of stew'd prunes ; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do

your dogs bark so ! be there bears i' the town ?

Anne. I think there are, sir ; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well ; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England :—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now : I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times ; and have taken him by the chain : but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd :—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come ; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir : come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir ; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first ; truly-la ; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome : you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way ; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet :—give her this letter ; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page ; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page : I pray you be gone ; I will make an end of my dinner : there's pippins and cheese to come. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook ? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I fit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keifar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ?

¹ That is, three different set-to's, *bouts*, a technical term from the French, *venue*. ² The name of a bear. ³ Meaning, that it passed all expression.

⁴ A popular adoration of those times. *Cock* is no more than a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from *cock's wounds*, *cock's bores*, and *cock's mother*, and some other exclamations which occur in the old Moralities and Interludes. The *pye* is a table in the old Roman offices, shewing how to find out the service which is to be read on each day.

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Hof. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime¹; I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Hof.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[Exit Bard.]

Pist. O bafe Gongarian wight²! wilt thou the pigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call; Steal! foh; a word for the phrase!

Fal. Well, firs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food³.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; the discourses, she carves⁴, she gives the order of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar file; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am fir John Falstaff*.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain⁵; and, *To her, boys*.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me these angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here hitherto Page's wife; who even now gave me good

eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads⁶; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention⁷, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater⁸ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I fir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no bafe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly⁹; sail like my pinnace¹⁰ to these golden shores.

[To Robin.]

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Frudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Exit Falstaff and Nym.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam¹¹ holds;

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor: Cester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Bafe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness¹²; for the revolt of mine¹³ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exit.]

¹ This alludes to the tricks of frothing beer and liming sack, practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing lime with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass.

² This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays.

³ Nym means to say, that the perfection of dealing is to do it in the shortest time possible.

⁴ A proverb. ⁵ In those times the young of both sexes were instructed in carving, as a necessary accomplishment.

⁶ That is, explained. ⁷ Probably from *ocillades*, French.

⁸ That is, explained. ⁹ That is, explained.

¹⁰ By this is meant *eschecour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people.

¹¹ Perhaps we should read *rightly*. ¹² A pinnace anciently seems to have signified a small vessel or sloop, attending on a larger.

At present it signifies only a man of war's boat. ¹³ Fullam is a cant term for false dice, high and low. Gourd was another instrument of gaming.

¹⁴ That is, jealousy. ¹⁵ *Revolts of mine* means change of countenance, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy.

S C E N E IV.

*Dr. Caius's house.**Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.*

Quic. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.*[Exit Rugby.]*

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire¹. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate²: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish³ that way; but no body but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.*Quic.* And master Slender's your master?*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.*Quic.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee⁴ face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.*Quic.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?*Sim.* Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands⁵, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.*Quic.* How say you?—oh, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.*Quic.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I will.*Re-enter Rugby.**Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be thent⁷: Run in here, good young man: go into this closet. *[Shuts Simple in the closet.]* He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, a-down-a⁸, &c. *[Sings.]*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*⁹ verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[Aside.]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket: Dependez, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!*Rug.* Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublie?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet!—Villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

*[Pulls Simple out of the closet.]**Quic.* Good master, be content.*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?*Quic.* The young man is an honest man.*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so stigmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—*Quic.* Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: Speak-a your tale. *Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *bailez* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can, and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor my master,—I may call him my master, look you for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut la

¹ That is, when my master is in bed. ² Bate is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention. ³ Foolish. ⁴ Wee, in the northern dialect, signifies very little. ⁵ Cain and Judah in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards. ⁶ Probably an allusion to the jockey measure, so many bands high, used by grooms when speaking of horses. ⁷ That is, scolded. ⁸ To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work. ⁹ Boitier, in French, signifies a case of surgeons instruments.

throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-
a-nape priest to meddle or make :—you may be
gone; it is not good you tarry here :—by gar, I
will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a
stone to throw at his dog. [Exit Simple.

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat :—do you not
tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself ?—
by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have ap-
pointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our
weapon :—by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be
well; we must give folks leave to prate : What,
the *goujere* ?

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me :—
By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your
head out of door :—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Ex. Caius and Rugby.

Quic. You shall have An fools-head of your own.
No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman
in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than
I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank
heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho ?

Quic. Who's there, I trow ? come near the
house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doest thou ?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good wor-
ship to ask.

Fent. What news ? how does pretty mistress Anne ?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,
and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell
you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? shall
I not lose my suit ?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but
notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a
book, she loves you :—Have not your worship
a wart about your eye ?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that ?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale :—good faith,
it is such another Nan,——but I detest, an honest
maid as ever broke bread :—We had an hour's talk
of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's
company !—But indeed she is given too much
to allicholly and musing : But for you—Well—
go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day : Hold, there's
money for thee; let me have thy voice in my
behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend
me—

Quic. Will I ? ay, faith, that we will : and I
will tell your worship more of the wart, the next
time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an
honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I
know Anne's mind as well as another does : Out
upon't ! what have I forgot ?

[Exit.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mistress Page. WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-
letters in the holy-day-time
of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ?
let me see :

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though
my reason for his precisian, he admits him not for
a counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to
then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha!
then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and
so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? let it
be thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a
soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity
me, 'tis not a souldier-like phrase; but I say, love me.*
By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this ?—O wicked,
wicked world !—one that is well nigh worn to
pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant !
What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish
drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my
conversation, that he dares in this manner assay
me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my com-
pany ?—What should I say to him ?—I was then
frugal of my mirth :—heaven forgive me !—Why,
I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting
down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him ?
for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made
of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page ! trust me, I was going
to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you.
You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have
to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could

¹ That is, *morbus Gallicus*.

² The meaning is, *though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, seldom follows its advice*.—By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity.

³ Meaning, *at all times*.

show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispenſe with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry¹.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light²:—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*³. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first: for I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt for he cares not what he puts into the ⁴ *press*, where he would put us two. I had rather be a giants and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with

a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horse to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not fully the charnel's⁵ of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! he would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause: and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. *(They retire.)*

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a ⁶ curtail-dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. *(Pours.)*

Pistol. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor. Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy gally-mawfry⁷; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pistol. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou. Like Sir Actaon he, with Ringwood at thy heels—O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. *(Exit Pistol.)*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. *(Speaking to Page.)* And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour of a letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true;—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I have not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. *(Exit Nym.)*

Page. The humour of it, quoth a! here's a fellow's rights humour of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian⁸, though the priest o'the town commended him for a true nan.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

¹ To *hack*, is an expression used in another scene of this play, to signify to do mischief. The sense of this passage may therefore be, These knights are a riotous, dissolute sort of people, and on that account thou shouldst not wish to be of the number. ² That is, we have more proof than we want. ³ A popular ballad of those times. ⁴ *Press* is used here ambiguously, for a *press* to print and a *press* to squeeze. ⁵ That is, the caution which ought to attend on it. ⁶ Persons not qualified to keep a greyhound cut off his tail, and then he is termed a lurcher; yet seldom lets his guard escape. S.A. ⁷ A medley. ⁸ By a *Cataian*, some kind of sharper was probably meant.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues¹, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or merriment in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How, now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How, now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say,

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook!

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between

sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aside.*

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egrets and regrets; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-heirs²?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your paces, flocado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword³, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty⁴, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster⁵, which I with sword will open. I will retort the sum in equipage⁶.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen,

¹ That is, *cheats*.

² This passage is evidently obscure. Mr. Steevens proposes to read, *Will you go on, hearts?* in confirmation of which conjecture, he observes, that the Host calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts*. ³ Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length. Shallow here censures the innovation of lighter weapons. ⁴ To stand on any thing, signifies to insist on it. To Ford, who is jealous, all chastity in women appears as frailty. ⁵ Dr. Gray supposes Shakspeare to allude to an old proverb, "The mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger:" that is, to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. ⁶ Dr. Warburton conjectures the meaning of this to be, I will pay you again in stolen goods; and his opinion is confirmed by that of Mr. Farmer.

my friends: you were good soldiers, and tall¹ fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan², I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Piff. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a thong,—to your manor of Picket-hatch³, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enconceal⁴ your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice⁵ phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Piff. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heaven blefs them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries⁶, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners⁷; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold⁸ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fatuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home;

¹ A tall fellow, in the time of our author, meant, a stout, bold, or courageous person. ² Fans, in Shakspear's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, (or others of equal length and flexibility) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The sum of forty pounds was sometimes given for a fan in the time of queen Elizabeth. ³ A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. *Picket-hatch* probably is derived from the *pickets* placed upon the *batches* of the doors of the bawdy-houses of those times; a precaution which perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous interruptions of the gallants of that age might render necessary. ⁴ A *conceal* is a petty fortification: to *enconceal*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. ⁵ Your ale-house conversation. *Red lattice* at the doors and windows, were formerly the external insignia of an ale-house. Hence the present chequers; and it is very remarkable, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. ⁶ This is the name of a brisk light dance, and not therefore improperly used in vulgar language for any hurry or perturbation; perhaps, however, it is not improbable, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. ⁷ A *pensioner*, in those times, meant a gentleman always attendant upon the person of the prince. ⁸ *To wot* is to know. ⁹ Ray says, that *frampold*, or *frampard*, signifies *frivolous*, *peevish*, *cross*, *forward*.

but the h
knew a
think you
Fal. No
of my go
Quic. B
Fal. Bu
wife, and
they love
Quic. T
so little gr
But mistre
your little
marvellous
master Pag
Windsor le
she will, si
to bed wh
she will; a
be a kind
must send
Fal. Wh
Quic. No
may come
case, have
another's n
stand any t
should know
have discre
Fal. Fare
both: ther
Boy, go al
distracts me
Piff. This
Clap on mor
Give fire; f
all
Fal. Say
make more
they yet loo
pence of so
body, I than
so it be fair!

Bard. Sir
would fain sp
you; and h
draught of s
Fal. Brool
Bard. Ay,
Fal. Call h
are welcome
Ah! ah! mi
encompass'd
Re-ent
Ford. Bless
Fal. And y

¹ Of all lo
a vessel of
ship to conc
brick of a s
with a view o

but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for 't.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves¹! her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word², that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pish. This pink³ is one of Cupid's carriers;—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights⁴; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pishol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the experience of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

[*Enter Bardolph.*]

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; via⁵!

[*Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguised.*]

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

[*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you⁶; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith⁷ you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed⁸, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford.

¹ Of all loves, signifies no more than to send him by all means. ² That is, a watch-word. ³ A pink is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier for merchants. ⁴ Fights are cloaths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and close-fights are bull-heads, or any other shelter that the fabric of a ship affords. ⁵ A cant phrase of exultation common in the old plays. ⁶ Meaning, not with a view of putting you to expence. ⁷ That is, since. ⁸ That is, reward.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance¹, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed² for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had³ instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward⁴ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am best in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittoly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt live with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—*[Exit.]* says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath lent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made:—Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ranlack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. 'Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasion, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Windsor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promises'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

¹ Meaning, admitted into all, or the greatest companies. ² Allowed is approved. ³ Instance is example. ⁴ Meaning, the defence of it.

Rug. He is wife, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slender. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin¹, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock², thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder³? ha! is he dead, bully Stale⁴? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian⁵ king, Urinal⁶ Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair⁶ of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the lions of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd yourself a wife physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself

a wife and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water⁷.

Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de Englishman:—Scurvy-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amend's.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her; Cry'd game⁸, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page, said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.]

¹ To foin, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. ² Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow, are also adopted. ³ We must remember, to make this joke relish, that the elder tree has no heart. Probably this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, heart of oak. ⁴ The reason for calling Caius bully Stale, and afterwards Urinal, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader. ⁵ Castilian and Ethiopian, like Estavian, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. ⁶ This is a proverbial phrase, and is taken from stroking the hair of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows, and is of similar import with that now in use, against the grain. ⁷ Perhaps by mock-water, is meant counterfeit. The water of a gem is a technical term. ⁸ Dr. Warburton thinks it should be read thus, CRY AIM, said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to cry aim signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. The phrase was taken originally from archery. Mr. Steevens defends, however, the present reading, and conjectures, that cry'd game might mean in those days—a cry'd buck, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by proclamation.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Frogmore.**Enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. I PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-wary¹, the Parkward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pleas my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pleas my soul!

*By swallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
'There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By swallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Babylon—
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By swallow—

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh

Eva. He's welcome:—

By swallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleas you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some per-

son, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hiocrautes and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons;—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word wit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stags to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cog-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host of *Fartherre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him!

Page. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs, and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial!

so—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—

¹ The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors, the *Pitty-wary*. There are now no places answering to either of these names at Windsor.

Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha! ha!

Eva. This is well: he has made us his vlouting-flog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this lame scald¹, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will finite his noddles:—Pray you follow.

S C E N E II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, firrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he! I can never hit on's name.

There is such a league between my good man and me!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination;

he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming² mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim³. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall rather be prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer

at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day⁴, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons⁵; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having⁶: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—

Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

¹ Scall was an old word of reproach, as scab was afterwards. ² Seeming is specious. ³ That is, all encourage. ⁴ That is, in an high-flown, fustian style. It was called a holy-day style, from the old custom of acting their farces of the mysteries and moralities, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. ⁵ This alludes to an old custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they could succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the bachelor's buttons (a plant whose flowers resemble coat-button) in their pockets; and they judged of their good or bad success, by their growing, or their not growing there. ⁶ Having is the same as estate or fortune.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine¹ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Ford's house.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering), take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket²? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent³, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: Go tell thy master, I am alone.

Mistress Page. remember you your cue. *[Exit Robin.]*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. *[Exit Mrs. Page.]*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then:—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumption;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my will: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance⁴.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor⁵ to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and finell like Bucklers-bury⁶ in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. *[Falstaff hides himself.]*

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

¹ Pipe is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogheads. Pipe wine is therefore wine, not from the bottle, but the pipe; and the jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. ² Eyas-musket is the same as infant Lilliputian. ³ A Jack o' lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. ⁴ The speaker here tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. ⁵ That is, to thy own merit. ⁶ Bucklers-bury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *bad* rather, and you *bad* rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble¹: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with bucking.

Nothing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the scaton too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkenneled the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape².

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distrefs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the pressies, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodics.

¹ Look, how you drumble, means, how confid you are. In the North, drumbled ale, means muddy, *drumled* ale. ² This alludes to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they uncape or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. Every one has heard of a bag-fox.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a paid conscience: your wife is as honest a woman, as I will desire among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And, that, my state being gall'd with my expence, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'Tis, but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that;—but I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne:—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, 'come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you wish me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.

Why how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient. [Child.]

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you.

¹ That is, come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The phrase is derived from the forest laws, according to which, a man who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to cut or *cur* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. ² A proverbial expression.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to mistress Page.

[*daughter*]

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your
in such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire: Let me have your good-will.

Anne. Goodmother, do not marry me to you¹ fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better
husband.

Quic. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be fet quick i² the earth,
And bow'd to death with turnips³.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good
master Fenton,

will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
Look on, master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-
night: give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for
my pains. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A
kind heart he hath: a woman would run through
fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I
would my master had mistress Anne; or I would
master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would
master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for
them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be
as good as my word; but specially³ for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir
John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a
trait am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

[*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a
sack, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be
rown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd
with another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out,
and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-
year's-gift. The rogues slighted me into the river
with as little remorse as they would have drown'd
witch's blind puppies, fifteen i¹ the litter: and
you may know by my size, that I have a kind of
scurvy in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as
hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but
that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death
that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what

a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd?
I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, sir: there's a woman below would
speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the
Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had
swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.
Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave:—I cry you mercy:—Give
your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices; Go brew me a
pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my
brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from
mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I
was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of
ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not
her fault; she does so take on with her men; they
mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-
man's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it
would yern your heart to see it. Her husband
goes this morning a birding; she desires you once
more to come to her between eight and nine: I
must carry her word quickly: she'll make you
amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and
bid her think, what a man is: let her consider
his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir!

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook: he
sent me word to stay within: I like his money
well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know
what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was
at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her deter-
mination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cor-
nuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a
continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the
instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd,
kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the pro-

¹ A common proverb in the Southern counties of England. ² That is, *some time to-night.* ³ She
tends to say *specially.*

logue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there!

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with¹ a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a good² bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their

own greafe: think of that,—a man of my kidney³, think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in greafe, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-thoe; think of that—hisling hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am forry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Aetna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone abirding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me⁴ to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.]*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream! do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be home mad. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in noun?

¹ *With* was sometimes used for *of*. ² A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity. ³ *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*; but Falstaff means, *a man whose kidneys are as fat as mine*. ⁴ That is, make myself ready.

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pukker*.

Quic. Poul-cats! there are fairer things than poul-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your pain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hec, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, big, bag, bog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, bujas*: Well, what is your *occulsive case*?

Will. *Accusativo, bine*.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, child; *Asusativo, bung, bang, bog*.

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *locative case*, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William; *locative is, caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, horum, horum*.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's case*? sic on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll be fust enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—see upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the numbers? thou art a foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *hi, he, ead*: if you forget your *lies*, your *as*, and your *coals*, you must be preeches! Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag ² memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but my own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [Aside.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns ³ again: he so takes on ⁴ yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ⁵ Peer out, peer-out! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

¹ Sir Hugh means to say, You must be breech'd, i. e. flogg'd. To breech is to flog. ² This word is still in use, and signifies ready, alert, sprightly: it is pronounced as if it was written—sprack. ³ That

lunacy, frenzy. ⁴ To take on, now used for to grieve, seems to be used by our author for to rage.

⁵ That is, appear horns.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket : May I not go out, ere he come ?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here ?

Fal. What shall I do ? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces : creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word.—Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract¹ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John ; unless you go out disguis'd.—How might we disguise him ?

Mrs. Page. Alas, the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something : any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is ; and there's her thrum² hat, and her muffler³ too : Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John : mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick ; we'll come drefs you straight : put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford ; he swears, she's a witch, forbade her ray house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel ; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards !

Mrs. Ford. Put is my husband coming ?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go drefs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too : We do not act, that often jest and laugh ;

'Tis old but true, *Still faime eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, first, take the basket again on your shoulders ; your master is hard at door ; if he bid you set it down, obey him : quickly, dispatch.

[*Exit Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not ; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, here you any way then to unfool me again ?—Set down the basket, villain :—Somebody call my wife :—Youth in a basket !—Oh, you pandariously rascals ! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me : Now shall the devil be sham'd.—What wife, I say ! come, come forth ; behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes⁴ ! Master Ford, you must not go loose any longer ; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics ! this is mad as a mad dog !

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well ; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, fir.—Come hither, mistress Ford ;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband !—I suspect without cause mistress, do I ?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, braven-face ; hold it out.—Come forth, errah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes⁴ !

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd ? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable ! Will you take up your wife's cloaths ? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why.—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in the basket ; Why may not he be there again ? In my house I am sure he is : my intelligence is true ; my jealousy is reasonable : Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford ; this wrongs⁵ you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

¹ That is, a list, an inventory.

used for making coarse hats.

means here, to go beyond bounds.

² The thrum is the end of a weaver's warp, and was probably

³ A muffler was some part of drefs that cover'd the face.

⁴ To pass, is to be approved.

⁵ Meaning, this is below your character.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sparn ; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman *. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, mistress Page ! come you and the old woman down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman ! what old woman's that ?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have I not forbid her my house ? She comes of errands, does she ? We are simple men ? do we not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery † as this is : beyond our element : we know nothing.—Come down, you witch ; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband ;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in woman's cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her :—Out of my doors, you witch ! *[Beats him.]* you hag, you baggage, you scoldcat, you ronyon ‡ ! out ! out ! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd ? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it :—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch !

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed : I like not when a 'omans has a great beard : I say a great beard under his muller.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen ? I beseech you, follow ; see but the issue of my jealousy : if I try out thus upon no trial †, never trust me when open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further :—Come, gentlemen. *[Exeunt.]*

Mrs. Page. I trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not ; beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and set on the altar ; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you ? may we, with the consent of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, laid out of him ; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him ?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd : and, methinks, there would be no period ‡ to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then, shape it : I would not have things cool. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses : the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the court : let me speak with the gentlemen ; they speak English ?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses ; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them : they have had my houses a week at command ; I have turn'd away my other guests : they must come off † ; I'll sauce them : come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant ?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife : Hencelorth do what thou wilt :

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, *[stand,*
I than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour in him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence ;

But let our plot go forward ; let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How ? to send him word they'll meet him

in the park

At midnight ! fie, fie ; he will never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the rivers ; and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman : methinks, there should be terrors in him,

* *Lover.* *Leman* is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *belov'd*, and *man*. † *Dauberies* are *disguises*.
‡ *Evans*, applied to a woman, imports much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man.
This expression is borrowed from hunting. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To*
out, is to open or bark. § Meaning, there would be no proper catastrophe. ¶ That is, they
will pay.

that he should not come : methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [chain]
You have heard of such a spirit: and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device:—

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And thee or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins¹, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused² song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves: dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;

and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brooks:
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us prepared
And tricking³ for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable picayunes,
and very honest knaveries.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.]
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well-landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to court
her.

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what
thick-skin⁴ speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed⁵: 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and
new; Go, kneel and call; he'll speak like an
Antrepophegian⁶ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, till
'till she come down: I come to speak with him,
indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed; I'll call—Bully knight! Bully sir John
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there?
It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar⁷ carries the

¹ *Totale*, here means to seize or strike with a disease. ² Meaning, *age*. ³ *Urchin* is a hedge-hog, but is here used to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is a *feiry* or *goblin*. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, this signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. ⁵ *Properties* are incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. ⁶ *To trick*, is to dress out. ⁷ The usual furniture of chambers in these times consisted of a standing-bed, under which was a *truckle*, or *running* bed. In the former lay the master, and in the latter the servant. ⁸ That is, a Cannibal. The Host uses this high-sounding word to astonish Simple; an effect which he probably likewise means to produce by the word *Ephesian*, which follows. ⁹ See the preceding note.

coming down of thy fat woman : Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: *Fie! privacy? fie!*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wife woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell¹; What would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go; say th' woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank you worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *[Exit Simple.]*

Hof. Thou art clerkly², thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage! *Hof.* Where be my horses! speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set purs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Hof. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there's a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there's three couzin-germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colbrook, of

horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Hof* de *Jarterre*?

Hof. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke de *Jasmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good-vill: adieu. *[Exit.]*

Hof. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I'm undone! *[Exit.]*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primer*³. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence came you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their fakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; specially one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me the stocks, if the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Hof.

Hof. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

¹ Falstaff probably calls Simple *mussel-shell*, from his standing with his mouth open.

² Scholar-like. ³ A game at cards.

² That is,

And,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Hof. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will,
at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Even to my wish; I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both: For sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image¹ of the jest

[*Shewing a letter.*]
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine
host;

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here²; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton [sir,
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now,
Her mother, even³ strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to devote⁴ her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint⁵ in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceive? father or
mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me;
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your device; I'll to the
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides I'll make a present recompence.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. PRYTHEE, no more prating;—go.—
I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they
say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in na-
tivity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what
I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your
head, and mince⁶.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never. Be
you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak,
and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see,
like a poor old man: but I came from her, mas-
ter Brook, like a poor old woman. That same
knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad de-
vil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever
govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me
grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the

shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Gollub
with a weaver's beam; because I know all
life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with
me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I
pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and v'hipp'd top,
I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately.
Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this
knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be re-
veng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.
—Follow:—Strange things in hand, master Brook.
follow.

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the cal-
ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remem-
ber, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and
we have a nay-word⁷ how to know one another.
I come to her in white, and cry, *num*; the other
budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either
your *num*, or her budget? the white will deceive
her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will

¹ That is, the representation. ² In the letter.

³ Even here means as. ⁴ Perhaps we should
read *denote*. ⁵ As quaint signifies fantastical, the meaning may be, fantastically dress'd in green.

⁶ To mince is to walk with affected delicacy. ⁷ That is, a watch-word.

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Dr. Caius.
Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch her quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu. *[Exit.*
Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely. *[Lechery.*

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their like, that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. *[Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; Jove set on thy horns.—Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man,

in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:—think not, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a col rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes², let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits³, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my fides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk⁴, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! *[Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. *[The women run out.*

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr; Quickly, and others, dressed like fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.—

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you alfy toys.

Cricket. to Windfor chimnies shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths un-

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry⁵; [swept,

Our radiant queen hates fluts, and sluttery. [die:

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall

I'll wink and cough: No man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Bode?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,

Rein up the organs of her fantasy⁶,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:

But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins, [shins.

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and

Quick. About, about;

Search Windfor castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholsome⁷, as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower;

Each fair instalmant coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

¹ A technical phrase spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men.
² Potatoes, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives.
³ Sugar-plums perfum'd to make the breath sweet. ⁴ That is, for the keeper of this district. By
⁵ Allusion, the shoulders and humbles were a perquisite of the keeper's. ⁶ The wortleberry, called
⁷ Wherry in Staffordshire, and on which the More game feed. ⁶ That is, elevate her ideas above sen-
 sual desires and imaginations. ⁷ Wholsome here signifies entire or perfect.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see,
And *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee ;
Fairies use flowers for their charactery ¹.
Away ; disperse : But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. [order set :

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay ; I smell a man of middle ² earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy !
Left he transform me to a piece of cheese ! [birth.

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy
Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end :

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire ?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh !

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !—
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme :

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right ; indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

THE SONG.

Fie on sinful phant'sy !

Fie on lust and luxury ³ !

Lust is out a bloody fire ⁴,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher,

Pinch him, fairies, mutually :

Pinch him for his villainy ;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-beams be out.

[*During this song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes*
one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; Slen-
der another way, and he takes away a fairy in
white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs.
Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within.
All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his
buck's head, and rises.]

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly : I think, we have watch'd
you now ;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come ; hold up the jest
no higher :—

Now, godd sir John, how like you Windfor wives ?
See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town ?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ? Master
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave : here
are his horns, master Brook : And, master Brook,
he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck's
basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money ;
which must be paid to master Brook ; his horns
are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck ; we
could never meet. I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an
ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too ; both the proofs are
extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three or
four times in the thought they were not fairies ;
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden sur-
prize of my powers, drove the grossness of the
foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the
teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fa-
ries. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-
o'-Lent ⁵, when 'tis upon ill employment !

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried
it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-
reaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welch goat
too ? shall I have a cockcomb of frize ⁶ ? 'tis time
were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Secse is not good to give putter ; your
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Secse and putter ! have I liv'd to stand to
the taunt of one that makes fritters of English !—
this is enough to be the decay of lust and law-
walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though
we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts to
the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves
without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could
have made you our delight ?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of flux ?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man ?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable
entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan ?

Page. And as poor as Job ?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife ?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns
and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drink-
ings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and
prabbles ?

Fal. Well, I am your theme ; you have the
start of me ; I am dejected ; I am not able to an-
swer the matter with which they make letters. ² Spirits being supposed to inhabit the æthereal
regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station. ³ *Luxury* here sig-
nifies incontinence. ⁴ That is, the fire in the blood. ⁵ A Jack o'-Lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent
like Shrove-tide cocks. ⁶ That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch cloth.

swer the Welch flannel¹; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me²: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. [amends:]

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly: Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jesu! Master Slender, cannot you see out marry poys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the leaury, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am co-

zen'd: I ha, married *un garcon*, a boy; *un païsan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit Caius.*]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy, that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title: Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious curst hours, [her.] Which forced marriage would have brought upon

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ Flannel was originally the manufacture of Wales. ² On the meaning of this difficult passage commentators are greatly divided. Dr. Farmer's conjecture, that we should read, "Ignorance itself is a planet o'er me," appears to be the most intelligible.

M F

VINCE
ANGEL
ESCAL
the d
CLAUD
LUCIO,
Two oth
VARRI
Proveff.
THOMAS
PETER
A Just

Duke. E
Escol.
Duke.
Would fe
Since I an
Exceeds,
My stren

¹ The
1578, and
acknowle
Theobald
copyists,

Sir Tho.

Dr. Warl
rity, and
give you to
conjectur
labour on

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
 ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
 ESCALUS, *an antient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
 LUCIO, *a Fantastick.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
 VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
 Provost.
 THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
 PETER, }
A Justice.

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
 FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
 Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Overdone.*
 ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
 JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
 FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
 Mrs. OVERDONE, *a Barwd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. ESCALUS,—
 Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
 Since I am put to know¹, that your own science,
 Exceeds, in that, the lists² of all advice
 My strength can give you: Then no more remains,

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
 And let them work⁴. The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions, and the terms
 For common justice, you are as pregnant⁵ in,
 As art and practice hath enrich'd any
 That we remember: There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call
 I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [hither,
 What figure of us think you he will bear?
 For you must know, we have with special soul⁶
 Elected him our absence to supply;

¹ The story of this play is taken from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578, and which was probably originally borrowed from *Cintio's Novels*. ² Meaning, I am obliged to acknowledge. ³ Limits. ⁴ This passage has much exercised the sagacity of different editors. Theobald is of opinion, that either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, it has come mutilated to us by a line being accidentally left out, and proposes to read thus:

—Then no more remains,
 But that to your sufficiency you add
 Due diligence, as your worth is able,
 And let them work.

Sir Tho. Hanmer endeavours to supply the deficiency as follows:

—Then no more remains,
 But that to your sufficiency you join
 A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

Dr. Warburton is for reading, instead of *But that*, Put to your sufficiency, which he says here means authority, and then the sense will be as follows: Put your skill in governing (says the duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together. Dr. Johnson, however, approves neither of Theobald's conjecture, nor of Warburton's amendment. ⁵ That is, ready, or knowing in. ⁶ That is, of special labour or affection.

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper¹, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues²: nor nature never³ lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise⁴:
Hold therefore Angelo⁵:
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Escalus*,
Though first in question⁶, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:

We have with a heaven'd⁷ and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope⁸ is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
5 *Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!
Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
10 To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed. [*Enter.*]

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
15 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary,
why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: There's not a sol-
dier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
35 doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion¹⁰, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself
45 art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheen
between us¹¹.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liss
and the velvet: Thou art the liss.

50 1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good vel-
vet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I
had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd,
as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak
feelingly now?

55 *Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine

¹ That is, are not so much thy own property. ² To great consequences. ³ Two negatives not used to make an affirmative, are common in Shakspeare's plays. ⁴ That is, one that can inform himself of that which otherwise it would be my part to tell him. ⁵ That is, continue to be Angelo. ⁶ That is, first appointed. ⁷ A heaven'd choice means a choice not hasty, but considerate. ⁸ That is, Your fullness of power. ⁹ There are metrical graces in the Primers, which probably were used in Shakspeare's time. ¹⁰ That is, in any form. ¹¹ Meaning, we are both of the same piece.

own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars¹ a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown² more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Barvd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Barvd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Barvd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Barvd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chop'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Barvd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to get me two hours since; and he was ever precise promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Barvd.

Barvd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat³, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.—How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Barvd. Well; what has he done⁴?

Clown. A woman.

Barvd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Barvd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Barvd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. [city?]

Barvd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Barvd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistrefs.

Barvd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Barvd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

25 *Clown.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Barvd and Clown.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, (Like rats that ravin⁵ down their proper bane) A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

55 *Lucio.* What is it? murder?

Claud.

¹ A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. ² Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. ³ Alluding probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. ⁴ The verb *to do*, is here used in a sense now obsolete, but which the reader will easily guess at from the modern application of the phrase of "undoing a woman," or "a woman's being undone." Hence the name of *Over-done*, which Shakespeare has in this play appropriated to the *barvd*. ⁵ Meaning all bawdy-houses. ⁶ *Ravine* is an obsolete word for *prey*.

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—*Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me.—Upon a true I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Tilltime had made them for us. But it chanced, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness¹; Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, let's it straight feel the spur: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, [wall Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle² on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may figh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I pray thee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone³ and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;—

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd⁴; And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and wileless bravery keeps, I have deliver'd to lord Angelo (A man of stricture⁵, and firm abstinence) My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most bountiful (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds) Which for those nineteen years we have let sleep Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch Only to stick it in their children's sight, For terror, not to use; in time the rod Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees Dead to inflection, to themselves are dead; And liberty plucks justice by the nose; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you please And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them, For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done When evil deeds have their permissive pass, And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, I have on Angelo impos'd the office; Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home And yet, my nature never in the sight To do it slander: And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pray, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. More reasons for this action At our more leisure shall I render you; Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard⁶ with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite

¹ That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. The fault and glimpse is the same as the fault or glimpse, i. e. a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority. ² That is, ticklish. ³ Prone here seems to mean bumble. ⁴ Meaning a life of retirement. ⁵ Stricture is probably here used for strictness. ⁶ That is, stands on terms of defiance.

more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;

but rather wishing a more strict restraint

upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within.] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Nun. It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,

turn you the key, and know his business of him ;

you may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :

when you have vow'd, you must not speak with

men in the presence of the prioress : [men,

then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;

if, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

Isab. I call again ; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit Franc.

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek

roses

reclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me,

bring me to the sight of Isabella,

novice of this place, and the fair sister

of her unhappy brother Claudio ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask,

rather, for I now must make you know

that Isabella, and his sister. [greets you :

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly

would be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me ! For what ? [judge,

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his

should receive his punishment in thanks :

he hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true :—I would not (though 'tis my

familiar sin

with maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

long far from heart) play with all virgins so :

hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted ;

your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;

and to be talked with in sincerity,

with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness¹ and truth, 'tis

our brother and his lover have embrac'd : [thus :

those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time

that from the seedness the bare fallow brings

teeming foison² ; so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. [Juliet ?

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin

Lucio. Is she your cousin ? [names,

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their

5 By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;

10 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action⁴ : but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

15 And with full line⁵ of his authority,

Governs lord Angelo : A man whose blood

Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

20 With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty⁶,

Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

25 Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example : all hope is gone,

Unless you have the grace⁷ by your fair prayer

To soften Angelo : and that's my pith⁸

30 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd⁹ him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

35 Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me

To do him good ?

Lucio. Alas ! the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,

40 And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt : Go to lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,

Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as truly theirs

45 As they themselves would owe¹⁰ them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;

No longer staying but to give the mother¹¹

50 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :

Commend me to my brother : soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

That is, in few words. ² For that, we should probably read *doth*; and instead of *brings*, *bring*.
That is, plenty, abundance. ⁴ The meaning is, he kept many gentlemen in expectation and
pendance. ⁵ That is, full extent. ⁶ That is, to intimidate practices long countenanced by custom.
That is, the power of gaining favour. ⁸ The principal part of my message. ⁹ That is, has sentenced
10 To *owe*, here signifies, to *possess*, to *have*. ¹¹ The abbess.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Angelo's house.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost¹, and Attendants.**Ang.* WE must not make a scare-crow of the law;Setting it up to fear² the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.*Escal.* Ay, but yetLet us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would fave, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue)That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him³,
And pull'd the law upon you.*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
'The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
That justice seizes. What know the laws, [justice,
'That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it, [nant⁴,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
'For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.*Ang.* Where is the provost?*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.*Ang.* See that ClaudioBe executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.*[Exit Provost.]**Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice⁵, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.**Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but usetheir abuses in common houses, I know no law
bring them away.*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and
5 what's the matter?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor delinquent
constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon
justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good
honour two notorious benefactors.10 *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that
I am sure of; and void of all profanation in this
15 world, that good christians ought to have.*Escal.* This comes off well? here's a wife officer.*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow,
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?*Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow⁶.*Ang.* What are you, sir?20 *Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; a parcel-bawd;
one that serves a bad woman; whose house, as
was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs,
and now she professes a hot-house¹⁰, which, I
think, is a very ill house too.25 *Escal.* How know you that?*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour,—*Escal.* How! thy wife?*Elb.* Ay, sir, whom, I thank heaven, is a
30 honest woman;—*Escal.* Dost thou detest her, therefore?*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.35 *Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclea-
nness there.40 *Escal.* By the woman's means?*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means,
but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.*Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not his*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, that
45 honourable man, prove it.*Escal.* Do you here how he misplaces?*[To Angelo.]**Clown.* Sir, she came in great with child; and
longing (saving your honour's reverence) for
50 stew'd prunes¹¹; sir, we had but two in the house,
which at that very instant time stood as it were
in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; you

¹ The provost is usually the executioner of an army. ² To fright, to terrify. ³ That is, for which you now condemn him. ⁴ Pregnant here means plain. ⁵ That is, because. ⁶ That is, from the thorny paths of vice. ⁷ Comes off well, when seriously applied to speech, imports a story or tale to be well told or delivered. Escalus, however, here uses the phrase ironically. ⁸ The Clown quibbles on the word elbow; meaning, he is out at the word elbow, and out at the elbow of his coat. ⁹ The meaning is, he is half tapster, half bawd. ¹⁰ That is, she keeps a bagnio. ¹¹ A dish of stew'd prunes in the window, was the ancient mark or characteristic, as well as the constant appendage of a brothel.

honours have seen such dishes; they are not Chinese dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: As I say, 5 his mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for uncles; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the forehead.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that she hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: you, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, when nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, and leave you to the hearing of the cause; saying, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good-morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Ang. Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Escal. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man said to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; What did this gentleman to you?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his face!

honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caittiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or the with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caittiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here, in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master

Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you ac-

¹ This probably alludes to two personages well known to the audience by their frequent introduction in the old Moralities. ² A mistake for *Cannibal*.

quainted with tapsters; they will draw¹ you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth:—Farewell.—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then; If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay²: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit.]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.

What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio!—There's no remedy. Come, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Angelo's house.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order'd? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd. Desires access to you.

¹ Draw includes here a variety of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it means, to drain, to empty; it refers to hang, it implies to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle. In Froth's answer, it imports the same as to bring along by some motive or power. ² Dr. Johnson says, a bay of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, for the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays. In Staffordshire, it is applied to the two open spaces of barn on each side the threshing-floor.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
and to be shortly of a sister-hood;
not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.
You, the fornicatress be remov'd;
let her have needful, but not lavish means;
there shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while.—[To Isab.] You are wel-
come: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
and but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
and most desire should meet the blow of justice:
for which I would not plead, but that I must;
for which I must not plead, but that I am
in war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
do beseech you, let it be his fault,
and not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Thy every fault is condemn'd, ere it be done:
thine were the very cypher of a function,
to find the faults, whose sine stands in record,
and let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

Ang. Had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [To Isab.] Give not o'er so: to him
again, intreat him;

and kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

you are too cold: if you should need a pin,
you could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
and neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no
wrong,

to your heart were touch'd with that remorse:
a mine is to him?

Ang. He is sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

[To Isabel.]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
may call it back again: Well believe this,
a ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
become them with one half so good a grace,
as mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,

you would have slept, like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside.] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were², were forfeit once;

And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made³.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare

him, spare him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens

We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

If the first man, that did the edict infringe,

Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;

Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass⁴ that shews what future evils,

(either now, or by remissions new-conceiv'd,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,

But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;

Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sen-

And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent [tence;

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,

To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For ever pelting⁵, petty officer [thunder.—

Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,

Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,

¹ That is, pity. ² Perhaps we ought to read *are*. ³ Meaning, perfect as the first man was, when
he came from the hands of his Creator. ⁴ This alludes to the sooperies of the *beril*, a ball of crystal
much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. ⁵ Paltry. ⁶ That is, knotted.

(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glally effence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal¹.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent:
He's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [To *Isab.*
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,

Ang. How! bribe me? [turn back.

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share

Lucio. You had marr'd all else. [with you.

Isab. Not with fond² shekels of the test'd³ gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Free sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls⁴,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [Aside to *Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [Aside.
Where prayers cross⁵.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour. [Ex. *Lucio* and *Isab.*

Ang. From thee: even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha,
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense⁶ than
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground⁷
shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I lie?
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is 't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the stung
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd
how.

S C E N E III.

A Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you

Prov. I am the provost: What's your

good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my black

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them; and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were

Enter *Juliet*.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Who falling in the flaws⁸ of her own youth,

Hath bluster'd her report: She is with child;

And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

More fit to do another such offence,

Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To *Juliet*

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patient

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your

conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be found,

Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

¹ Dr. Warburton supposes, that Shakspeare meant by spleen, that peculiar turn of the human mind which always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth; that had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. ² Fond here means, valued or prized by folly. ³ That is, cupelled, brought to the test, refined. ⁴ That is, preserved from the corruption of the world. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks, that, instead of where we should read where your prayers cross. The meaning of the passage will then be, The temptation under which labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. ⁶ Perhaps it were better read flames. ⁷ That is, has disfigured his fame or reputation.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,— Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it, But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil; And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace go with you! *bonedicitte.* [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love, That repites me a life, whose very comfort is still a dying horror!

Proo. 'Tis pity of him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;

Whilst my intention², hearing not my tongue,

Anchors on Isabel: Heaven is in my mouth,

As if I did but only chew its name;

And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,

Like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,

Could I, with boot³, change for an idle plume

Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!

How often dost thou with thy case⁴, thy habit,

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood;

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

'Tis not the devil's crest⁵.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Solus.] Oh heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general⁶, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me, [live.]

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

[Going.]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve

Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,

That his soul sick'n not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their sawcy sweetnes⁷, that do coin heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put metal in restrained means,

To make a false one⁸.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;

Might there not be a charity in sin,

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,

Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven, let me bear it! You granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

¹ That is, repent not on this account. ² Intention here signifies eagerness of desire. The old folio, however, reads *invention*, by which the poet might mean *imagination*. ³ Profit, advantage. ⁴ *Case* is here put for *outside*, or external shew. ⁵ The meaning is, Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. Thus if we write good angel on the devil's horn, 'tis not taken any longer to be the devil's crest. ⁶ This phrase of *the general*, means the people or multitude subject to a king, &c. ⁷ That is, saucy indulgence of the appetite. ⁸ The sense of this passage is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer¹.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :

Your sensepursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily : and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks
Proclaim an ensfield² beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accounted to the law upon that pain³.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe⁴ not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself :
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,

If not a feodary, but only he⁵,

⁶ Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make⁷ forms.
Women ! Help heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them⁸. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints⁹.

Ang. I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me behold,—
I do arrest your words : Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ;

And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seem-
ing !—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch¹¹ against you, and my place in the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun ;

And now I give my sensual race the rein :

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will ;

Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering fullerance : answer me to-morrow,

¹ Meaning, the faults of mine answer are the faults which I am to answer for. ² That is, a leanty covered as with a shield. *These masks* probably mean, the *masks* of the audience. ³ Pain here means penalty, punishment. ⁴ To subscribe, here signifies, to agree to. ⁵ Dr. Warburton observes, this passage is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A feodary was one who in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service : which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, " we are all frail." " Yes, replies Isabella ; if all mankind were not feodaries, who owe what they are to this tenure of imbecility, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The

comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a feodary, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. ⁶ To owe, in this place, signifies to own, to have possession. ⁷ Perhaps we should read, *take forms*. ⁸ That is, in imitating them. ⁹ That is, take any impression. ¹⁰ That is, Hypocrisy, hypocrisy. ¹¹ Vouch is the testimony one man bears for another.

Or, by the aff
I'll prove a tyr
Say what you c

Isab. Towho
Who would be
That bear in th
Either of cond
Bidding the lav
Hooking both
To follow, as

Enter
Duke. SO, th

Cloud. The n
But only hope
I have hope to
Duke. Be abl
Shall thereby l
If I do lose the
That none but
Servile to all th
That do this ha
Hourly afflict :
For him thou la
And yet runne
noble

For all the acc
Are ours'd by
valian
For thou dost fe
Of a poor worr
And that thou
Thy death, whi
For thou exist'st
That issue out o
For what thou
And what thou
For thy comple
After the moon
For, like an ass,
Thou bear'st th
And death unlo

¹ That is, te
² Keep in this p
order to shew
which, as the r
substituted for
A kind of te
to be really en
used for old age,
been mentioned

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval!
Bidding the law make court'ry to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws; I'll to my brother:

Though he hath fallen by prompture¹ of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. O, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death²; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing, [life:—
That none but fools would keep³: a breath thou
Servest to all the skyey influences [art,

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still⁴: Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm⁵: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects⁶,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo⁷, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age;
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth⁸
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld⁹; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
I've hid more thousand deaths¹⁰: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company! [a welcome.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [your sister.

Prov. As many as you please. [ceal'd.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be con-
Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good in
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [deed:
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger¹¹: [speed;
Therefore your best appointment¹² make with
To-morrow you set on.

¹ That is, temptation, instigation. ² Meaning, be determined to die, without any hope of life.

³ Keep in this place signifies to care for. ⁴ In the old farces called *Moralities*, the fool of the piece, in

order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him;

which, as the matter is ordered, bring the fool at every turn into his very jaws. ⁵ Worm is here

substituted for any creeping thing or serpent. ⁶ For effects we should read affections; that is, affections.

⁷ A kind of tetter. ⁸ The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said

to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—We have neither youth nor age. ⁹ Eld is here

used for old age, or persons worn out with years. ¹⁰ Meaning a thousand deaths besides those which have

been mentioned. ¹¹ Leiger is the same with resident. ¹² Appointment means preparation.

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's validity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And fix or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tendernefs? If I must die,
I will encounter darknefs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl¹,—is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast², he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Ifab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned 't body to invest and cover
In princely guards³! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Ifab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it⁴? sure it is no sin:
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wife,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably⁵ sin'd? Oh Isabel!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lye in cold obstruption, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted⁶ spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life [think!
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wildernefs?
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance.
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade⁷:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Ifab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you: the
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own
benefit.

Ifab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must

¹ To emmew is a term in falconry. The meaning of the passage is, In whose presence youth are afraid to shew their follies. ² To cast a pond is to empty it of mud. ³ That is, in the ornaments of royalty. ⁴ That is, when he is putting the law in force against me. ⁵ Lastingly. ⁶ That is, the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. ⁷ Wildernefs is here used for wilderness. ⁸ Despair is refusal. ⁹ An established habit.

be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio aside.] Son, I have overheard that hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her: only she hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise judgment with the disposition of natures: she, being the truth of honour in her, hath made him a gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death:—do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are visible: to-morrow you must die; go to your prison, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[Exit Claudio. Re-enter Provost.]

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch me by my company.

Prov. In a good time?

[Exit Prov.]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in nature, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd you understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this delicate, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my eyes in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advicings; to the love I have in being good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly save a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no sin to your own gracious person; and much please the great duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have consent to do any thing, that appears not foul in the mouth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd;

was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perill'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange³ resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[Exeunt severally.]

¹ Persevere in that resolution. ² i. e. Very well. ³ Combinate means betrothed. ⁴ To scale means, to reach him notwithstanding the elevation of his situation. ⁵ A grange is a solitary farm-house.

S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard¹.

Duke. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou caus'st to be done,

That is thy means to live: Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,

From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—

From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So sinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does sink in some sort, sir: but yet, sir, I would prove—

[for sin]

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is

there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? What say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and how words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress procure the still? ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub⁴.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unhunn'd consequence; must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell go; say, I sent thee thither. For aebt, Pompey or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good hand now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear⁵. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, wher your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor at Russia: other some, he is in Rome: But what is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, with him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him,

¹ A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue. ² Meaning, his neck will be tied, like your was with a rope.—Q. Does not this rather mean the method of conveying criminals to justice, or execution, with a cord tied round the neck of the criminal and the middle of the officer? ³ True is familiar address to a man, among the provincial vulgar. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, the author here alludes to the *luna venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and left, in the other, should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Friend his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England the use a tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. A person under cure for a venereal complaint, is now grossly said to be in the pickling or powdering tub. ⁵ That is, it is not to fashion.

from the state, and usurp the beggary he was
ever born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his
sentence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do
no harm in him: something too crabbed that
way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must
cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great
kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to
strip it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be
cut down. They say, this Angelo was not made
of man and woman, after the downright way of
creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—
some, that he was got between two stock-fishes:
—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his
urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true:—
and he is a motion ungenerative¹; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in
you, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take
away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is
absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd
a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he
would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he
had some feeling of the sport; he knew the ser-
vice, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much de-
voted for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar
of fifty;—and his wife was, to put a ducklet in her
back-dish²: the duke had crotchets in him: He
would be drunk too: that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward³ of his: A shy
fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the
cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pry'three, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'tis a secret must be
scold within the teeth and the lips: but this I
can let you understand,—The greater file⁴ of the
subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wife? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing
fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mis-
taking; the very stream of his life, and the busi-
ness he hath belin'd⁵, must, upon a warranted
need, give him a better proclamation. Let him
be but testimoni'd in his own bringings forth,
and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a
statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak
unkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is
much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and
knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you
know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke
return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire
you to make your answer before him: If it be
honest you have spoke, you have courage to main-
tain it: I am bound to call upon you, and I pray
you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to
the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may
live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope the duke will return no
more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an op-
posite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm
you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in
me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell,
if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-
dith. I would, the duke, we talk of, were re-
turn'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople
the province with continency; sparrows must not
build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous.

The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly an-
swered; he would never bring them to light;—
Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is
condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar;
I pry'three, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee
again, would eat mutton on Fridays⁵. He's now
past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth
with a beggar, though the sweet brown bread and
garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your hon-
our is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still
forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy
sweat, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may
it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information
against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with
child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her
marriage; his child is a year and quarter old,
come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself;
and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:

¹ The meaning of this passage is, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he
makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. ² A wooden-dish with which
beggars, in those times, used to make known their poverty, by clicking its moveable cover to shew
that it was empty. This is at present a custom also with the mummers and plough-bullocks in the
England and the island counties. ³ Inward means intimate. ⁴ The greater number. ⁵ That is, steered through.
Meaning, would have a wench, which was called a *lead mutton*. See note ², p. 24.

—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Barred.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Efsal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Efsal. Of whence are you?

[is now

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, lately come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Efsal. What news abroad in the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure: but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Efsal. One, that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Efsal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister

measure from his judge, but most willingly binds himself to the determination of justice: he had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolved to die.

Efsal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling; you have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the utmost shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straits of his proceeding, it shall become him well; where if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Efsal. I am going to visit the prisoner: he you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

Oh, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

How may that likeness, made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

Draw with idle spiders' strings

Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall I ye

His old betrothed, but despis'd;

So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,

Pay with falsehood false exacting,

And perform an old contracting.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana and Boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take, these lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And these eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

bring again,

Seeds of love, but seal'd in vain,

seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,

You had not found me here so musical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my

Duke. 'Tis good: tho' mirth oft hath such a char

To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm;

I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd

me here to-day? much upon this time, have

promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after; have sat here all day.

Duke. I do co

The time is con

pearance a little

for some advan

Mari. I am a

Duke. Very

What is the ne

Isab. He hath

Whose western

And to that vir

That makes his

His other do

Which from th

There have I m

Upon the heav

Duke. But th

Isab. I have t

With whisperin

In action all of

The way twice

Duke. Are th

Between you 'g

Isab. No, nor

And that I have

Can be but brie

I have a servan

That stays upon

come about m

Duke. 'Tis w

I have not yet n

A word of this:

I pray you, be a

She comes to d

Isab. I do del

Duke. Do you

Mari. Good

found

Duke. Take th

Who hath a sto

I shall attend y

The vaporous n

Mari. Will 't

Duke. O place

Are stuck upon

Run with these

Upon thy doing

Make thee the i

And rack thee i

Re-

Isab. She'll tal

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not

But my intreaty

Isab. Little ha

When you depar

Certainly.

in direction

o Trai

sem to be mista

are, altho' the

Dr. Warburton

ould be spelt w

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly¹ believe you :
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your for-
bearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon
for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isabel. He hath a garden circummur'd² with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate³,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

[*way?*]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
Isabel. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't :

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept⁴, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isabel. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him⁵, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
To come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this :—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isabel. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear;
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabel.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false⁶ eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quest⁷
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream, [agreed?

And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How
Re-enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isabel. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isabel. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,

Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish⁸ the deceit. Come, let us go;

Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.⁹

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to the Prison.**Enter Provost and Cloven.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Cloven. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if
he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can
never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield
me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die
Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a
common executioner, who in his office lacks a
helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it
shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall
have your full time of imprisonment, and your de-
liverance with an unpy'd whipping, for you have
been a notorious bawd.

Cloven. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time
out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a law-
ful hangman. I would be glad to receive some in-
struction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson
there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abbor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-
morrow in your execution; if you think it meet,
compound with him by the year, and let him abide
here with you; if not, use him for the present, and
dismiss him: he cannot pleas his estimation with
you, he hath been a bawd.

Abbor. A bawd, sir? He upon him, he will dis-
credit our mystery¹⁰.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather
will turn the scale.

[*Exit.*]

Cloven. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely,
sir, a good favour¹¹ you have, but that you have a
hanging look) do you call, sir, your occupation a
mystery?

Abbor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Cloven. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mis-
tery; and your whores, sir, being members of my
occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation
a mystery: but what mystery there should be in
hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abbor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Cloven. Proof.

Abbor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

¹ Certainly. ² That is, walled round. ³ That is, a gate made of boards or planks. ⁴ That
in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. ⁵ Meaning, I have informed or acquainted
him. ⁶ Traitorous. ⁷ Different reports. ⁸ That is, ornament. ⁹ The various editors
seem to be mistaken in this passage which rather alludes to the accomplishment of the purpose drawing
near, altho' the tilth was not yet sown as Shakspeare elsewhere uses the word.

— her plenteous womb

Expresseth its full tilth and husbandry.

S. A.

Dr. Warburton here observes, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession,
should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*. ¹⁰ *Favour* signifies countenance.

Cloven.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth often ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abbot. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare¹: for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.]*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour When it lies starkly² in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Exit Claud.]* But, hark, what noise? *[Knock within.]*

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by;—I hope it is some pardon or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice; He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To qualify³ in others: were he mead⁴ With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just—Now are they come.

[Knock. Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? what noise! that spirit's possess'd with haste, *[strokes.]*

That wounds the unresisting postern with these

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermend for Claudio yet, But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermend; no such example have we; Besides, upon the very siege⁵ of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside.]*

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That, for the fault's love, is the offender friend'd.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you;—Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely! for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperate mortal⁶.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath ever

¹ Handy. ² Stiffly. ³ That is, to temper, to moderate.

⁴ Like to die in a desperate state without repentance.

⁵ That is, decided.

had the liberty
cape hence
day, if not in
very often aw
ecution, and
hath not m

Duke. Mor
your brow, P
read it not tr
but in the bo
felt in hazar
warrant to ex
than Angelo
you understat
but four days
me both a pro

Prov. Pray
Duke. In th
Prov. Alack
four limited
penalty, to de
I may make
the smallest.

Duke. By t
you, if my in
this Barnardine
head borne to
Prov. Angelo
discover the f
Duke. Oh, c
may add to it.

and say, it wa
be'd before
common. If
than thanks a
I profess, I wi
Prov. Pardon
with.

Duke. Were
deputy?
Prov. To hi
Duke. You
the duke av
Prov. But w
Duke. Not a
I see you
guilty, nor m
son, I will go
ears out of yo
and seal of th
doubt not; an
Prov. I know
Duke. The c
Duke; you shal
you shal
will be here.

not: for he thi
sector; perchan
entering into
nothing of wh
far calls up th
amazement, he
udies are but
your execution

Duke. Were
deputy?
Prov. To hi
Duke. You
the duke av
Prov. But w
Duke. Not a
I see you
guilty, nor m
son, I will go
ears out of yo
and seal of th
doubt not; an
Prov. I know
Duke. The c
Duke; you shal
you shal
will be here.

not: for he thi
sector; perchan
entering into
nothing of wh
far calls up th
amazement, he
udies are but
your execution

Duke. Were
deputy?
Prov. To hi
Duke. You
the duke av
Prov. But w
Duke. Not a
I see you
guilty, nor m
son, I will go
ears out of yo
and seal of th
doubt not; an
Prov. I know
Duke. The c
Duke; you shal
you shal
will be here.

not: for he thi
sector; perchan
entering into
nothing of wh
far calls up th
amazement, he
udies are but
your execution

Duke. Were
deputy?
Prov. To hi
Duke. You
the duke av
Prov. But w
Duke. Not a
I see you
guilty, nor m
son, I will go
ears out of yo
and seal of th
doubt not; an
Prov. I know
Duke. The c
Duke; you shal
you shal
will be here.

not: for he thi
sector; perchan
entering into
nothing of wh
far calls up th
amazement, he
udies are but
your execution

Duke. Were
deputy?
Prov. To hi
Duke. You
the duke av
Prov. But w
Duke. Not a
I see you
guilty, nor m
son, I will go
ears out of yo
and seal of th
doubt not; an
Prov. I know
Duke. The c
Duke; you shal
you shal
will be here.

not: for he thi
sector; perchan
entering into
nothing of wh
far calls up th
amazement, he
udies are but
your execution

had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so shew'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all hairs out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; and you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, something of what is writ¹. Look, the unfolding ear calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head:

I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Ralh; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninecore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and bravemaster Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stab'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake².

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue. I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

¹ That is,—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

² That is, in allusion to prisoners begging of passengers for the Lord's sake.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me or they shall beat out my brains with billets; I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will I not to-day. [Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exit *Abhorson* and *Clown*.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prisoner, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the village Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides: Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit *Provost*.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him, I am near to home; And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and weal-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world; His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close pa-

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark, what I say; which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can pace

your wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish to go;

And you shall have your bosom² on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combin'd³ by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend⁴ you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabel, I am pale at mine

heart, to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient;

I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I

dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitless

meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will

be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I wish

thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark

corners had been at home, he had liv'd.

[Exit *Isabel*.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden

to your report; but the best is, he lives not in theme.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well

as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st

him for.

¹ That is, to remove him out of this world to the other. ² That is, your wish. ³ That is, I am bound. ⁴ That is, go.

Duke. We
ye well.

Lucio. Nay,
can tell thee

Duke. You
ready, sir, if
enough.

Lucio. I w
wrench with

Duke. Did
Lucio. Yes

forfear it;
the rotten m

Duke. Sir,
Rest you wel

Lucio. By
lue's end: I

very little of
I shall tick.

Isab. Ever
other.

Ang. In me
His actions sh

ven, his wife
him at the

there?

Isab. I gu

Ang. And
hour before

of injustice,
the street?

Isab. He
dispatch of

devices herea
to stand again

Ang. Well
Betimes i'th

Give notice to
As are to me

Isab. I shal

Ang. Good
This deed un

And dull to a
And by an em

The law again
Will not pro

How might
her

For my autho

Enter Duke.

Duke. M

¹ Meaning
private.
noble.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.—His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it be proclaimed: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of fort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapeth me quite, makes me unpregnate, And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforce'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might the tongue me? Yet reason dares her? no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch, [liv'd, But it confounds the breather. He should have Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, [liv'd! With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. *[Exit Friar.]*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste; Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part; yet I am advis'd to do it; He says, to vail full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets The generous and gravest citizens [found; Have hent the gates, and very near upon The duke is entering; therefore hence, away. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A public place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. MY very worthy cousin, fairly met:—Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made enquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks, Fore-running more requital.

¹ Meaning, of figure and rank.

² That is, unprepared.

³ That is, creditable.

⁴ That is,

private. ⁵ That is, fly off.

⁶ Meaning, to conceal the full extent of our design.

⁷ That is,

noble. ⁸ That is, seized.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹ your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom?
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; [be brief:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd, [here.
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me,

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion [fible
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-
sible that which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute²,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings³, characts⁴, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take notice of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again; the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd;

[For this was of much length] the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse⁶ confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head,

Duke. That's most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like⁷, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond⁸ wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art stubborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice⁹: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, [not;
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you
Conseis the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

¹ To vail means to let fall, or to lower.

² His appearance of virtue.

⁴ Characters.

⁵ Refuted.

⁶ Pity.

⁷ Probable.

⁸ Foolish.

⁹ Stratagem.

Isab. And

Then, oh, y

Keep me in

Unfold the

In countena

As I, thus w

Duke. I kn

To prison wi

A blasting a

On him to ne

Who knew o

Isab. One

Duke. A g

L

Lucio. My

I do not like

For certain v

In your retir

Duke. Wo

And to set o

Against our f

Lucio. But

I saw them a

A very feur

Peter. Ble

I have flood

Your royal e

Mist wrong

Who is as fr

As the from

Duke. We

Know you the

Peter. I kn

Not scarry,

As he's repor

And, on my

Did, as he ve

Lucio. My

Peter. Wel

But at this i

Of a strange

[Being come

Intended 'gru

To speak, as

I true, and

And a'l prob

Whenever he

[To justify t

So vulgarly a

Her shall yo

Till the her

Duke. Goo

Do you not

O heaven! t

Give us som

In this I will

Of your own

First, let her

Mari. Par

Until my hu

Duke. Wh

Josh. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—an officer—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaspheming and a scandalous breath to fall
On him to near us? This needs must be a practice?¹
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Josh. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on t'is wretched woman here
Against our subtiltute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a faucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or foil with her,
As she from one ungot

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy:
Not scurvy, nor a temporary² meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his meek request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended against lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I will be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter Mariana, veiled.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then:—

Neither maid, widow, nor wife? [them

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cause

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid: [not,

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
That ever he knew me. [better.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert

Lucio. Well, my lord. [so too.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? You say, your husband. [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse⁴. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, [Unveiling.
Which, once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition⁵; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd

In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [breath,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am abus'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

¹ i. e. In partial favour.

² An artifice.

³ Perpetual.

⁴ Abuse here signifies deception.

⁵ That is, her promis'd fortune fell short of the agreement.

Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal¹ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on; Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou thy
oaths, [faint,

Though they would swear down each particular
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for, [indeed,

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth²,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-
dowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in
nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: We shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I
would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give
me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.
Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she should sooner confess; perchance,
publickly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's Habit, and Provost. Is-
bella is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewo-

man denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to
him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are? [devil
Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
Look, you speak justly. [speak:

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?

Escal. Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal³,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

Escal. And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him: We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose: What? unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial⁴: My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop⁵,

As much in mock as mark. [prison.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Is this the man, that you did tell us of? [Lucio?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the ab-
sence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? and was the duke

¹ Informal signifies out of their senses. ² That is, from beginning to end. ³ Meaning, to refer your appeal against Angelo to Angelo himself. ⁴ That is, not belonging to his province. ⁵ Dr. Warburton gives the following explanation of this passage: Formerly the better sort of people went to the barber's shop (who then practised the under parts of surgery) to be trimmed, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy this, he supposes, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority.—There are still forfeits in barbers' shops for talking of cutting throats during shaving, or calling powder, flour.

self-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Didst not I knock thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal: away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?

—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those rogues too, and with the other confederate companions. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! relists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; follow: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage, with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Plucks off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.——

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:——

Knock not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and must have a word anon:—lay hold on him. [*you*]

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To Escal.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, that yet can do thee office? If thou hast, rely upon it till my tale be heard, and hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible, when I perceive, your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince, no longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession. Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. [*stantly.*—]

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her into you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again:—Go with him, provost. [*Exit Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it. [*honour,*]

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: As I was then

Adversiting and holy to your business,

Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

Isabel. Oh, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:

And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid,

It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, [*fort,*]

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isabel. I do, my lord. [*here,*]

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him for Marianna's sake: But as he adjudg'd your brother

Being criminal in double violation [*ther,*]

Of sacred chastity; and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant, for your brother's life)

The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; [*stage?*]

Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vainly: We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;

Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord, I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come: for his possession,

Although by confiscation they are ours, We do enstate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;—

Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you. [*To Lucio.*]

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

¹ *Girl* means a *wanton girl*.

² That is, my transactions.

³ Attentive and faithful.

⁴ That is, as generous, by pardoning us also.

⁵ Meaning, which defeated it.

⁶ Meaning, Angelo's own tongue.

⁷ That is, takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial.

⁸ *Sense* here means reason and affection.

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Ifabel,
Sweet Ifabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.
Oh, Ifabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Ifab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
[To Ifab.]

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But sifter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits² you well:

Look, that you love your wife; her worth, world's
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[To Lucio]

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick³: if you will hang me for it, you
may, but I had rather it would please you, I
might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said, even now,
made you a duke; good, my lord, do not recom-
pense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits⁴:—Take him to prison.
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Stand ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.

There's more behind, that is more grateful:—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself.—Dear Ifabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our palace; where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [Exeunt]

¹ That is, consideration. ² That is, requites. ³ That is, according to my custom. ⁴ Meaning carnal offences. ⁵ That is, more to be rejoiced in.

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means were none.—
 The sailors fought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us ;
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making main to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidamnus this :
 But, ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Egeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountered by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have rest the fisher of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail, [course.—
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 Thus have you heard me severed from my blis ;
 That by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.
Egeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest son,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant (for his case was like,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name.)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him.
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. [mourns
Duke. Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disdain,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And pass'd sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help :
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum.
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die—
 Jailor, take him to thy custody. [Exit Duke and
Jail. I will, my lord.
Egeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Egeon
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

SCENE II.

Changes to the street.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, a Merchant,
 Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnus
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money, that I had to keep.
Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word
 And go indeed, having so good a means.

[Exit Dromio.]

¹ Clean is still used in the North of Eng'land instead of quite, fully, completely.

² That is, 2^d

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
That, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Whom I hope to make much benefit,
Crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
To the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there, to find his fellow forth,
Often, inquisitive, confounds himself:
To find a mother, and a brother,
Quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?
E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit; [late;
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
And we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday;
I pay the saddle for my mistress' crupper;—[last,
The saddle had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
I mean, and dally not, where is the money?
Being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
A charge from thine own custody?
E. Dro. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
My mistress come to you in post;
I'll return, I shall be post indeed,
And will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
And strike you home without a messenger. [clock,

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
of season;

5 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your
foolishness,

10 And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

15 *Ant.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry fence¹ of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

20 *E. Dro.* I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,

25 Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou? [Phoenix;

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner.

30 And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands;

35 Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dromio.]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught² of all my money.

40 They say, this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;

Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind;

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

45 And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

NEITHER my husband, nor the slave
return'd,
In such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

60 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master; and, when they see time,

They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

¹ That is, *lead*.

² That is, over-reached.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwee.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though the pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand; I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.²

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?³

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Will you come? quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I: Hang up thy mistress:

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no loss, no wife, no mistress:

So that my errand due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home.

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate about.

E. Dro. And he will bless that croak with once beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master.

E. Dro. Am I forr'd with you, as you will have it?

That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me thence:

If I last in this service, you must ease me in leaving.

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace;

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures:⁴ My decayed fair

A funny look of his would soon repair:

But, too roughly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his slave!

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs do

I know his eye doth homage other-where;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain:—

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enamell'd,

Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still.

That others touch; yet often touching will

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.⁶

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

¹ Meaning, some other place.

² Meaning, stand under them.

³ That is, plain, free in speech.

⁴ Meaning, my change, or alteration of features.

⁵ That is, his presence, his cover. See a preceding note in the *Tempest*.

⁶ The sense is, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption."

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
could not speak with Dromio, since at first
sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. Now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
You love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
that thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such
a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
S. Dro. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;

and told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
in which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
But means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats Dromio.]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake; now your jest
upon what bargain do you give it me? [is earnest:]

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
use you for my fool, and chat with you,

our laughter will jest upon my love,
and make a common of my serious hours.

Ant. Then the sun shines, let foolish gents make sport.
I creep in crannies, when he hides his beams,

and you will jest with me, know my aspect,
and fashion your demeanour to my looks,

and I will beat this method in your sence.
S. Dro. Scenec, call you it? so you would leave

staring, I had rather have it a head: an you use
such blows, I must get a sence for my head,

and sence it too, or else I shall seek my wit in
your shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?
S. Dro. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,

every why hath a wherefore. [fore, —
Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, where-

fore urging it the second time to me. [of reason.
S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out

of wits, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhyme nor reason? —

Ant. I thank you.
S. Dro. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you
said me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-

thing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I
have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase
me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: There's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were
so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his
hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-
cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being,
as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows
on beasts: and what he hath scant'd men in hair,
he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit
to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain
dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet
he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends
in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not
drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there
is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to
recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why
there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,
and therefore to the world's end, will have bald fol-
lowsers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:

But soft! who waits us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Ad. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

¹ Meaning. And break in, or intrude upon them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of
ground called commons. ² That is, fortify it. ³ This alludes to the effects of the venereal disease,
of which, on its first appearance in Europe, was the loss of hair. Those who are entrapped by
the women, have more hair than wit, and suffer for their lewdness, by the loss of their hair.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st
That never words were musick to thine ear, [vow
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, [thee.
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd, to
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
And better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being trumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed:
I live dis-stain'd, thou undithonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Went wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with-
When were you wont to use my sister thus? [you:
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Ant. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Ant. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt;
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

10 If ought possess thee from me, it is drofs,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle² moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [thee:
Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her

15 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

20 *Luc.* Dromio, go, bid the servants spread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a dinner.

This is the fairy land;—oh, sight of sights:
We talk with goblins, owls³, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,

25 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou

S. Dro. I am transform'd, master, am I not?

30 *Ant.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my

Ant. Thou hast thine own shape.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

35 *S. Dro.* 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be, [gras
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Ant. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,

40 Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And strive⁴ you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

45 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter—

Come, sister: Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

50 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Ant. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]

¹ That is, separated. ² That is, unfertile, and therefore *useless* or *idle*; an happy allusion to the moss which grows on fruit-trees, hastening their decay, and neither suffers the tree to bear fruit, nor does it bear any itself. The exact character of the kind of woman whom Adriana supposes to have attracted the affections of Antipholus. S.A. ³ Dr. Warburton says, it was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *frega*, from *frinx*, the *scritch-owl*. ⁴ That is, I'll call you to confession, and make you tell me your tricks.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The street before Antipholus's house.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. **G**OOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours;
 Nay, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
 To see the making of her earcanet¹,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house:
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
 this? [I know:]

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
 to show: [gave were ink,
 if the skin were parchment, and the blows you
 Your own hand-writing would tell you what I
 think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
 pass, [an ass.]

You would keep from my heels, and beware of
E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray

god, our cheer [here.]

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
 welcome dear. [with.]

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
 A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
 dish. [affords.]

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
 nothing but words. [merry feast.]

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
 guest: [part:]

But though my cats be mean, take them in good
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better
 heart. [in.]

But, soft: my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Galian,
 Ginn!

S. Dro. [within.] Mome², malt-horse, capon,
 cox-comb, ideot, patch³! [hatch:]

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
 Doth thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
 such store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
 door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my
 master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came,
 lest he catch cold on's feet. [door.]

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll
 tell me wherefore. [not din'd to-day.]

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come
 again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out
 from the house I owe⁴?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my
 name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine of-
 fice and my name; [blame.]

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
 Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
 or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [within.] What a coil is there! Dromio
 who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let thy master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:— [staff?]

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—
 When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
 hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let
 us in, I trow⁵?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there
 was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
 the door down. [in the town?]

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks?

Adr. [within.] Who is that at the door, that
 keeps all this noise? [unruly boys.]

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have
 come before. [door.]

Adr. Your wife, sir, knave! go, get you from the

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave
 would go fore.

¹ A earcanet is said to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. ² That is, blockhead, stock, post. Sir T. Hanmer says, *Mome* owes its original to the French word *Mouon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. ³ That is, fool. ⁴ That is, *I own*. ⁵ *To trow* signifies to think, to imagine, to conceive.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither¹.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in. [ments were thin.]

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garment were warm within; you stand here in the cold: [bought and sold².]

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break open the gate. [knave's pate.]

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind; [behind.]

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in. [fish have no fin]

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; Go, borrow me a crow. [you so?]

E. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather; [gether.]

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow to

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but me will well excuse, Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, And let us to the Tyger all to dinner. And, about evening, come yourself alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet unguilted estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead: For slander lives upon succession; For ever hous'd, where 't gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth³, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse,— Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle,— There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife (but, I protest, without desert)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; To her will we to dinner.—Get you home, And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine; For there's the house; that chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife) Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste: Since my own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence. [Exit Ang.]

S C E N E II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, late, Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs not? Shall, love, in building, grow so rinate? If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; [sneak]

Muffle your false love with some shew of blind- Let not my sister read it in your eye; Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty; Apparell vice like virtue's harbinger: Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted; Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint; Be secret false; What need she be acquainted? What simple thief brags of his own attainment? 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at board; Shame hath a hundred faces, well manag'd; All deeds are doubled with an evil word. Alas, poor women! make us but believe, Being compact⁴ of credit, that you love us; Though others have the arm, show us the heart. We in your motion turn, and you may move us. Then, gentle brother, get you in again; Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife: 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain⁵;

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers truth.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not, Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)

Teach me, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not, [divine]

Than our earth's wonder; more than e'en Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak; Lay open to my earthly gross conceit, Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, The folded meaning of your words' deceit. Against my soul's pure truth why labour you, To make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god? would you create me new? [yield]

Transform me then, and to your power I'll

¹ Meaning, we shall share with neither. ² A proverbial phrase. ³ To make the door, is a provincial expression, signifying to bar or *shut* the door. ⁴ The meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasant to me. ⁵ *Compact* here means made up. ⁶ *Vain* here signifies not true.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid¹, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink!
Luc. What; are you mad, that you do reason so?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated²; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will
clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

'Tis thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart:
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still;

Whitch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit Luc.*]

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st
thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
Am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides
myself?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to
a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts
me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would
give to your horse; and she would have me as a
fast: not that, I being a beast, she would have
me; but that she, being a very beastly creature,
claims to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, such a one
as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir,
reverence: I have but lean luck in the match,

and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench,
and all grase; and I know not what use to put
her too, but to make a lamp of her, and run from
her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and
the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter:
if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week
longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face no-
thing like so clean kept: For why, she sweats, a
man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood
could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir;—but her name and three
quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will
not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than
from hip to hip! like is spherical, like a globe; I
could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it
it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in
the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted,
making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could
find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood
in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between
France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot
in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embel-
lish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who
sent whole armados of carracks to be ballast'd
at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To con-
clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her;
told me what privy marks I had about me, as the
mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the
great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran
from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast
had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made
me turn i' the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, bid thee presently, post to the road:
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

¹ That is, another name for syren. ² That is, confounded. ³ This alludes to her having the French disease. ⁴ That is, affianced to her.

If any back put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my foul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name:

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it
for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you
well. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

S. Ant. I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;

If any ship put out, then strait away. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. **Y**OU know, since pentecost the sum is
due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders¹ for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing² to me by Antipholis:

And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:

Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,
as from the Courtesan's.*

Off. That labour you may save; see where he
comes. *[thou]*

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy
a rope! *[Exit Dromio.]*

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carra;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;

Which do amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you see him presently discharg'd,

S. Ant. For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you. *[Exit.]*

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yours.

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain
about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, *[chain]*

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to ex-

pose her this key

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine! *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl!

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the

chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your

money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even

now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

¹ A coin worth from eighteen-pence to two shillings. ² That is, accruing to me.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath!

come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good sir, say, where you'll answer me, or no;

not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me

much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;

and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:

either consent to pay the sum for me,

or attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—

would not spare my brother in this case,

he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

st, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

as all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

of your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnus,

that stays but till her owner comes aboard,

when, sir, she bears away: our freightage, sir,

have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

of the oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,

but for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why, thou

peevish fellow,

that ship of Epidamnus stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

and told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:

you sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

and teach your ears to list me with more heed.

Adriana, villain, hie thee strait;

give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

that's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

there is a purse of ducats; let her send it;

tell her, I am arrested in the street,

and that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, begone:

officer, to prison, till it come. *[Exeunt.]*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

where Dowdabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their master's minds fulfil. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austere in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more

my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he

Luc. Then pleaded I for you. *[were.]*

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might

move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere³,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every-where;

Vicious, ungente, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making⁴, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: *[curse.]*

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet

now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and tough;

50 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; *[termends]*

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-

foot well;

55 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls

to hell⁵.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested

on the case.

¹ That is, silly. ² Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of
smoke meeting in the shock. ³ That is, dry, withered. ⁴ That is, marked or stigmatized by nature
with deformity. ⁵ A quibble on *everlasting*, which is the name of a kind of durable stuff. ⁶ That is,
dungeon, for which *hell* was the cant term.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing: A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell: 'tis time that I were gone. It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hour comes back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say, That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

[*Enter Luciana.*]

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight:

And bring thy master home immediately.—Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

[*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.*]

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute As if I were their well-acquainted friend; [me]

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a taylor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland forerers inhabit here.

[*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*]

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an

evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understood thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of distance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike?

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest!*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery, Is there

Any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

[*Enter a Courtesan.*]

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus! I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: 'Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day? [exit]

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn you*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a*

light wench. It is written, they appear to man like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and

fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn: Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or 'speak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of? Thou art, as you are all, a forceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;—

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils

Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush, A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,

A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

¹ A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *hand* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, we believe, the humour of the passage turns. ² A *morris pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or military dance, and is mentioned by our old writers as a formidable weapon. ³ Or here means *before*.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Ex. Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest chuse; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away; I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am rest'd for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day; And will not lightly trust the messenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephesus: Tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them

E. Ant. But where's the money? [*all.*]

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

* [*Beats Dromio.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it, by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd

home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

5 Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtesan, with a schoolmaster called Pinch, and others.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Be wary the rope's-end.*

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dro.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— [*mad?*]

15 Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

E. Ant. Establish him in his true sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, now he trembles in his ecstasy!

20 Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this To yield possession to my holy prayers, [*man,*]

And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. [mad.]

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your cus-

30 Did this companion with the saffron face [tomers?]

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou? [*home.*]

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revild you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

50 E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did: my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

55 And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, [*me.*]

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [*might,*]

E. Dro. Money by me? Heart and good-will you

60 But, surely, master, not a rag of money. [ducats?]

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

¹ That is, certainly.

E. Dro. God, and the rope-maker, bear me wit-
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [nefs.]

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [to-day.]

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both.]

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me. [in him.]

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong with-

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he
looks! [thou.]

E. Ant. What, wilt you murder me? Thou jailor,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor.

[They bind Antipholus and Dromio.]

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him late convey'd

Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet! [you.]

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost

thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? bear

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with

[Exeunt Pinch, Antipholus, Dromio.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but he

not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

[The ring I saw upon his finger now]

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hercof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn.

Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's

more help,

To have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. *[They run.]*

Manent Antipholus and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of some

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now

from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our

from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they

surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak

fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a

tle nation, that but for the mountain of mad

that claims marriage of me, I could find in

heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the

Therefore away to get our stuff aboard.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend.

¹ Foolish. ² Unhappy here signifies mischievous.

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :

This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

S. Ant. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee :

Eye on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :

I'll prove mine honour and my honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adri. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ; he is mad ;—

Some get within him, take his sword away :

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a house.

This is some priory ;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people ; Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adri. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence :

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adri. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man he was ;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [*See ?*]

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at

Bury'd some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adri. To none of these, except it be the last ;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adri. Why, so I did.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adri. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adri. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adri. It was the copy¹ of our conference :

Inbed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanc'd at it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-

Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [*sings :*]

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adri. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adri. Then, let your servants bring my husband

forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

'Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adri. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office ;

And will have no attorney but myself ;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal² man again :

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order ;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adri. I will not hence, and leave my husband

And ill it doth beseem your holiness, [*here ;*]

To separate the husband and the wife. [*him.*]

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Adri. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five ;

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;

The place of death and sorry³ execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence. [*death.*]

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his

¹ That is, the theme, or subject.

² i. e. restored to his senses.

³ Sorry here means lamented,

²⁸ Egeon was not to be executed for any crime, but by the decree to prevent the traffic between Syracuse and Ephesus.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Egeon bare-headed; with the headsmen and other officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him, He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady; It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important¹ letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order² for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself
My master and his man are both broke loose!
Beaten the maids a-row³, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him [fire];
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer. [here];

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[Cry within.
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholis, and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I belstrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep fears to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio. [dote,

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that wo-
man there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots⁴ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst
thou so? [filter,

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my
To-day did dine together: So besaf my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both for-
In this the madman justly chargeth them, [sworn.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advis'd what I say;

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then,

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: in the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,

Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd,

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met my wife, her sister, and

A rabble more of vile confederates;

¹ Perhaps we should read *importunate*.

⁴ *Harlots* here means *cheats*.

² i. e. to take *measures*.

³ i. e. one after another.

Along with th
They brough
A meer ana
A thread-ba
A needy, holl
A living dead
Forsooth, tool
And, gazing i
And with no-
Cries out, I w
They fell upon
And in a dark
There left me
'Till gnawing
I gain'd my fre
Ran hither to
To give me an
For these deep
Ang. My lo
him
That he din'd
Duke. But ha
Ang. He ha
here,
These people s
Mer. Beside
Heard you com
After you first
And, thereupon
And then you
From whence,
E. Ant. I nev
Nor ever didst
I never saw the
And this is fals
Duke. Why,
I think, you all
If here you hou
If he were mad
You say, he din
Denies that say
E. Drom. Sir,
Porcu
Carr. He did
E. Ant. 'Tis t
her.
Duke. Saw'st
Carr. As sure
Duke. Why, t
hither
think you are
Egeon. Most
Haply, I see a f
And pay the fun
Duke. Speak f
Egeon. Is not
and is not that
E. Drom. Withi
ut he, I thank
Now am I Drom
Egeon. I am
¹ i. e. wild, f

Along with them [lain,
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd vil-
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mr. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
Where you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cor. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cor. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;

I think you are all mated¹, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
Haply, I see a friend, will save my life, [a word;
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio? [sir,

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man

but he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. [me

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
For lately we were bound, as you are now. [you;
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you
know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you
saw me last;

And careful hours, with time's deformed² hand

Have written strange defeatures³ in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir?

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever

A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's ex-
tremity!

Ha! thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grain'd⁴ face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow;

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My winking lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses (I cannot err)

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in
Can witness with me that it is not so; [the city,
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syracusan, and
Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Wh'ch is the natural man,

And which the spirit? who decipherers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound
him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty:

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

¹ i. e. wild, foolish. ² For deforming. ³ i. e. strange alteration of features. ⁴ i. e. furrow'd.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia* ;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus :
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?

S. Ant. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is
which. [lord.]

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious

E. Dro. And I with him. [mous warrior]

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most fa-
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband ?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so ;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother : What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good ;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me ;
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arofe.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it ; and much thanks for
my good cheer. [pains]

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the

5 To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
10 And ye shall have full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered :

The duke, my husband, and my children both,
15 And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go¹ with me ;
After so long grief such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt.]
20 *Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.*

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
ship-board ? [imbark'd]

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me ; I am your master,
Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.]
30 *S. Dro.* There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

35 *E. Dro.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

S. Dro. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

40 *E. Dro.* That's a question :

How shall we try it ?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior ; till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus :

45 We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [Exeunt.]

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read, and gaud ; that is, rejoice with me.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
 LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
 DON JOHN, *Barbador Brother to Don Pedro.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.*
 BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.*
 MALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*
 ANTONIO, *Brother to Leonato.*

BORACHIO, *Confident to Don John.*
 CONRADE, *Friend to Borachio.*

DOGBERRY, }
 VERGES, } *two foolish Officers.*

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, }
 URSULA, } *two Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Meff. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Meff. But few of any sort², and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine call'd Claudio.

Meff. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, after better'd expectation, than you must expect me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Meff. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meff. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto³ return'd from the wars, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Meff. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina⁴, and challenged Cupid at the flight⁵; and my uncle's fool

¹ Mr. Pope was of opinion, that the story of this play is taken from Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, or Mr. Steevens, however, supposes, that a novel of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, misshapen Shakspeare with his fable. ² That is, of any rank. ³ Montante, in Spanish, is a huge two-edged sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. This alludes to the custom of fencers, or prize-fighters, setting up bills, containing a general challenge. ⁴ To challenge at the flight, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow of a particular kind, with snow feathers.

reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt¹.—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you², I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits³ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith⁴ but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block⁵.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your looks⁶.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁷ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balisazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge⁸ too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking of signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while he hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn-coat:—But it's certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, as 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a basket of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend

¹ The bird-bolt is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. They are used at present to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. ² That is, "he will be even with, or a match for, you." ³ The five senses probably gave rise to the idea of a man's having five wits. ⁴ Not religious profession, but profession of friendship. ⁵ A block is the mould on which a hat is formed. ⁶ To be in a man's looks, originally meant to be in the list of his retainers. ⁷ That is, no young, choleric, quarrelsome fellow. ⁸ Charge here signifies incumbence.

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of your brother Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see in such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; as thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part;—mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be lov'd, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead¹, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldrick³, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out nine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid!

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam⁴.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

¹ A recheat is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent. ² Bugle-horn. ³ Belt or girdle. ⁴ This probably alludes to one Adam Bell, who at that time of day was of reputation for his skill at the bow.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house, (if I had it.)—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you slout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn. Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But let my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'st; And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know, we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale; Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleach'd alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you that?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. *[Several Servants cross the stage here.]* Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-fer, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing briageth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient forbearance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's kisure: I sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to

¹ Guards were ornamental laces or borders. is, flatter.

² Thick-pleach'd means thickly interwoven.

³ That

more from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage : if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he!

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference :—I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I blefs myself every way; You are both sure², and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Leon. WAS not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall leave God's sending that way: for it is said, God sends no curst ewe *scors* horns; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.]

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fel-

¹ i. e. Serious.

² i. e. To be depended on.

low, or else make another curtsey, and say, *Father as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-matter'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin; if you be not woo'd in good time; if the prince be too important¹, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is not and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balisazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Uggio, and others muffled.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philomel's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers loud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balb. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balb. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand², and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Bat. That I was disdainful—and that I had no good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible shanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his untutored nature; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison of two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, and not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the bird will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Mancut, John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother's love: he is enamour'd on Hero, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

¹ Important here, as in many other places, means *importunate*. ² A dry hand was in those times considered as the sign of a cold constitution. ³ By which the means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, the innuendoes, he *pleas'd* libertines; and by his *devising shanders* of them, he *angred* them.

⁴ i. e. His carriage, his demeanour.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

Johs. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, but hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

It is certain so:—the prince wooes for himself, friendship is constant in all other things, are in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues: let every eye negotiate for itself,

and trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof, which I mistrust not: Farewell therefore, Hero.

[*Re-enter Benedick.*]

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the arland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's cart? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I with him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep to fedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!

Alas! it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, rough bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the arld into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

[*Re-enter Don Pedro.*]

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of my fame. I found him here as melancholy as a pig in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of a young lady; and I offered him my company in a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; he, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, seizes it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the red had been made, and the garland too; for the garland might have worn himself, and the rod he might

have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw;

huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her

breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgres'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Figmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say,

I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world¹ but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness², and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopeful husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—And I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated flesh, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

¹ To go to the world was a phrase then in use, signifying, to be married. a wild, wanton, unlucky trick.

² Unhappiness, here signifies

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

Jos. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—sing love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will foreshadow the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's liberty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Jos. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Jos. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a boy.

Bor. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bor. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bor. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now he is rather here the tabour and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He is wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like a plain man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd a philosopher; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so inverted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell: I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well:

another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love? I will hide me in the labour. [Withdraws.]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice to slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection:—

prayer thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;

Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crochets that he speaks;

None, notes, forsooth, and nothing!

Bor. Now, *Diabolus*! now is his soul ravish'd!—is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

S O N G.

She's no more, la, la, la, sing no more,

Men are deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To me they come, but never so.

Then sing not so,

But let them go,

And be you still and bonny;

Converting all your hands of men

Into, Ha y wenny, wenny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,

Of Jon's so doll and honey;

The French's men were ever so,

Since French's he was heavy,

Then sing not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a thief.

Bor. [Aside.] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him;

* Kid means discovered.

and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [Ex. Balthazar.]
Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato, What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits! [Aside to *Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have lov'd any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection:—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You hear my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice be-

tween the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand pieces; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would scold her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for, I should scold him, if he writ to me; yet, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—O sweet Benedick! God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the efficacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an aim to hate him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this doing on me; I would have daff'd³ all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will have one breath of her accusom'd crossin's.

Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptuous spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward proportion.

Claud. For God, and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by his large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry

¹ This alludes to the practice of shooting with a *falling-burp*; by which the fowler concealed himself from the sight of the game.

² That is, into a thousand pieces of the same biggness.

³ To *doff*, like to *doff*, means to *do off*, to put aside.

⁴ I. e. contemptuous.

your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready. *Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. *[Aside.]*

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner. *[Aside.]* *[Exeunt.]*

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Leon. This can be no trick: The conference was fully borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero.—They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and

virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it:—and wife—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and jests, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. **G**OOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice, conversing with the prince and Claudio: whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse is of her; say, that thou overheard'st us, and bid her steal into the pleached bower, where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, made proud by princess, that advance their pride against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose: This is thy office, hear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick:

When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin,

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant 't' angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

¹ That is, seriously held.

² That is, our discourse.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture :

Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [nothing]
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the balcony.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-clothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To with him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a lady?

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising² what they look on: and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-declared.

Urf. Sure, I think so;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But she would spell him backward³: if fair-fac'd,

She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic⁴,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an aglet⁵ very vilely cut;

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;

It were a better death than die with mocks;

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders

To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,

How much an ill word may enpoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong,

As she cannot be so much without true judgement,

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,

For shape, for bearing, argument⁶, and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, going,

I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy cousin

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's lim'd⁷, I warrant you; we have caught

her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Beatrice advancing.*]

Beat. What fire is in mine ears⁸? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn to feel

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu.

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reporting.

S C E N E II.

[*Leonato's House.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be

summate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you

vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil to the

new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child's

new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only

¹ Meaning, as a rich wife. ² That is, despising. ³ This alludes to the received notion of witches saying their prayers backwards. ⁴ The antic was a badlion in the old English farces, with a black face, and a post-work habit. ⁵ An aglet was the tag of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These tags were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them *aglets d'ore*. And, as a tall man is before compared to a lance ill-headed; so, by the same figure, a little man is very aptly liken'd to an aglet ill-cut. ⁶ Argument here seems to mean, the powers of good reasoning well. ⁷ That is, entangled. ⁸ Alluding to a proverbial saying, that people's ears burn when others are talking of them.

hold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What, sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops¹; and a spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hair o' mornings: What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he went to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jetting spirit; which is now crept into a late-string, and now govern'd by slops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach — Old Signior, wash aside with me; I have stuff'd

eight or nine wife words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

[*Enter Don John.*]

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [To Claudio.]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bellow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I woo'd for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you see my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

¹ That is, all breeches.

Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!
Cloud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
John. O plague right well prevented!
 So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most defensible man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blest'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets: for, the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Watch. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and,

for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any humanity in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You constables, are to present the prince's own persons if you meet the prince in the night, you may bid him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels, and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, sir, not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this post-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; you stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

* A *bill* was the old weapon of the English infantry.

Cor. Is it possible that any villainy should be dear?

Bor. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may take what price they will.

Cor. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shews, thou art unconfirmed:—thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Cor. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean, the fashion.

Cor. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that D. formed; he has been a thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear some body?

Cor. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bor. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and sixty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like old Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as maully as his club?

Cor. All this I see; and see, that the fashion tears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast thrust out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither: but know, that I have a night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentleman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out of her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vily: I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed my master Don John, saw aser off in the orchard his amiable encounter.

Cor. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; at the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, and chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any under that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, and.

Watch. Call up the right master constable:—We have here recovered the most dangerous piece

of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Cor. Masters, masters—

Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Cor. Masters,—

Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Cor. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, if faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. He upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband? an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

* That is, unpractised in the ways of the world. * i. e. painting discoloured by smoke. * Smirch'd, soiled, obscured. 4 Rabato, from the French rabat, signifies a neckband; a ruff.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit Leonato.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[touching his forehead]* shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, come be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he! *[leave]*

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would not you swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my soul

To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,

If you in your own proof²,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bathful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality. *[wide?]*

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial. *[true,*

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And by that fatherly and kindly³ power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

¹ i. e. A lascivious bed. ² i. e. your own experiment or trial of her. ³ i. e. Natural power.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how I am beset!—
 What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
 With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
 Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
 What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
 Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
 Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
 I am ferry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,
 Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
 Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
 Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
 Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
 Confeis'd the vile encounters they have had
 A thousand times in secret.

John. Fic, fie! they are
 Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
 There is not chastity enough in language,
 Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
 I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
 About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
 But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!
 Thou pure impity, and impious purity!
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
 And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
 And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink
 you down? [*Hero swoons.*]

John. Come, let us go: these things come thus
 smother her spirits up. [*to light,*]

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
 Hero! why Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!—
 friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
 Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
 That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not? [*thing*]

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
 Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
 The story that is printed in her blood?—
 Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
 For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,
 Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that, at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belov'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. [*made*]

Leon. Confirmd, confirm'd! O, that is strange
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul lack,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die
Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent flames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observation,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd
 of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know
 If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
 these princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent
 And if their wisdoms be mislaid in this,

¹ *Liberal* here signifies, *frank, free, open.* ² Meaning, the story which is too plainly discovered
 her blushing. ³ *Frame* here signifies, *scheme, order, or disposition of things.* ⁴ Meaning, the high
 degree.

The practice o
 Whole spirits t

Leon. I know
 These hands in
 The proudest o
 Time hath not
 Nor age so eat
 Nor fortune m
 Nor my bad lif
 But they shall
 Both strength o
 Ability in me
 To quit me of

Friar. Pause
 And let my cou
 Your daughter
 Let her awhile
 And publish it,
 Maintain a mo
 And on your fa
 Hang mournful
 That appertain
Leon. What
Friar. Marry

behal

Change slander

But not for that

But on this trav

She dying, as it

Upon the instar

Shall be lament

Of every hearer

That what we h

Whiles we enjoy

Why, then we

The virtue that

Whiles it was ou

When he shall h

The idea of her

Into his study of

And every love

Shall come appa

More moving, d

Into the eye and

Than when she li

(If ever love had

And wish he had

No, though he t

Let this be so, a

Will fashion the

Than I can lay i

But if all aim bu

The supposition

Will quench the

And, if it sort n

(As best befits he

In some reclusive

Out of all eyes,

Bene. Signior

And though, you

is very much un

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whole spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her ho-
The proudest of them shall well hear of it. [mour,
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation¹;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. [this do?

Leon. What shall become of this? What will
Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the infant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack² the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—Then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accus'd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away:
For to strange foresh strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience,
and endure. [Exeunt.

Monent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours. [you

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: it
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie
not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am
sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and
I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no fauce that can be devis'd to it: I
protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is
no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a vil-
lain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my
kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What,

¹ Ostentation here signifies *show* or *appearance*.
talents.

² That is, raise it to its utmost value, alluding to

bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice!

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice:—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Eat. Princes and counties¹! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour i to compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you:—By this hand Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin! I must say, she is dead; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, firrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but

God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly: How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way:—Let the watch come forth: Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, fir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No.

¹ *County*, from the French *Comte*, was anciently used to signify a nobleman.

² i. e. the quickest or readiest way.

thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wife fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and

one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!—

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lincament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; And, Sorrow wag! cry; hem, when he should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk With candle-wafers; bring him yet to me, And of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Better strong madness in a silken thread, Charm'd with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement¹.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ach patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a pish at chance and suzerance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord?—Well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. [*man.*]

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him? [*bler, thou!*]

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissem-

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword. [*me;*]

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee; and jest at I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;

And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child, heart,

Thy slander hath gone through and through her

And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors:

O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;

Delight his nice fence, and his active practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lutt'hood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so dastle² me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

¹ That is, than advertisement.

² That is, canst thou so put me off?

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining¹ fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,— [nicee; 5
Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,— [them, yea,
Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling², out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show putward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [patience
Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—
Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard.—
Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it. [Exeunt ambo.

Enter Benedick.
Pedro. See, see,
Here comes the man we went to seek.
Claud. Now, signior!

What news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
Pedro. Welcome, signior:
You are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapt off with two old men without teeth.
Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st
thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee:
for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have
been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we
do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—
Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care
kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill
care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if
you charge it against me:—I pray you, chuse ano-
ther subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last
was broke cross³.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more;
I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you dare,
and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will pro-
test your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady,
and her death shall fall heavy on you:—Let me hear
from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?
Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a
calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not car-
most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not
find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit
the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True,*
says she, a fine little one; *No,* said I, a great wit;
Right, said she, a great gross one; *Nay,* said I, a good
wit: *Just,* says she, it hurts no body; *Nay,* said I, the
gentleman is wise; *Certain,* said she, a wise gentle-
man; *Nay,* said I, he bath the tongues; *That I believe,*
said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night,
which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double
tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour
together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at
last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the pro-
perest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said,
she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, as
if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him
dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when
he was hid in the garden.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's
horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Be-
nedick the married man.*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind;
will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you
break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God
be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many
courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your
company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from
Messina; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet
and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there
he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with
him! [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

¹ A *foin* is a thrust or push with a weapon.

visits about among his friends to get a dinner.

² That is, *scrambling*. A *scambler* is one who
³ An allusion to *tilting*. ⁴ This is similar to
proverb now still in use, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*; the meaning of which
if he is in an ill humour, let him continue so till he is in a better.

Claud. In m
rant you, for
Pedro. And
Claud. Mo
Pedro. Wha
in his doublet
Eater Dog

Claud. He i
an ape a docto
Pedro. But,
and be sad: I
Dogb. Com
she shall ne'er
may, an you b
be look'd to.

Pedro. How
bound! Borac
Claud. Hear
Pedro. Office
Dogb. Marr
port; moreov
condarily, they
have bely'd a
unjust things:
knaves.

Pedro. First,
thirdly, I ask
lately, why the
what you lay t
Claud. Right
tion; and, by
suted?

Pedro. Whor
you are thus be
confable is too
your offence?

Bora. Sweet
mine answer;
kill me. I ha
what your wif
few fools have
overheard me
John your brot
Hero; how you
and saw me co
how you disgra
my villainy the
rather seal with
shame: the lac
ter's false accus
but the reward
Pedro. Runs
your I
Claud. I have
Pedro. But di
Bora. Yea, and
Pedro. He is c
And fled he is u

¹ Dr. Warbur
to go in the doub
is, that love ma
without a cloak.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let be ; pluck up my heart, and be sad : Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Dogb. Come you, sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a curfing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio, one !

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord !

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady ; thirdly, they have verifi'd unjust things : and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood : What's your offence ?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceiv'd even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her : my villainy they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery : — And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter : And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes ;

That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him : Which of these is he ? [me.

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath Mine innocent child ? [hast kill'd

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou bely'st thyself ; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it : —

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ; Record it with your high and worthy deeds : 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak : Chuse your revenge yourself ; Impose me to what penance upon your invention Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I ;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible ; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she dy'd ; and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night ; —

To-morrow morning come you to my house ; And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us ; Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me ! I do embrace your offer ; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ; To-night I take my leave. — This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;

But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under

¹ Dr. Warburton says, it was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. ² That is, put into many modes, or shapes.

white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me als; I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it¹; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you examine him on that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be with'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [Exeunt.]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over² me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers³.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.]

The god of love,

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving.—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never to truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkniss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

¹ Dr. Warburton comments on this passage as follows:—"There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyrize the fashion, whom they took to be a man surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favorite lock of hair which was brought before, and tickled with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlovelyness of Love-Locks*." ² To come over probably means here the same as to overcome, in its most significant sense, when applied to a woman. ³ Meaning, I yield.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours¹; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claudio reads.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero, that here lies;

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Thou that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our mean;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out: *[day,*

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Before the wheels of Phæbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow, masters; each his several way. *[weeds;*

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

SCENE IV.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent? *[her,*
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother; You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. *[Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. *[true.*

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, *[will?*

From Claudio and the prince: But what's your

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage:— In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.
Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

¹ That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

² That is, what a

question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask!

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;

We here attend you; are you yet determin'd To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [Exit Antonio.]

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's That you have such a February face, [the matter, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold, And all Europa shall rejoice at thee; As once Europa did at lusty Jove, When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow, And got a calf in that same noble feat, Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula, mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Well, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face. [hand]

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you like of me,

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.]
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer: One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live, And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify; When, after that the holy rites are ended, I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death: Mean time let wonder seem familiar, And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore, that you were almost sick for me. [for me.]

Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her; For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[Kissing her.]
Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man!

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour:

Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall

wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and

therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is

my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tip'd with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is a'en in flight, And brought with armed men, back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up pipers.

[Dance.]
[Exeunt omnes.]

LO

FERDINAND,
BIRON,
LANGAVILLE,
DUMAIN,
BOYET,
MERCADÉ,
Don ADRIANO
NATHANIEL,
DULL, a Constable

Enter the King.
LET fa-
Live
And then grace
When, spight of
The endeavour
That honour, w
And make us he
Therefore, brav
That war again
And the huge a
Our late edict s
Navarre shall b
Our court shall
Still and conten
You three, Biron
Have sworn for
My fellow-schol
That are record
Your oaths are e
That his own ha
That violates th
If you are arm'd
Subscribe to yo
Long. I am re
The mind shall

LOVE

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON, } *three Lords, attending upon the*
LONGAVILLE, } *King in his retirement.*
DUMAIN, }

BOYET, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of*
MERCADE, } *France.*

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, } *a fantastical Spaniard.*

NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

DOLL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*
A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHERINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

} *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live registered upon our brazen tombs,

And then grace us in the disgrace of death;

When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,

The endeavour of this present breath may buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,

That war against your own affections.

And the huge army of the world's desires,—

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;

Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;

Our court shall be a little Academie,

Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

That are recorded in this schedule here:

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;

That his own hand may strike his honour down,

That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,

Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years fast:

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;

The grosser manner of these world's delights

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;

With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances:

As, not to see a woman in that term;

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

And, one day in a week to touch no food;

And but one meal on every day beside;

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day;

(When I was wont to think no harm all night,

And make a dark night too of half the day)

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;

Nor to see ladies study, fast, nor sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, as if you please;

I only swore, to study with your grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—

U 2

What

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, And train our intellects to vain delight. [vain]

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most

Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while,

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye:

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed¹,

And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with faucy looks:

Small have continual pladders ever won,

Save bare authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame:

And every godfather can give a name. [sing]

King. How well he read, to reason against read-

Dum. Proceeded² well, to stop all good pro-

ceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the

wedding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are

a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time,

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping³ frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am? why should proud sum-

mer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows; }
But like of each thing, that in season grows. }

So you, to study now it is too late, [gate]

That were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay

with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee

from shame!

Biron. "Item, That no woman shall come with-

"in a mile of my court."—[Reading.] Hath this

been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—"On pain of

"losing her tongue."—[Reading.] Who devised

this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why? [penalty]

Long. To fright them hence with that dread

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

"Item, [Reading.] If any man be seen to talk

"with a woman within the term of three years,

"he shall endure such public shame as the rest of

"the court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak.

Long. A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired prince's hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite

forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three year

For every man with his affects is born; [space]

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁴ are to others, as to me:

¹ That is, treacherously. ² Heed here means his direction or lode-star. ³ Proceeded must here be understood in the academical sense of taking a degree: the meaning of the passage then will be, "He has taken his degree on the art of stopping the degrees of others." ⁴ i. e. Checking. ⁵ Meaning against politeness and urbanity; for men without women become brutal and savage. ⁶ i. e. Temptations.

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation¹ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements², whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our
sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough³; but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme,—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you
more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in
God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having⁴:—God
grant us patience.

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh mode-
rately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Ja-
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with
the manner⁵.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all
Loic three: I was seen with her in the manor-
house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together,
in manner and form following. Now, sir, for
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken af-
ter the flesh.

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the welkin's
vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my
soul's earth's God, and body's fostering pa-
tron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is,
in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not
fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with sable-colour'd
melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing
humour to the most wholesome physick of thy
health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman,
betook myself to walk. The time, when?"

"About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze,
birds best peck, and men sit down to that nour-
ishment which is called supper. So much for
the time when: Now for the ground which;
which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeilded,

thy park. Then for the place where: where,
I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-
white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here
thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest:—

"But to the place, where,—It standeth north-
north-east, and by east from the west corner of
thy curious knotted garden: There did I see
that low spirited swain, that base minnow⁶ of thy
mirth," (Cost. Me.) "that unletter'd small-
knowing soul," (Cost. Me.) "that shallow vas-
sal," (Cost. Still me.) "which, as I remember,
hight Costard," (Cost. O me!) "sorted and
conforted, contrary to thy established proclaimed
edict and continent canon, with,—with,—O
with,—but with this I passion to say where-
with —"

Cost. With a wench.

King. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a
female; or, for thy more sweet understanding,
a woman. Him, I (as my ever esteemed duty
pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the
meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's offi-
cer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute,
carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony
Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker ves-
sel called which I apprehended with the afore-

¹ i. e. lively sport, or sprightly diversion. ² Complement, in Shakspeare's time, not only signified
verbal civility, but the external accomplishments or ornamental appendages of a character. ³ i. e. Third.
rough, a peace-officer, assistant to the constable, who acts also in his absence. ⁴ i. e. a low possession,
acquisition. ⁵ A phrase then used to signify, taken in the fact. ⁶ Meaning, that as the minnow is
one of the least esteemed of fish, so the object of his mirth is one of the most contemptible of men.

"said swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's
"fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,
"bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments
"of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the
best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah,
what say you to this?

Coff. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coff. I do confess much of the hearing it, but
little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment
to be taken with a wench.

Coff. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken
with a damofel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damofel.

Coff. This was no damofel neither, sir; she was
a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd,
virgin.

Coff. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was
taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Coff. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; You shall
fast a week with bran and water.

Coff. I had rather pray a month with mutton
and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt.]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coff. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I
was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a
true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of
prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and
ill then, Sir thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great
spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same
thing, dear imp¹.

Moth. No, no: O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melan-
choly, my tender juvenal²?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the work-
ing, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juve-
nal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruous
epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which
we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent
title to your old time, which we may name,
tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my
saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore
apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answer.—
Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses³ love
not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with
the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of
a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varieties
of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much
the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?
Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink
and how easy it is to put years to the word three
and study three years in two words, the dancing
horse⁴ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love,
and as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in
love with a base wench. If drawing my sword
against the humour of affection would deliver me
from the reprobate thought of it, I would take
desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French
courtier for a new devis'd court'fy. I think I
to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid.
Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in
love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority
dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let
them be men of good repute and carriage.

¹ Imp means his infant or little page.

² i. e. my tender youth.

³ Crosses here mean crosses.

⁴ This alludes to a horse belonging to one Banks, which played many remarkable pranks, and is fre-
quently mentioned by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, must me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shewn:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the fame,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression¹ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. *[Aside.]*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light trench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep

Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.]

Arm. I do affect² the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *[Exit.]*

¹ Digression here signifies the act of going out of the right way.

² That is, love.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. **N**OW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits :

Consider who the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem ;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you. [mean,

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's¹ tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I knew him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville :
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted² in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil)

Is a sharp wit match'd³ with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still will
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, believ' ; is't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;

And much too little, of that good I saw,

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time

Was there with him as I have heard a truth ;

Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal :

His eye begets occasion for his wit ;⁴

For every object that the one doth catch,

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;

Which his fair tongue (conceit's expeditor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravish'd ;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love

That every one her own hath garnish'd

With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd⁴ to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learn'd.

He rather means to lodge you in the field,

(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and

Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court

Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and, were

come I have not yet : the roof of this court is

high to be yours ; and welcome to the wide field

too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to

court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct me

thither.

¹ Cheap or cheping was anciently the market ; chapman therefore is marketman.

³ i. e. joined.

⁴ i. e. were prepared.

² i. e. well qualified.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill besecmeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ref. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did,

Ref. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ref. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill

Ref. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ref. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ref. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ref. Amen; so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valu'd to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine;

Which we much rather had depart¹ withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

Dear prince, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, gainst some reason in my breast.

And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,

Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair prince, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your

King. Thy own wish, wish I thee in every place!

Exit.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own

Ref. I pray you, do my commendations; [heart.

I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ref. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ref. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ref. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ref. Non poyet, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ref. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is

that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in

the white? [light.

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her

name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire

that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Ex. Long.

¹ Depart is here synonymous to part with.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, fir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, fir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, fir, and welcome to you.
 [Exit *Biron*.]
Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
 Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word. [word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry! [board.
Boyet. And wherefore not sheeps?
 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?
Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
 My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me. [agree:
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,
 The civil war of wits were much better used
 On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
 By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intile affected.
Prin. Your reason? [retire:
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed.
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stunble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tendering their own worth, from whence
 they were glass'd,
 Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his
 eye hath disclos'd:
 I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.
Ref. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
 skillfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
 of him
Ref. Then was *Venus* like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ref. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*The Park, near the Palace.**Enter Armado and Moth.*

Arm. **W**ARBLE, child; make passionate my
 sense of hearing.

Moth. Concol nel— [Singing.
Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years;
 Take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring
 him festinately² hither; I must employ him in a
 matter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
 French brawl?
Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my compleat master: but to jig off
 a tune at the tongue's end, canary⁴ to it with your

feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids;
 sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through
 the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing
 love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd
 up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-
 house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your
 arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a
 rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket,
 like a man after the old painting; and keep not
 too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These
 are complements⁵, these are humours: these be-
 tray nice wenches—that would be betray'd with-
 out these; and make the men of note, (do you
 note men?) that are most affected to these.
Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?
Moth. By my penny of observation.

¹ This word, which is provincial, and ought to be spelt *several*, means those fields which are alter-
 nately sown with corn, and during that time are kept *several*, or *severed*, from the field which lies fallow,
 and is appropriated to the grazing of cattle, not by a fence, but by the care of the cowherd or shepherd,
 in which the town-bull only is allowed to range unmolested. ² That is, hastily. ³ A kind of
 dance. ⁴ *Canary* was the name of a sprightly nimble dance. ⁵ i. e. accomplishments. ⁶ The
 meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young girls; but make the men taken notice of too, who
 follow them.

Arm. But
Moth. —t
Arm. Call
Moth. No,
 colt², and y
 have you for
Arm. Alm
Moth. Neg
Arm. By h
Moth. An
 I will prove.
Arm. What
Moth. A r
 without, upo
 because your
 you love her,
 her; and out
 heart that yo
Arm. I am
Moth. And
 nothing at all
Arm. Fetch
 me a letter.
Moth. A m
 he embassador
Arm. Ha, h
Moth. Mar
 the horse, for
Arm. The
Moth. As f
Arm. Thy
 is not lead a
Moth. Mini
 ter, no.
Arm. I say,
Moth. You
 is that lead flo
Arm. Sweet
 He reputes me
 I spot thee at
Moth. Thun
Arm. A mos
 grace
 By thy favour,
 Most rude mel
 My herald is ro
R
Moth. A w
 brok
Arm. Some
 I'eneu
¹ In the cele
 dancing round
 another rode on
 place, and Pre
 maid Marian,
 not so wisely p
 idolatry, and a
 lously, and cry
 epitaph. ² M
 juvenile desires
 the old French
 served to conve
 means to lead a
 Armado is suppo
 A coward likewi

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot¹.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt², and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man; if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: I shot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal, voluble and free of grace!

[face:

By thy favour, sweet welkin³, I must sigh in thy Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard⁴ broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *Penvoy*⁵—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *Penvoy*; no falve in the male, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *Penvoy*, no *Penvoy*, or falve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforeest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take falve for *Penvoy*, and the word *Penvoy* for a falve?

Moth. Doth the wife think them other? is not *Penvoy* a falve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath to fore been fain. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three,

There's the moral: Now the *Penvoy*.

Moth. I will add the *Penvoy*; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *Penvoy*, ending in the goose;—

Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain⁶, a goose that's fat:—

[fat.—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Penvoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin: then call'd you for the *Penvoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *Penvoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard*⁷ broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *Penvoy*:—

¹ In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and Precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. ² Meaning a hot, mad-brain'd, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with juvenile desires. ³ Welkin is the sky. ⁴ i. e. a head. ⁵ The *Penvoy*, which is a term borrowed from the old French poetry, appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, and either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. ⁶ To sell a bargain here means to lead a person to say something, which being applied to himself makes him appear ridiculous, so Armado is supposed to call himself a goose. ⁷ The *bead* was anciently called the *costard*, as observed above.—A *costard* likewise signified a *crab-apple*.

1, Costard, running out, that was safely within, fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-rance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony¹ Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remu-neration!—O, that's the Latin word for three far-things: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady; [*name,*]

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

10 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go. [*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:—

Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print:—

15 —Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable:

20 A domineering pedant o'er the boy, Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled⁴, whining, purblind, wayward boy; This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

25 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces, Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors⁵,—O my little heart!—

30 And I to be a corporal of his field, And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop⁶!

What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock, Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

35 And never going aright, being a watch, But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:

And, among three, to love the worst of all:

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

40 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes; Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

45 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might. [*groan:*]

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

¹ *Incony*, or *kony*, in the north, signifies fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. ² i. e. reward. ³ i. e. with the utmost nicety. ⁴ The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. ⁵ An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations for fornication and other matters cognizable in his court. ⁶ That is, hanging on one shoulder, and falling under the opposite arm.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. WAS that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush, that we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice; stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,

and thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say, no?

short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

there fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

For. good my glass, take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*]

far payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be fav'd by merit. Hereby in fair, sit for these days!

giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

and shooting well is then accounted ill.

us will I save my credit in the shoot:

wounding, pity would not let me do't;

wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

at more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

ed, out of question, so it is sometimes;

ry grows guilty of detested crimes;

en, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

tend to that the working of the heart:

ll, for praise alone, now seek to spill

poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-love-

reignty

for praise' sake, when they strive to be

eds o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-

wealth.

Boyet. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is

head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest

have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest. [truth.]

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! 'tis so; truth is

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should

be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

here.

Prin. What's your will, fir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to

one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good

friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon!

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair,

"is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous;

"truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer

"than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than

"truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical

"vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre²

"king Cophetua let eye upon the pernicious and

"indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was

"that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which

"to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure

"vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame:

"He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three.

"Who came? the king; Why did he come? to

"see; Why did he see? to overcome; To whom

"came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the

"beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The

"conclusion is victory: On whose side? the king's:

"the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the

"beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; on

"whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one,

"or one in both. I am the king; for so stands

"the comparison: thou the beggar; for so wit-

"nesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy

"love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could:

"Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt

"thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles? titles;

"For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply,

"I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy

"picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

That is, Open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*, which
lies both a young fowl and a love-letter. ² Illustrate for illustrious.

Prin.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter? [hear better?]

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever
Boyct. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile. [while?]

Prin. Elie your memory is bad, going o'er 't ere

Boyct. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; [sport]

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Boyct. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Boyct. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Boyct. From my lord Biron, a good matter of mine, To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit Princess attended.]

Boyct. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ref. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyct. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ref. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off! [marry.]

Boyct. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ref. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyct. And who is your deer? [near.]

Ref. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyct. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ref. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyct. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ref. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.]
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyct. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can. [Exit Ref. & Kat.]

Boyct. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did hit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyct. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady! [may be.]

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Boyct. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyct. An if my hand be out, then, believe, your hand is in.

Boyct. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
Mar. Come, come, you talk greatly, your lips grow foul.

Boyct. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir;—challenge her to bowl!

Boyct. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [Exit all but Boyet.]

Boyct. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar! When it comes so smoothly off, so obediency, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her face!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetic nit!

Sola, sola! [Shouting within.]

[Exit Boyet.]

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood, ripe as a pomewater⁶, who now hanged like a jewel in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the web kin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *band credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *band credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather *ostentare*, to shew, as it were, his invocations—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unletter'd, or, rather, unconfirmed fashion,—to infer again my *band credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *band credo* 'twas a pricket?

Hol. Twice 'sod simplicity, *his cæsus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

¹ A pun upon the word *stile*. ² i.e. a little while ago. ³ Shooter here means suitor. ⁴ i.e. the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail which upheld it. ⁵ Warburton says, that by Holofernes was designed a particular character, a pedant and a schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London. ⁶ A species of apple.
⁷ A buck is the first year, a *foveon*; the second year, a *pricket*; the third year, a *furll*; the fourth year, a *fove*; the fifth year, a *buck* of the first head; the sixth year, a *complete buck*.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he. For as it would ill become me to be vain, indifferent, or a fool, were there a patch¹ set on learning, to see him in a school :

Nath. *umme bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, many can break the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit, that was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more; [five-score.

and taught not² to five weeks, when he came to the allusion holds in the exchange³.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: I say beside, that 'twas a pricklet that the prince's kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epiphonema on the death of the deer? and, to humour an ignorant, I have call'd the deer the prince's kill'd, a pricklet.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it uses facility.

Nath. *praiseful prince's pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricklet;*

Nath. *fore say, a fore; but not a fore, 'till now made fore with shooting:* [thicket;

Nath. *dogs did yell; put L. to fore, then fore jumps from the pricklet, fore, or else forel, the people fall a booting.* [fore I. 4!

Nath. *fore be fore, then L. to fore makes fifty fores; O fore fore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; blith extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, images, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and cherished upon the mellowing of occasion: But

the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master parson.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fausle, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan⁵! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice!

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia*⁶.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not,—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a stanza, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine*.

Nath. "If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?" [vow'd!

"Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty"

"Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful"

"prove;

"Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like"

"oaks bowed.

"Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine"

"eyes; [comprehend:

"Where all those pleasures live, that art would"

"If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall"

"fustice; [commend:

"Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee"

"All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without"

"wonder; [admire)

("Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts"

"Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his"

"dreadful thunder, [fire.

"Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet"

"Celestial

¹ Patch here means a silly, foolish fellow. The term is supposed to have been adopted from a celebrated fool named Patch, and who wearing, perhaps in allusion to his name, a party-colour'd dress, all fools have ever since been distinguish'd by a motley coat. ² i. e. reach'd not. ³ i. e. the riddle is solved when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. ⁴ Alluding to L. being the initial for so. ⁵ Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished toward the latter end of the 15th century. His *Elogues* were translated before the time of Shakespeare. ⁶ That is, "O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not seen."

"Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings the heaven's praise with such an earth-
"ly tongue!"

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the ganzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *card.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound¹ his master, the ape his keeper, the dird² horse his rider. But damofella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jag. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,

"BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king: and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jag. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jag.*]

Netb. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father faith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours³. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Netb. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Netb. And thank you too: for society (faith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull*] you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

SCENE III.

Enter Biron with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am courting myself; they have pitch'd a toil; I am

toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep: it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here's part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!—By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay, me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Promoted sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith, secrets—

King. [*Reads.*] "So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

"To those fresh morning drops upon the nose

"As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

"The night of dew that on my cheeks down

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

"Through the transparent bosom of the deep

"As doth thy face through tears of mine give

"light;

"Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee—

"So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;

"Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

"And they thy glory through my grief will

"show:

"But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

"My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

"O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

"No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here

[*The King steps aside*]

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, our most

fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a per-

jur, wearing papers⁴.

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellow,

ship in flame!

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another

the name.

¹ i. e. The hound and the ape are taught to imitate the tricks of their masters. ² Tired here means attired, alluding to *Banks's horse*, mentioned in a former note, p. 150. ³ That is, specious appearances.

⁴ Convicted perjurers, when punished, wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

Long. [Aside.] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumph, the corner-cap of society. The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to sweet Maria, empress of my love! [move:] These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop!

Long. This same shall go.—[He reads the sonnet.]

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

"('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

"Persuade my heart to this false perjury? [ment.]

"Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

"A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

"Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: 20

"My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

"Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

"Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

"Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

"Exhal'st this vapour-vow: in thee it is:

"If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

"If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

"To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein¹, which makes flesh a deity;

Agreeen goofs, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Stepping aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, an old infant play:

Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,

And watched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye,

More facks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane cockcomb! [Aside.]

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal²; there you lie. [Aside.]

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted³.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [Aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [Aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish.

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then incision! Would let her out in saweers; Sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dumain reads his sonnet.

"On a day, (alack the day!)

"Love, whose month is ever May,

"Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

"Playing in the wanton air:

"Through the velvet leaves the wind,

"All uniceen, gan passage find;

"That the lover, sick to death,

"With'd himself the heaven's breath.

"Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;

"Air, would I might triumph so!

"But, alack, my hand is sworn,

"Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

"Vow, alack, for youth unmet;

"Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

"Do not call it sin in me,

"That I am forsworn for thee;

"Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,

"Juno but an Ethiope were;

"And deny himself for Jove,

"Turning mortal for thy love.—"

This will I send; and something else more plain, That shall express my true love's fasting⁵ pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead write a perjur'd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society: [coming forward.]

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case is such; [coming forward.]

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria? Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile?

Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

¹ Slops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men. ² The liver was supposed to be the seat of love. ³ Corporal here means corporeal. ⁴ To cote, is to outstrip, to overpass. ⁵ Fasting here signifies longing, wanting.

You would for paradise break faith and troth :

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What shall Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his wit ?
How will he triumph, leap¹, and laugh at it ?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forward to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears ;
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed ? nay are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot ?
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a knot² !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon turning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic³ Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lyes thy grief ? O tell me, good Dumain !
And, gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain ?
And where my liege's ? all about the breast :—
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you :
I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engag'd in ;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men, of strange inconstancy,
When shall you see me write a line in rhyme ?
Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me⁴ ? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb ? —

King. Soft ; Whither away so fast ?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
Our parson misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. *[He reads the letter.]*

Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost
thou tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs
not fear it. *[Let's hear it.]*

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoseon loggerhead, you were
born to do me shame. *[To Costard.]*

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four :—

Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, firs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. *[Exe. Costard and Jaquenetta.]*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face ;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love
of thine !

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

King. Kisses the base ground with obedient breast !
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ? *[Now.]*

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :
O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

King. Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;
Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

¹ To leap means in this place to exult. ² Some critics have conjectured, that Shakspeare here alludes to the *Knott*, a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind, which, from the eagerness with which it was ensnared, was deemed foolish even to a proverb. Mr. Steevens, however, thinks that our author alludes to a *true lover's knot* ; meaning, that the king remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a knot. ³ Critic and critical are often used by Shakspeare in the same sense as cynic and cynical. ⁴ A bird is said to prune himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs; [blot.

She passes praise; then praise too short doth

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full of black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the frown of night;

And beauty's crest¹ becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt, [of light.

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers

black. [bright.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion

crack. [light

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell

you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day

here. [shc.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her

face see. [Shewing his shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were too much dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,

now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this

Long. O, some authority how to proceed; [evil.

Some tricks, some quilllets², how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some falve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms³:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Fiat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

10 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book;

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

15 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the book, the academes,

20 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries⁴;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

25 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow;

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

30 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is,

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

35 And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you; my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers⁵, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

40 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain:

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil;

But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

45 But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye,

50 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious⁶ head of theft is stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

¹ In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore uses it here in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*. ² Dr. Warburton says, that *quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane, and imagines the original to be this: In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. ³ That is, ye soldiers of affection. ⁴ In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves. ⁵ Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. ⁶ That is, a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as splinx; as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.¹
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion to be thus forsworn:
 For charity itself fulfils the law;

And who can sever love from charity?
King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the fun of them.
Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses by:
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither;
 Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons!—allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd
 no corn;²
 And justice always whirls in equal measure:
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;³
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
 [Exeunt]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Salutis quod sufficit*⁴.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons⁵ at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation⁶, audacious⁷ without impudency, learned without opinion; and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quendam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraconical. He is too picked⁸, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
 [Draws out his tubal-bone.]
Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such insouciant and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t; he elepeth a calf, caus; half, haui; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie: *Ne iudicis, domine?* To make frantick, lunatick?
Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*
Hol. Bone?—bone, for bone: *Prifcian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.
 Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.
Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*
Hol. *Vide & gaudes.*

¹ Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. ² This passage has been very fully canvassed by all the various commentators upon our author: 'The following explanation, however, strikes us as the most simple and intelligible: "When love speaks, (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the elements of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator." ³ This proverbial expression intimates that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. ⁴ That is, enough's as good as a feast. ⁵ Reason here, as in other passages of our author's plays, signifies discourse. ⁶ That is, without affectation. ⁷ Audacious is used for spirited, animated; and opinion imports the same with effusiveness of opinion. ⁸ Meaning, too nicely dressed; alluding probably to a bird picking out or pruning its feathers; a metaphor which our author has before used in this play.

Arm. Chirra!
 Hol. Quare Chirra?
 Arm. Men of
 Hol. Most mili
 Moth. They i
 guages, and stol
 Cost. O, they l
 of words! I mar
 for a word; for t
 denotificabilitudin
 than a flap-drago
 Moth. Peace;
 Arm. Monfieur
 Moth. Yes, ye
 What is a, b, ip
 head?
 Hol. Ba, puerit
 Moth. Ba, mo
 hear his learning
 Hol. Quis, quis
 Moth. The thi
 them; or the fif
 Hol. I will rep
 Moth. The flu
 u, u?
 Arm. Now, b
 neum, a sweet
 snip, snap, quic
 select: true wi
 Moth. Offer'd
 wit-old.
 Hol. What is
 Moth. Horns.
 Hol. Thou di
 ly gigg.
 Moth. Lend m
 will whip about
 of a cuckold's h
 Cost. An I had
 shouldst have it
 the very remun
 half-penny purs
 tion. O, an the
 wert but my bab
 thou make me?
 the fingers' ends
 Hol. Oh, I si
 rom.
 Arm. Arts-m
 from the barbar
 the charge-hou
 Hol. Or, mons
 Arm. At your
 Hol. I do, far
 Arm. Sir, it is
 affection, to con
 son, in the poss
 multitude call
 Hol. The pos
 liable, congru
 That is, th
 which topers f
 keep still, eith
 coming-school
 his beard. 7 7

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. Square Chirra, not Arrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stoln the scraps. [To Costard of side.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as a flap-dragon²: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon².

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; a, u, i.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew⁴ of wit: snap, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gigue of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for un-

Arm. Arts-man, *praambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house⁵ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the prince's at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous fir, liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-

noon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, fir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement⁶, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the prince's, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the prince's; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Moth. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, fir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this sadge⁷ not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Viu*⁸, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken us word all this while.

¹ That is, the very offal, or refuse of words. ² A flap-dragon is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. ³ By o, u, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the deep sill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. ⁴ A *venew* is the technical term at the fencing-school for a *bout*. ⁵ Mr. Steevens supposes the *charge-house* to mean the *free-school*. ⁶ Meaning, *his beard*. ⁷ That is, *suit* not. ⁸ An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! cheer on!*

Dull. Not understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Prince's Pavilion.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings came thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ref. Madam, come nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in as would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper, [rhime, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all; That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ref. That was the way to make his god-head wax¹; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ref. You'll ne'er be friends, with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd:

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ref. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. [out.

Ref. We need more light to find your meaning.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff²; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ref. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ref. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Ref. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ref. I would, you knew:

And if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ref. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ref. 'Ware pencils³! How? let me not die you! My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's⁴!

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I bespew all throws.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity. [ville;

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa.

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ref. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;

And shape his service all to my beliefs:

And make him proud to make me proud that jest!

So portent-dike would I o'erfway his state⁶.

That he should be my fool, and I his fate. [catch'd,

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ref. The blood of youth burns not with such

As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [escrds,

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's

Prin. Thy news, Boyet? [her grace!

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm!—encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Must your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. St. Dennis to St. Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say,

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close my eyes some half an hour:

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

¹ To wax here signifies to grow.

² Snuff is here used equivocally for anger, and the snuff of a candle.

³ Meaning, "Ware painting."

⁴ Alluding, perhaps, to the pits in her face, occasioned by the small-pox.

⁵ This expression probably alludes to the practice of hiring servants or artificers by the week; and the meaning of the passage may be, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

⁶ See note 4, p. 37, in *Measure for Measure*. The meaning is, I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a portent, hang over and influence his fortunes. For portents were not only thought to forebode, but to influence.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preference majestical would put him out;

For, quoth the king, an angel shall thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously:

The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil. [der;

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoul-
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*

The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous¹ appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be

task'd:—

For ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;

And then the king will court thee for his dear:

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine:

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favours too: so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. [sight.

Ref. Come on then; wear the favours molt in

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ref. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's

heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:

So shall we lay, mocking intended game;

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Sound.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the
maskers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
disguised like Muscovites; Molt with musick, &c.

Molt. "All hail, the richest beauties on the
earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata².

Molt. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

"That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views."

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Molt. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
views!"

"Out—"

Boyet. True; out, indeed. [vouchsafe

Molt. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,

"Not to behold—"

Biron. Once to behold, rogue. [eyes,

Molt. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed

"With your sun-beamed eyes—"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Molt. They do not mark me, and that brings

me out. [rogue.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you

Ref. What would these strangers? know their

minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princefs?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ref. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ref. Why, that they have; and bid them so be

gone. [gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many

a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ref. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told. [miles,

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd

And many miles; the princefs bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile. [steps.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ref. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ref. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to

shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

¹ Spleen ridiculous is, a ridiculous fit.

² i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves.

Ref.

Ref. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.
King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ref. Play, mulick, then: Nay, you must do it
soon.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
chang'd? [chang'd.]

Ref. You took the moon at full; but now she's

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The mulick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ref. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But yet your legs should do it.

Ref. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then?

Ref. Only to part friends:—

Court'ly, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not
nice.

Ref. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then; What buys your
company?

Ref. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ref. Then cannot we be bought: And so adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ref. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed-mistress, one sweet word
with thee. [three.]

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is

Biron. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow
so nice.)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey:—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog¹, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet. [word?]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so?—Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [tongue?]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half. [a calf?]

Kath. Vea, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

5 Take all, and wear it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these
sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so,

Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

10 *Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

15 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have
wings, [things]

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

20 *Ref.* Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scuff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple
wits. [Exeunt king, and lords.]

25 *Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites—
Are these the breed of wits so wondrous at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath
puff'd out. [fat, fat]

Ref. Well-liking wits they have; grots, grots!

30 *Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor stout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ref. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

35 The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword

No, point, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,

40 And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Quail, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ref. Well, better wits have worn plain statuettes
caps².

45 But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

50 *Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistress, give ear;

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows;

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be

understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their buds.

¹ To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and metaphorically, to lie. ² Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth.—Probably the meaning is
“Better wits may be found among men of inferior or more humble rank.”

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing¹ clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ref. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let us mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless² gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage to ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whipt to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt ladies*]

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their own habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the prince's?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her?

King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one

Boyet. I will: and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:

He is wit's pedlar! and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels³, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grate it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lip: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

With honourable terms; nay, he can sing
Meaner⁴ most meanly; and, in ushering,

Send him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The flairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower⁵ that smiles on every one,
Who shew his teeth as white as whale's bone:⁶

And confidences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

[*Heart.*]
King. A bluster on his sweet tongue, with my

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou,

Will this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your
vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unfully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ref. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of these days)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle,
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ref. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ref. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ref. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ref. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why de-
mand you this?

Ref. There, then, that vizor; that superfluous
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are deserv'd; they'll mock us now
downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord! Why looks your high-
ness sad?

Ref. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.

¹ That is, letting those clouds which obscured their brightness sink from before them. ² i. e.

scouth. ³ Wassels were meetings of rural mirth and intemperance. ⁴ The mean, in music, is the

nor. ⁵ That is, the flower or pink of courtesy. ⁶ As white as whale's bone is a proverbial comparison

our ancient poets.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruiseme with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will with thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Tassata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd¹ hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is found, sans crack or flaw.

Ref. Sans sans², I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*³, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. [us.]

Prin. No, they are free, that gave those tokens to

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ref. It is not so: For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue⁴?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ref. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse. [gression]

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was; fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear? [her.]

King. That more than all the world I did respect

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear⁵.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it;—Rosaline, 55

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ref. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word. [troth,

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ref. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this; but take it, fir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princefs I did give:

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, fir, this jewel did she wear;

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent⁶,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany⁷,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years⁸; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd.

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of the

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will, and error⁹.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you

Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue? [To Boyet]

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier¹⁰,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, fir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd¹¹;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud,

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have

done. 45

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, fir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, fir; but it is very fine,

For every one purfents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, fir; under correction, fir; I hope,

it is not so: 55

¹ A metaphor taken from the pile of velvet. ² That is, without French words. ³ The Inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague. ⁴ Our author here puns upon the word *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law; or to offer a petition. ⁵ That is, You make no difficulty to forswear. ⁶ That is, a conspiracy. ⁷ That is, a buffoon, a merry Andrew. ⁸ In years signifies, into wrinkles. ⁹ i. e. First in will, and afterwards in error. ¹⁰ From the French *esquiers*, a rule or square. The sense is nearly equivalent to the proverbial expression, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. ¹¹ That is, You may say what you will.

You cannot beg us¹, fir, I can assure you, fir; we know what we know:

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir, —

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. Dy Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, fir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, fir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man; Pompon the great, fir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompon the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare. [some care.]

Cost. We will turn it finely off, fir, we will take

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. [Exit Costard.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

to have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come. [now;]

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you: that sport best pleases, that doth least know how;

where zeal strives to content, and the contents

are in the zeal of that which presents, where form confounded in most form in mirth;

then great things labouring, perish in their birth. [Exit Armado.]

Arm. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Prin. Anointed, I implore so much expence of royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. [Converses apart with the King.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey mouth: for, I protest, the school-master is exceed-

fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra.

With you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

Cost. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain,

Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Mac-

chabius.

If these four worthies in their first show thrive, these four will change habits, and present the other.

Biron. There is five in the first show. [five.]

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy: —

A bare throw at novum²; and the whole world again, Cannot prick out³ five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again. [Pageant of the Nine Worthies.]

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee⁴.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee. [Big.]

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, fir; — "Pompey surnam'd the great;

"That oft in field, with target and shield, did make my foe to sweat;

"And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

"And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." [done.]

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

"By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

"My'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right⁵.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:" —

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alifander.

Biron. Pompey the great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [fander.]

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alifander.

Cost. O, fir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror! [To Nath.] You will be scraped out

of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool⁶, will be given to A-jax⁷; he will then be the ninth worthy. A

conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alifander. [Exit Nath.] There, an't shall

please you! a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous

good neighbour in sooth; and a very good bowler:

¹ Meaning, we are not fools; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and for-

² One of the legal tests of a natural is to try whether he can number. ³ Novum was an old

word at dice. ⁴ A phrase still in use among gardeners. ⁵ This alludes to the old heroic habits,

on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's

on the head. ⁶ To relish this joke, the reader should recollect, that the head of Alexander was

usually placed on his shoulders. ⁷ Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old his-

⁸ A paltry pun upon *Ajazz* and a *jakes*.

but for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
"Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed

"canus;

"And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

"Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*;

"*Syoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

"*Ergo*, I come with this apology.—"

[*To Moth.*] Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Hol. "Judas I am," [Exit *Moth.*

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

"Judas I am, yeelped Macchabæus."

Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd

Hol. "Judas I am," [Judas?

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder. [elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern¹ head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring. [seen.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask².

Biron. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer; [tenance.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun-

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Layt. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And to adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Judas, away. [ble.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not hum-

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath
been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I
will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-

"Gave Hector a gift,—" [mighty,

Dum. A gilt putnegg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁴.

Dum. No, cloven. [the almighty,

Arm. Peace! "The armipotent Mars, of lances

"Gave Hector a gift, the heir of lions! [yes,

"A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight,

"From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

15 "I am that flower,—"

Dum. That mint

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; but it

20 runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;

sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried;

when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-

ward with my device; [*To the Prince*] sweet

royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-

lighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—"

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, thou

gone, she is two months on her way.

35 *Arm.* What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,

the poor wench is cast away; she's quick; the

child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamouize me among potes-

40 tates? thou shalt die.

Cost. 'Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaque-

netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pom-

pey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great

Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more

50 Ates; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in

belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern

man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword:—I pray

you, let me borrow my arms⁶ again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

60 *Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat.

¹ A cittern was a musical instrument of the lute kind.

² That is, a soldier's powder-horn.

³ A Trojan, in the time of Shakspeare, was a cant term for a thief.

⁴ An orange stuck with cloves appears to have been a common new-year's gift.

⁵ Ate was the heathen goddess who incited bloody

shed. ⁶ Meaning the weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

What mean

Arm. Gen

will not com

Dum. Yo

the challeng

Arm. Swe

Biron. Wh

Arm. The

I go woolwar

Boyet. Tru

for want of

wore none, I

that a' wears

Mer. God

Prin. Wel

But that thou

Mer. I am

is heavy in r

Prin. Dea

Mer. Ever

Biron. Wo

Arm. For

I have seen t

hole of discre

soldier.

King. How

Prin. Boye

King. Ma

Prin. Prep

For all your

Out of a new

In your rich

The liberal²

If over-bold

In the convey

Was guilty of

A heavy hea

Excuse me for

For my great

King. The

All causes to

And often, at

That which h

And though

Forbid the in

The holy suit

Yet, since lov

Let not the c

From what it

Is not by muc

As to rejoice

Prin. I und

Biron. Hon

And by thes

For your fair

Play'd foul pl

Hath much d

Even to the c

And what in

44 love is ful

¹ To go w

cloathed in w

excess. ² T

garment, and

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward¹ for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, for all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal² opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue; Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate; And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of And by these badges understand the king, [grief;— For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the oppos'd end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous. As love is full of unbecomming strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain; Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms, Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:
 Which party-coated presence of loose love, Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults, Suggested³ us to make: Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false, By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both, fair ladies, you; And even that fallhood, in itself a tin, Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love; Your favours, the ambassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast⁴ and as lining to the time: But more devout than this, in our respects, Have we not been; and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment. [than jest.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more

Long. So did our looks.

Ref. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour, Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short To make a world-without-end bargain in: No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much, Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this,— If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me: Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed To some forlorn and naked hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world; There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning: If this gallere infociable life Change not your offer made in heat of blood; If frosts, and falls, hard lodging, and thin weeds, Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love;

But that it bear this trial, and last love; Then, at the expiration of the year, Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts, And, by this virgin-palm, now kissing thine, I will be thine: and till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning-house; Raining the tears of lamentation, For the remembrance of my father's death. If this thou do deny, let our hands part; Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, To flatter⁵ up these powers of mine with rest, The sudden hand of death close up mine eye! Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ref. You must be purged too, your sins are rank; You are attaint with fault and perjury:

¹ To go woolward was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries, and means, that he was clothed in wool, and not in linen. ² Liberal here signifies, as has been remarked in other places, free to excess. ³ That is, tempted us. ⁴ Bombast was a stuff of loose texture, used formerly to swell the garment, and thence used to signify bulk, or shew without solidity. ⁵ That is, to soothe.

Therefore,

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Katb. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and ho-
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Katb. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Katb. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ref. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce¹ endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile. [death?]

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ref. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear² groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will
befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
leave. [To the King.]

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your
way. [play]

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a
And then 'twill end. [day]

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta
to hold the plough for her sweet love three year.
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the di-
alogue that the two learned men have compiled,
in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should
have follow'd in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so,

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the song.

This side is Hiems; winter. [owl]

This Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the
The other by the cuckow.

Ver, begin.

S O N G. S P R I N G.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

W I N T E R.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-who, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot³.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And rubbing drowns the parson's saw⁴,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-who, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[Exeunt omnes.]

¹ Fierce here means vehement, rapid. ² Dr. Johnson thinks, that dear should here, as in many other places, be dere, sad, odious. ³ i. e. Scum the pot. The word is yet used in Ireland. ⁴ i. e. his discourse.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
 EGESUS, Father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.
 DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
 PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Sports to Theseus.
 QUINCE, the Carpenter.
 SNUG, the Joiner.
 BOTTOM, the Weaver.
 FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
 SNOWT, the Tinker.
 STARVELING, the Taylor.
 HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
 HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
 PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
 PEASEBLOSSOM,
 COBWEB,
 MOTH,
 MUSTARD-SEED,
 Pyramus,
 Thisbe,
 Wall,
 Moonshine,
 Lyon,

Fairies.

Characters in the Interlude,
 performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Palace of Theseus in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with Attendants.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days
 bring in

another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 this old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
 in nights;

our nights will quickly dream away the time;
 and then the moon, like to a silver bow
 bent in heaven, shall behold the night
 of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,

and call up the Athenian youth to merriments;

make the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;

and bid melancholy forth to funerals,

that pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Phi.]

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
 with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint

10 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her:

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,

This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:

15 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love:

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy

20 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds¹, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

¹ i. e. baubles, toys.

Turn'd

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is.

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth¹, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new
moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander,
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spokethereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Theb. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and train.*]
Lys. How, now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? [well]
Her. Believe, for want of rain; which I could
Beteem² them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;

Brief as the lightning in the colli'd³ night,

That, in a spleen⁴, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:

So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our tryal patience,

Because it is a customary cross;

¹ i. e. consider your youth.

² i. e. give them.

³ i. e. black.

⁴ Meaning, in a sudden burst.

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Withes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
— In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [*Helena.*]

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves you fair¹: O happy fair! [*air*]
Four eyes are lodestars²; and your tongue's sweet
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour³ so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated⁴.
Teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my
— smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection
— move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault
— were mine!

[*face;* 55]
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
Lyfander and myself will fly this place.
— Before the time I did Lyfander see,
I lov'd Athens as a paradise to me:
— Then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phæbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

5 (A time that lover's flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels' swell'd;

10 There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewel, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

15 Keep word, Lyfander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

Exit Herm.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
20 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.

25 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpoise to form and dignity.

30 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguill'd.

35 As waggish boys themselves in game⁵ forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

40 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence;

45 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

50 *Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the tinker, and Starveling the taylor.*

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
— by man, according to the script⁶.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
60 in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on
his wedding-day at night.

¹ That is, your beauty, or your complexion. ² The lodestars are the leading or guiding-stars, that is, the
— lodestars. ³ Favour here means feature, countenance. ⁴ To translate here implies to change, to transform.
⁵ i. e. in sport, in jest. ⁶ i. e. the writing, or paper.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters, speak yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
“And shivering shocks,
“Shall break the locks
“Of prison-gates:
“And Phibbus’ ear
“Shall shine from far,
“And make and mar
“The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles’* vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condescending.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Fla. Here, Peter Quince:

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Fla. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Fla. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice:—

“Thine, Thine,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear: thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus’s father; myself, Thisby’s father;—Snug the joiner, you, the lion’s part.—And, I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am flow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchesses and the ladies, that they would shrink; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother’s son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove; I will roar you as gently as any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawney beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard², your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-crowns³ have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

Bot. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to come to them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog’d with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties⁴, such as our play wants: pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke’s oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings⁵.

[Exeunt.]

¹ To study a part, in the language of the theatre, is to get it by rote. ² This alludes to the custom of wearing coloured beards. ³ See note 2, p. 77. ⁴ See note 5, p. 68. ⁵ Dr. Warburton says, the proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their bow-strings were broke, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*Hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke.

A C T

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.

Puck. HOW now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs¹ upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob² of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, per-force, with-holds the loved boy, joy;
Crows him with flowers, and makes him all her
And now they never meet in grove or mead,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen³,
But they do square⁴; that all their elves, for fear,<
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there. [quite

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
Or else you are that throw'd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villag'ry;
Whilst milk; and sometimes labour in the quern⁵
And booties make the breathless huswife churn
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm⁶;
Milead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm;
Those that Habogoblin call you, and sweet Puck⁷
You do their work, and they shall have good luck;
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Ne'ghing in likeness of a silly seal:

And sometime lark I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

5 The wisest aunt⁸, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And taylor⁹ cries, and falls into a cough:
10 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose,
And waxen¹⁰ in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he
were gone!

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon, king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the queen at another with her's.

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?
Queen. Then I must be thy lady: But I know

25 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your barbin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? [night
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
From Perigune, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring¹¹,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
50 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting¹² river made so proud,

¹ This alludes to the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. ² Lob, lubber, loby, lobcock, all imply both indolence of body and dulness of mind. ³ i. e. shining. ⁴ To square here signifies to quarrel. ⁵ A quern is a hand-mill. ⁶ Barm is a name for yeast, still used in our midland counties. ⁷ Puck is said to have been an old Gothic word, signifying fiend or devil. ⁸ In Staffordshire the epithet of aunt is still applied indiscriminately to old women, and is there pronounced naunt. ⁹ This may perhaps allude to a custom of tying taylor at a sudden fall backwards, as a person who slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. ¹⁰ i. e. encrease. ¹¹ By the middle summer's spring, our author seems to mean the spring of middle or mid summer. ¹² i. e. despicable, mean.

That they have over-borne their continents¹.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murtain flock;
 The nine-men's morris² is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn, or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatick diseases do abound³:
 And, thorough this distemperature⁴, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
 The chiding⁵ autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increafe, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny⁶ of evils comes
 From our debate, from our diffention;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman⁷.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embark'd traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young)
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land, (squire)
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you
 stay? [day.]

Queen. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding—
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exit Queen and her train.]

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
 'Till I torment thee for this injury.— [grove.]
 My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free⁸.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,— [wound—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's] (wound—
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness⁹. [wound—
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit]

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the foul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will over-hear their conference.

[Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.]

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n unto this wood;
 And here am I, and wood¹⁰ within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

¹ Meaning their banks. ² Nine men's morris is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers
 &c. in the midland counties. ³ The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical
 account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published.
⁴ That is, perturbation. ⁵ That is, the pregnant. ⁶ That is, produce. ⁷ Page of honour. ⁸ That
 was intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth. ⁹ i. e. hearts-ease. ¹⁰ Wood here means
 wild, raving. In this sense it was formerly spelled wode.

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hd. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hd. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hd. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hd. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. *[Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Halt thou the slower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips¹ and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel², and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice³ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits⁴: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomet, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomet, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies. The Queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[Squeezes the flower on her eye-lids.]

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce⁵, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. *[Exit Oberon.]*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

¹ The greater cowslip. ² A roundel is a dance in a ring. ³ A rear-mouse is a bat. ⁴ Dr. Warburton reads quaint sports. ⁵ The ounce is a small tyger, or tyger-cat.

Her. Be it so, Lyfander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lyf. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily:—

Now much beset my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander ly'd.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lye further off; in human modesty

Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid:

So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lyf. Amen, amen, to that fair pray'r, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd!

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,

But Athenian found I none,

Oa whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping found,

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lye

Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe:

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

So awake, when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt

me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril: I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace².

Happy is Hermia, where'er she lies;

For she hath blest and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are finer wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,

For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?

But who is here? Lyfander? on the ground?

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:

Lyfander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will, for this sweet

sake.

[*Waking.*]

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,

I that through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what

though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery

born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do.

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,

Should, of another, therefore be abus'd!

Lyf. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep there

there;

And never may'st thou come Lyfander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most, of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

Her. [*Starting from sleep.*] Help me, Lyfander,

help me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear!

¹ *Beshrew* means the same as if she had said, "Now ill beset my manners, &c." ² i.e. My acceptance of absence. ³ i.e. What then? ⁴ Meaning, that he had more of the spirit of a gentleman.

Metthought, a
And you fat
Lyfander!
What, out of

Enter Quince,

The

AR

Pa

venient place

shall be our sta

house; and we

a before the d

Ed. Peter C

Q. in. What

Ed. There a

mes and Thif

Pyramus must

the ladies can

Sonnet. By'r l

Star. I believ

when all is don

Ed. Not a w

well. Write n

ogue seem to f

words; and t

nd, for the mo

Pyramus am

er: This will

Quin. Well,

and it shall be

Ed. No, mak

ight and eight.

Sonnet. Will n

Star. I fear it

Ed. Masters,

lives: to bring

duces, is a most

more fearful w

nd we ought to

Sonnet. Theref

is not a lion.

Ed. Nay, you

are must be fec

himself must spe

me defect,

th you, or, I u

eat you, not to

ours. If you t

ere pity of my

a man as oth

him name his

Saug the joiner

This adjurat

ans dangerous

Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no found, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak; an if you hear;
Speak, of all lovers'; I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bottom. ARE we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Snout. Peter Quince, —

Quince. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Py'r lakin², a parlous³ fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl; than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, it is not a lion.

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus; or to the same defect, — Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: — and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Duth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall: — What say you, Bottom?

Bottom. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake⁴; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,

so near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus: — Thisby, stand forth.

Py. "Thisby, the flower of odious favours sweet."

Quin. Odours, odours.

Py. " — odours favours sweet.

"So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear —

"But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit⁵

"And by and by I will to thee appear."

[Exit Pyramus.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[Aside.] [Exit.]

Thisby. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

¹ This adjuration is frequently used by the author. ² i. e. by our Ladykin, or little Lady. ³ Parlous means dangerous. ⁴ Brake anciently signified a thicket or luf. ⁵ i. e. a little while.

Thif. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white
" of hue,

"Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,
"Most briskly juvenal¹, and eke most lovely Jew,
"As true as truest horse, that yet would never
"tire,

"I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not
speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you
speak all your part at once, tues² and all.—Pyra-
mus enter; your tye is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom, with an ass's head.

Thif. "O—As true as truest horse, that yet
"would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair, Thifby, I were only thine."

Quin. O monstrous! O strange? we are haunted!
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clovins.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a
round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hotind, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snobish.

Snobish. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do
I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of
your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art
translated.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass
of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will
not stir from this place, do what they can: I will
walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they
shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

The ouzel-cock⁴, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The thrush⁵ with his note so true,

The wren with little quill:

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery
bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bottom sings.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he
cry cuckoo, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little
reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason
and love keep little company together now-a-days:
The more the pity, that some honest neighbours
will not make them friends. Nay, I can glean,
upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough
to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

Enter four fairies.

1 Fair. Ready.

2 Fair. And I.

3 Fair. And I.

4 Fair. And I: Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies,

1 Fair. Hail, mortal, hail!

2 Fair. Hail!

3 Fair. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—

befeech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,

good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall

make bold with you.—Your name, honest gen-

tleman?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress

Squash⁷ your mother, and to master Peasecod, your

father. Good master Pease-blossom, I shall desire

you of more acquaintance too.—Your name,

befeech you, sir?

Muf. Mustard-seed,

¹ i. e. young man. ² A cue, in the language of the stage, is the last words of the preceding speech
and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. ³ i. e. afraid. ⁴ The ouzel cock is generally under-
stood to be the cock blackbird. ⁵ The thrush is the thrush. ⁶ i. e. deceive, or beguile. ⁷ A squash
an unripe peasecod.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience¹ well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule² now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her clove and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches³, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:

When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;

Anon, his Thisby must be answered, [spy, 35]
And forth my minnock⁵ comes: When they him
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort⁶,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to pass)

Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd⁷ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The fun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so d'splease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look: and so
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!⁸
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd⁹
mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow;
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

¹ By *patience* is meant, standing still in a mustard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant. ² Meaning, what frolick of the night? ³ i. e. low, paltry fellows. ⁴ i. e. a dead. ⁵ *Minnekin*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt; it is more probable that Shakspeare wrote *mimick* or *player*. ⁶ i. e. company. ⁷ i. e. *clasp'd*. To *latch* the door, in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, is, to shut the door. ⁸ *Touch*, in our author's time, was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*. ⁹ i. e. *mistaken*.

Of thy misprision¹ must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick² she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;

That must needs be sport alone:

And those things do best please me,

That befall preposterously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's! Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me; put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

'That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss

'This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls³, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! None, of nobler sort⁴,

Would so offend a virgin; and extort⁵

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lyf. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but as guest-wife sojourn'd;

And now to Helen it is home return'd,

There to remain.

Lyf. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Left, to thy peril, thou aby⁶ it dear.—

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function

The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [takes,

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompence:—

Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press

to go?

Her. What love could press Lyfander from my

side?

Lyf. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night

'Than all yon fiery o's⁷, and eyes of light. [know,

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee

30 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

55 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

60 When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us—O, and is all forgot?

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence!

¹ That is, mistake. ² i. e. all love-sick. ³ That is, join heartily. ⁴ Sort is here used for degree of quality. ⁵ i. e. Harrafs, or torment. ⁶ See note 4, page 188. ⁷ Shakespeare sometimes uses O for a circle; here he means the stars.

We, Hermia

Have with

Both on or

Both warb

As if our h

Had been

Like to a d

But yet a l

Two lovely

So, with sw

Two of the

Due but to

And will yo

To join wit

It is not frie

Our sex, as

Though I al

Her. I an

I scorn you

Hel. Hav

To follow n

And made y

(Who even

To call me

Precious, ce

To her he h

Deny your l

And tender

But by your

What thoug

So hung upo

But miserabl

This you sho

Her. I unc

Hel. Ay, d

Make mouth

Wink at each

This sport, w

If you have

You would n

But, fare ye

Which death,

Lyf. Stay,

My love, my

Hel. O exce

Her. Sweet

Dem. If she

Lyf. Thou c

Thy threats h

Helen, I love

I swear by th

To prove him

Dem. I say,

Lyf. If thou

Dem. Quick

Her. Lyfan

Lyf. Away,

Dem. No, no

Seem to break

But yet come

Lyf. Hang o

let lo

⁸ Meaning,

Shakespeare h

the middle.

We, Hermia, like two artificial¹ gods,
Have with our needls² created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our antient love afunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lyfander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyfander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronick'd.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument³.
But, fare ye well; 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lyf. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyf. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do; [prayers.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyf. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, fir, he'll

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;

But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lyf. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love? [is this,

Lyf. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lyf. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,

10 A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead?

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than

hate?

15 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my

love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyfander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [me:

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left

20 Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

I therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

25 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! oh, you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

30 Hel. Fine, if faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

35 Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game,

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statues; she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

40 And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

45 Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,

50 Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia;

55 Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood:

He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

60 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

¹ Meaning, ingenious, artful. ² That is, needles. ³ Meaning, such a subject of light merriment.
Shakespeare here alludes to the worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle.

And follow you no further : Let me go :

You see how simple and how fond¹ I am. [you ?]

Her. Why, get you gone : Who is't that hinders

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyfander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, Helena

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd ;
She was a vixen, when she went to school ;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus², of blud'ring knot-grafs made³ ;
You bead, you acorn.

D m. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone : speak not of Helena ;
Take not her part : for if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby⁴ it.

Lyf. Now she holds me not ;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jowl. [*Ex. Lyfander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exeunt ; Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

Ob. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eye :

And so far am I glad it did so fort⁵,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
Hie therefore, Rousin, overcast the night ;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;

And lead these teasy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lyfander sometime fraime thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;

And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius ;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :

Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye ;

Whose liquor hath this virtuous⁶ property,

To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted light.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;

5 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;

And then I will her charmed eye release

10 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste ;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ; [there,

15 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone :

For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

20 They wilfully themselves exile from light,

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :

I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

25 Even till the eastern-gate, all fiery red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :

We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

30 *Puck.* Up and down, up and down ;

I will lead them up and down :

I am fear'd in field and town ;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

35 *Enter Lyfander.*

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak

thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where

art thou ?

40 *Lyf.* I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*]

Enter Demetrius.

45 *Dem.* Lyfander ! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?

Speak. In some bush ? where dost thou hide thy

head ? [stars,

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the

50 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou

child ;

I'll wh'p thee with a rod : He is desil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

55 *Dem.* Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood

here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lyfander.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;

60 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

¹ That is, foolish. ² i. e. you diminutive of the creation, you reptile. ³ Knot-grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. ⁴ To aby is to pay dear for, to suffer. ⁵ i. e. to happen. ⁶ i. e. salutiferous.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
 follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
 [Lies down. 5
 for if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
 Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.
 Puck. Ho, ho, ho! coward, why comest thou not?
 Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot,
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
 Where art thou?
 Puck. Come hither; I am here.
 Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
 buy this dear,
 ever I thy face by day-light see:
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
 My day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down. 20
 Enter Helena.
 Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
 Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the
 east;
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,
 From these that my poor company detest:—
 And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
 Deal me a while from mine own company.
 [Sleeps. 30
 Puck. Yet but three? come one more;
 Two of both kinds make up four,

Here she comes, curst, and sad:
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.
 Enter Hermia.
 Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
 I can no further crawl, no further go;
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
 Heavens shield Lyfander, if they mean a fray!
 [Lies Down.
 Puck. On the ground
 Sleep found:
 I'll apply
 To your eye,
 Gentle lover, remedy.
 [Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye,
 When thou wak'st,
 Thou tak'st
 True delight
 In the sight
 Of thy former lady's eye:
 And the country proverb known,
 That every man should take his own,
 In your waking shall be shown:
 Jack shall have Jill;
 Nought shall go ill;
 The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
 well. [Exit Puck. [They sleep.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
 and the King behind them.

QUEEN. COME, sit thee down upon this flowery
 bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
 Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?
 Pease. Ready.
 Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's
 Monsieur Cobweb?
 Cob. Ready.
 Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get
 your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd
 ramble-bee on the top of a chiftle; and, good mon-
 sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your-
 self too much in the action, monsieur; and, good
 monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;
 I should be loth to have you over-flown with a

honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-
 seed?
 Must. Ready.
 Bot. Give me your neif², monsieur Mustard-seed.
 Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.
 Must. What's your will?
 Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava-
 lero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
 monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy
 about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my
 hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.
 Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my
 sweet love?
 Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick:
 let us have the tongs and the bones³.
 Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
 to eat.
 Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch
 your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great de-
 sire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath
 no fellow.
 Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
 The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

¹ To coy is to sooth, to stroke. ² i. e. fist.

³ Meaning, the old rural musick of the tongs and

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.¹ So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist,—the female ivy so Earrings the barks fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet fight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of the Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen;
— Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's

Ob. Sound, musick. *[Still musick.]* Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. *[Exeunt.]*

[Wind horns within.]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—

For now our observation is perform'd²:

And since we have the vaward⁴ of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding⁵; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. *[Kind.]*

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
So flew⁶, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: *[are they?]*
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here allcapp;
And this, Lyfander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:

I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—

But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lyfander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine's
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? *[Puck.]*

¹ That is, disperse yourselves. ² i. e. grave or sober. ³ Meaning, the honours due to the marriage of May. ⁴ Vaward is an obsolete word signifying the fore-part. ⁵ Chiding means sound. ⁶ Flew so mouthed. Flews are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theseus.*
The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— [trius,
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helena told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy¹ following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd²,

Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Was only Helena. To her, my lord,
As I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—
Demetrius, I will over-bear your will;

For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Way with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolita. *Exe. Theseus, Hippolita, and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish'd
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [*able,*
Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Fine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake?—It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*him;*
[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*—

Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-
mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my
life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had

a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the
wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but
an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Me-

thought I was—there is no man can tell what.
Methought I was, and methought I had,—But
man is but a patch'd fool³, if he will offer to say

what methought I had. The eye of man hath not
heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand
is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
heart to report, what my dream was. I will get

Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it
shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no
bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a
play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it

the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death⁴. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Athens. Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd;
It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in
all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is
a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is,
God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
more married: if our sport ha⁵ gone forward, we
had all been made men⁵.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have
'scaped six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given
him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-
day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O
most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true

¹ Fancy here means love or affection.

² See the note in p. 175.

³ i. e. a fool in a parti-coloured

⁴ This should have been after death, i. e. after having died as Pyramus he would come again
singing the song.

⁵ Meaning, we had all made our fortunes.

Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short

and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, Philostrate, Lords, &c.

Hip. 'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of. [lieve

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatick, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact¹: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, [heaven; Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination; That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy²: But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper, and bed time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus. [evening]

The. Say, what abridgment³ have you for this? What mask? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief⁴, how many sports are ripe; Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. reads.] "The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung

"By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that: that I have told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, "Tearing the Thracian finger in their rage." That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death "Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary." That is some satire, keen, and critical⁵, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus "And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth." Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostr. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play; But by ten words, my lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted. And tragical, my noble lord it is; For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it? [here]

Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens, Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now; And now have toil'd their unbreath'd⁶ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

¹ i. e. made up. ² i. e. consistency.

formance. ⁴ i. e. a short account.

memories.

³ By abridgment Shakspeare here means a dramatick performance. ⁵ Meaning, criticizing, censuring.

⁶ That is, unexercis'd.

Philosf. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents¹,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philosf.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might², not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of fawcy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

[*Enter Philostrate.*]

Philosf. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd³.

The. Let him approach. [Flour Trumps]

[*Enter the Prologue.*]

Pro. " If we offend, it is with our good will.

" That you should think, we come not to offend

But with good-will. To shew our simple skill

" That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

" We do not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

" We are not here. That you should here re-

pent you,

The actors are at hand ; and by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lesf. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt :

He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord :

It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue

Like a child on a recorder⁴ : a found, but not in

government⁵.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain : no-

thing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next ?

[*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.*]

Pro. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

" This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers

sunder :

" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are

content

" To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

" This man with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

" Presenteth moon-shine : for, if you will know,

" By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn,

" To meet at Minus' tomb, there, there to woo.

" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

" The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

" Did scarce away, or rather did affright :

" And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;

" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :

" Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

" And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain :

" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;

" And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,

" His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

" At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when

many asses do.

Wall. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,

" That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :

" And such a wall, as I would have you think,

" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

" Did whisper often very secretly. [*" Shew*

" This lome, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth

" That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :

" And this the cranny is ; right and sinister,

" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak

better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard

discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

[*Enter Pyramus.*]

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue

" so black !

" O night, which ever art, when day is not !

" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

" I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot !—

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

" That stand'st between her father's ground and

" mine :

" Thou wall, O vail, O sweet and lovely wall,

" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine

" eyne.

¹ Intents here means the object of their attention. ² In might, is probably an elliptical expression for what might have been. ³ i. e. ready. ⁴ A kind of flute. ⁵ Meaning, not regularly.

" Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well
" for this !

" But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

" O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;
" Canst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiv-*
ing me, is *Thisby's* cue ; she is to enter now, and I
am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it
will fall pat as I told you : Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

Thisb. " O wall, full often hast thou heard my
" moans,

" For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

" My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. " I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

" To spy an I can hear my *Thisby's* face.

" *Thisby* !

Thisb. " My love ! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
" grace ;

" And like *Limander* am I trusty still."

Thisb. " And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. " Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true."

Thisb. " As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you."

Pyr. " O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
" wall."

Thisb. " I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. " Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me
" straightway ?"

Thisb. " Tide life, tide death, I come without
" delay." [so]

Wall. " Thus have I, wall, my part discharged
" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wiful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows :
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. " You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts
" do fear

" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on

" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
" here,

" When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

" Then know, that I, as *Snug* the joiner, am

" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

" For if I should as lion come in strife

" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lyf. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot
carry his discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is
well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to
the moon.

Moon. " This lanthorn doth the horned moon
" present ;"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invi-
sible within the circumference.

Moon. " 'Tis the lanthorn doth the horned moon
" present ;

" Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest : the
man should be put into the lanthorn ; How is it
else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle :
for, you see, it is already in snuff¹.

Hip. I am a-weary of this moon. Would, he
would change !

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

Lyf. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that
the lanthorn is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ;
this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my
dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the lanthorn ;
for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here
comes *Thisbe*.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisb. " This is old *Ninny's* tomb : Where is my
" love ?"

Lion. " Oh—" *The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, *Thisbe*.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lyf. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
" beams :

" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

" I trust to taste of truest *Thisby's* sight.

" But stay ;—O sight !

" But mark ;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here ?

" Eyes, do you see ?

" How can it be ?

" O dainty duck ! O dear !

¹ *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger.

"Thy mantle good,
"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

"O fates! come, come;

"Cut thread and thrum¹;

"Quail, crush, conclude and quell²!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Bethrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
"frame?

"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,

"with cheer.

"Come tears, confound;

"Out sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies. Exit Moonshine.]

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but
one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he
is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet
recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, before
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—

Enter Thisbe.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one,
for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Py-
ramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet
eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*,—

Thisbe. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lilly brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have thore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the
dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that
parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the
epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance³, between
two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the
players are all dead, there needs none to be
blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd
Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it
would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly;
and very notably discharged. But come, your ber-
gomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a Dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;—

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-grofs play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait⁴ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf beholds the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone⁵.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolick; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

¹ *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn.

² To *quell* is to murder, to destroy. ³ That is, a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasko*, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians. ⁴ i. e. *Passage, progress*. ⁵ i. e. Over-

I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire :
Every elf, and fairy spite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in-hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG and DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious¹, such as are

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate² ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace :
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;

Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.]

¹ i. e. portentous.

² i. e. take his way.

M E I

DUKE of Venice.
PRINCE of Morocco.
PRINCE of Arragon.
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
SALARINO,
SALARINO,
GRATIANO,
LORENZO, in love with Juliet.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew.

S

Enter Antonio

Ant. IN sooth, it wearies me. But how I caught you, what stuff 'tis made of, I am to learn : And such a want of knowledge that I have much to know. *Sal.* Your mind is there, where you are. Like signiors and merchants, or as it were the Do over-peer the That curtsy to the As they fly by the *Sal.* Believe me, The better part of my hope is plucking the grapes, trying in maps, and every object of misfortune to me Would make me

MERCHANT

¹ Ships, so named for their sails, to give

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
PRINCE of Morocco.
PRINCE of Arragon.
ANTHONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew.

LAUNCELOT, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.
GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, }
STEPHANO, } Servants to Portia.

PORTIA, an Heiress.
NERISSA, Waiting-maid to Portia.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

ANT. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SAL. Your mind is tossing on the ocean:
There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SAL. Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Trying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

SAL. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew² dock'd in sand,
Vailing³ her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

SAL. Why then you are in love?

ANT. Fie, fie!

¹ Ships, so named from Ragusa.
² Frigate sail, to give sign of submission.

³ The name of the ship.

³ To vail, means to put off the bat,

Sala.

Sala. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: fare you well; [kiss him].
We leave you now with Letter company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisure to attend on yours.

[Exit Sal. and Sala.]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Anthonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:¹
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, [tongue]
If they should speak, would almost damn their
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools']
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.²

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner.
I must be one of these same dumb wife men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for the
gear.

Gra. Thanks, if faith; for silence is only com-
in a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not venial.

Anth. Is that any thing now?
Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice: His readiness
is as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of
chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them,
and when you have them, they are not worth
the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the lady
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something thence a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost
shot his fellow of the self same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,

That which I owe
To moot another
Which you did
As I will watch
Or bring your lat
And the n'stully r
Anth. You know
To wind about m
And, out of doubt
In making questio
Than if you had
Then do but say
That in your know
And am I prest
Bass. In Belmont
And the is fair, an
Of wondrous virt
did receive fair
Her name is Porti
To Cato's daughte
For is the wide wo
For the four winds
Renowned suitors
hang on her temp
Which makes her
And many Jafons
my Anthonio, ha
To hold a rival pl
Have a mind pref
That I should quest
Anth. Thou know
For have I money,
To raise a present
Try what my credi
That shall be rack'd
To furnish thee to
So, presently enqui
There money is;
To have it of my t
S C
A Room in I
Enter
Por. By my troth
ary of this great
Nor. You would
his were in the f
rtunes are: And
th, that surfeit wit
nothing: It is
be seated in the m
white hairs, but
Por. Good senten
Nor. They would
Por. If to do, w
are good to do, ch
For men's cottages,
mine, that follows
her teach twenty
can be one of the
thing. The brain
That is, ready t
laughter.

¹ This alludes to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. ² Our author's meaning is, that some people are thought wise who they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers do not help calling them fools, and so incur the judgment denounced in the gospel. ³ The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who were generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the conclusion, till after dinner.

That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thus fully rest debtor for the first. [time.]

Ant. You know me well ; and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And am I prest¹ unto it : therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Whose virtuous virtues : sometimes² from her eyes
Did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

For is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many Jafons come in quest of her.
My Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind prelates me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
Sea ; nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Portia's House at Belmont.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a
Tear of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mi-
nies were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are : And yet, for aught I see, they are as
lean, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore,
To be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner
With white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.
Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good
thing, that follows his own instructions. I can
teach twenty what were good to be done,
but can be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the

blood ; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree :
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this rea-
soning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband :
—O me, the word chuse ! I may neither chuse
whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is
the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of
a dead father :—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I can-
not chuse one, nor refuse none ?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations ; there-
fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these
three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof
who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no
doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one
who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is
there in your affection towards any of these princely
suitors that are already come ?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them ; and, as thou
nam'st them, I will describe them ; and, accord-
ing to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt³, indeed, for he doth no-
thing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great
appropriation to his own good parts, that he can
shoe him himself : I am much afraid my lady his
mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as, who should
say, *An if you will not have me, chuse* : he hears
merry tales, and smiles not : I fear, he will prove
the weeping philosopher when he grows old, be-
ing so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I
had rather be married to a death's-head with a
bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God
defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur
Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mocker ; But, he ! why, he hath a horse better
than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frown-
ing than the Count Palatine : he is every man in no
man : if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering ;
he will fence with his own shadow : if I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : If he
would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he
love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the
young baron of England ?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him ; for he
understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come
into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-
worth in the English. He is a proper man's pic-
ture ; But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb
show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think, he
bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour
every-where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour ?

That is, ready to do it. ² Sometimes here means formerly. ³ i. e. a thoughtless, giddy, gay
laughter.

Por.

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other fort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A publick Place in Venice.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Sby. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Sby. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Sby. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Sby. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Sby. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Sby. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may.

Sby. I will be assur'd, I may; and, that I may be I will bethink me: May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Sby. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarene conjur'd the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Sby. *[Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip¹, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Curfed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Sby. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guesses of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft; How many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Anthonio.] Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

¹ This is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers.

I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see, — But
hear you;

My thoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings¹, which were streak'd, and
py'd,

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind²,

He stuck them up before the fulsome³ ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. [for;
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio.
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
Three months from twelve, then let me see the

rate. [you?
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances⁴:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine⁵,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have monies;" You say so:

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
"A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this,—"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
"day last;

"You spurn'd me such a day; another time
"You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies

"I'll lend you thus much monies"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal⁶ of his friend?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face

Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doer
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;

This is kind I offer.
Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,

And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.
Des. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,

I'll rather dwell⁷ in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:

Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return

Of thrice three times the value of the bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;

If he should break this day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond,
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;

¹ i. e. lambs just dropt. ² i. e. of nature. ³ Meaning, lascivious, obscene. ⁴ Use and usance were both words formerly employed for usury. ⁵ A gaberdine means a coarse frock. ⁶ That is, interest money bred from the principal. ⁷ To dwell, here seems to mean the same as to continue.

See to my house, left in the fearful guard¹
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. 5

[Exit.]

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay.
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Belmont.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flourish Cornets.

Mor. MISLIKE me not for my complexion.
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd² the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse,—if you chuse wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward

15 In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

20 *Mor.* Good fortune then! [Cornet.]
To make me blest, or curst³ 'st among men. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo,
30 "Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gob-
"bo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs,
"take the start, run away."—My conscience
says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take
"heed, honest Gobbo; or," as afore said, "honest
35 "Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running
"with thy heels." Well, the most courageous
fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend;
"away!" says the fiend, "for the heavens!"
"rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and
40 "run." Well, my conscience hanging about the
neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"
"honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's
"son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for,
indeed, my father did something smack, something
grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my con-
45 "science says,—"Launcelot, budge not." "Budge,"
says the fiend. "Budge not," says my con-
science.—Conscience, say I, you counsel well. Fiend,
say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my con-
science, I should stay with the Jew my master,
50 who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and,
to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by
the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil
himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil in
carnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience
55 is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel
me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the
more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my
heels are at your commandment, I will run,

60 *Enter old Gobbo, his father, with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's?

¹ Fearful guard means a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. * * i. e. hath made the valiant afraid.

Laun. [Aside.]
ten father! w
high-gravel bli
clusions¹ with
Gob. Master,

which is the w
Laun. Turn
turning, but, a
left; marry, at
hand, but turn

Gob. By God
lit. Can you
dwell within

Laun. Talk
Mark me now
ters:—Talk yo

Gob. No ma
fisher, though
man, and, God

Laun. Well,
talk of young n
Gob. Your w

Laun. But I
beseech you;
elot?

Gob. Of Lau
Laun. Ergo,
ter Launcelot,

(according to fa
ings, the filters
ing) is, indeed,

in plain terms,
Gob. Marry,
staff of my age

Laun. Do I h
a staff, or a pr
Gob. Alack t

gentleman: bu
(God rest his so
Laun. Do yo

Gob. Alack,
not.

Laun. Nay, i
might fall of th
that knows his

tell you news o
truth will com
lung, a man's se
out.

Gob. Pray yo
not Launcelot,

Laun. Pray y
it, but give me
your boy that w
shall be.

Gob. I cannot
Laun. I know

but I am Lau
sure, Margery,
Gob. Her na

sworn, if thou b
and blood. Lo

¹ That is, I v

Laun. [aside.] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions¹ with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now, *[aside.]* now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir. *Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an' please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cridgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what

a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse² has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest 'till I have run some ground: My master's a very Jew; give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hastid, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:——

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's service to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted be-

¹ That is, I will try experiments with him.

² Thill, or fill, means the shafts of a cart or waggon.

tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out:—give him a livery

[To his followers.]
More guarded¹ than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, *[looking on his palm]* if any man in Italy have a fairer table², which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed³;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; bid thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. *[Exit Leonardo.]*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults: But where thou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal⁴;—pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty⁵ thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁵ To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. *[me]*

Gra. Nay, but I bar to night; you shall not gage By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper-time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so; Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness: But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee. And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly, And so farewell; I would not have my father See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

Jess. Farewel, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be aham'd to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife; Become a christian, and thy loving wife. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerio, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will tinkle away in supper-time; Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salerio. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;

And better, in my mind, not undertook. *[hours]*

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two To furnish us:—

Enter Launcelot with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this⁶, It shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither guest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

¹ That is, more ornamented. ² The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. ³ A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying. ⁴ That is, too gross, licentious. ⁵ That is, grave appearance. ⁶ To break up was a term in carving.

Lor. Hold him
I will not fail him
Gentlemen,
Will you prepare
I am provided
Sal. Ay, mar
Salerio. And so
Lor. Meet me
At Gratiano's lodg
Salerio. 'Tis good
Gra. Was not
Lor. I must
recede

How I must take
What gold, and
What page's suit
If e'er the Jew
It will be for his
And never dare
Unless she do it
That she is issue
Come, go with
Fair Jessica shall

S

Enter
Sly. Well, th
judge,
The difference o
What, Jessica!
As thou hast don
And sleep and si
Why, Jessica, I f
Laun. Why, J
Sly. Who bid
Laun. Your w
could do nothing

Jess. Call you
Sly. I am bid
There are my ke
I am not bid for
But yet I'll go in
The prodigal Ch
Look to my hous
There is some ill
for I did dream
Laun. I beseech
with expect your
Sly. So do
Laun. And th
will not say, yo
so, then it was
bleeding on Bl
the morning,
today was four
Sly. What! a
Jessica
lock up my door

¹ Black-Monday
having lost a p
dark and misty.

La

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her ;—Speak it privately ; go.—

Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this mask to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Ex. Laun.*]

Sol. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sol. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exe. Sala. and Salan.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all : she hath directed,

How I must take her from her father's house ;

What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

He will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest ;

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend' apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jf. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;

There are my keys :—But wherfore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shylock. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I

will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you

do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell

bleeding on Black-Monday last¹, at six o'clock

the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-

nesday was four in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me,

Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :

But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements ;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah :

Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's off-spring, ha ?

Jf. His words were, Farewel, mistress ; no-

thing else. [*Re-enter Laun.*]

Shy. The patch² is kind enough ; but a huge

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me :

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;

Do, as I bid you.

Shut the doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jf. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio, in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which *Loren-*

renzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwell's his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

Where is the horse, that doth untread again

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first ? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !

How like a prodigal doth she return ;

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,

Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter Lorenzo.

Sol. Here comes Lorenzo :—more of this here-

after. [*Abode ;*]

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

¹ Black-Monday, according to Stowe, means *Easter-Monday*, and was so called from Edward III. having lost a part of his army, then besieging Paris, by cold on that day, which was also remarkably dark and misty. ² i. e. the fool.

I'll watch as long for you then—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew: Ho! who's within?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jef. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jef. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses
that thou art. [pains.]

Jef. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jef. What, must I hold a candle to my shame?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once:
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jef. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight

[Exit from above]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle¹, and no Jew.

Lor. Bestrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wife, if I can judge of her:
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wife, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us fly.

[Exit with Jessica, &c.]

Enter Antonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
To masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

SCENE VII.

Belmont.

*Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both
their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice. [beaps:]

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire

The second, silver, which this promise carries:—

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:—

5 "Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath."

How shall I know if do chuse the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

10 *Mor.* Some god direct my judgment: Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath." [lead]

15 Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard ought for lead.

20 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

25 I thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady;

30 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But, more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

35 Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

40 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

45 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damna-

tion,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross

50 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,

Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

55 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel

Stamped in gold; but that's inculp'd² upon:

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;

Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may! [thet.]

60 *Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form be
Then I am yours.

[Unlocking the golden casket]

¹ Our author here quibbles upon *Gentile*, which signifies one that is well born, as well as a gentleman.

² i. e. engraved upon.

Mor. O hell : what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been in fold'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains,
go :—
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Venice.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :

Besides, Anthonio certifi'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Hid with a Christian ?—O my Christian ducats !—
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !

I foisted him, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl !
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd :
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me ;
And with'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sala. You were best to tel Anthonio what you hear ;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part :

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return ; he answer'd,—Do not so,

² Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :

Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair objects of love
As shall conveniently become you there :
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Belmont.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, [straight ;
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train ; Portia, with hers. Flourish
of cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial-rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me : Fortune now
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath :

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire,—That many may be meant

Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure house ;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;

And well said too : For who shall go about

¹ That is, conversed.
perhaps, your loving mind.

² To slubber is to do any thing carelessly, or imperfectly.

³ Meaning,

⁴ i. e. prepared me.

⁵ i. e. the power.

To

To crozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [there.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of oppos'd natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss:
Some there be, that flouders kiss;
Such have but a flouders' bliss;
There be fools alive, I wot,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth².

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the meth.
O these deliberate fools, when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate,
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

35

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sala. NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd
that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they
call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,
where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as
they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman
of her word.

Sala. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapt⁴ ginger, or made her neighbours be-
lieve she wept for the death of a third husband: But
it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing
the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antho-
nio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a title
good enough to keep his name company!—

Sal. Come the full stop.

Sala. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end
he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!
Sala. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross
thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a
Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the
taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sala. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was sledge; and then it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

¹ That is, I know.

² i. e. my misfortune.

³ i. e. salutations.

⁴ To knap is to break fast.

Sola. Our
these years

Shy. I f
Sol. The

and her's, t
tween your

and Rhenish
Anthonio h

Shy. Ther
rupt, a pro

on the Rial
smug upon t

he was woun
his bond: I

Christian cou
Sol. Why,

not take his
Shy. To b

chie, it will f
and hinder'd

losses, mock'
thwarted my

mine enem
Jew: Hath n

organs, dimer
with the fam

subject to th
means, warm

summer, as a
we not bleed

if you poison
us, shall we

the rest, we
wrong a Chris

If a Christian
fence be by

The villainy,
it shall go har

Serv. Gentle
house, and de

Sol. We hav

Sala. Here c
cannot be mat

Jew.

Shy. How no
hath thou found

Tal. I often
cannot find her

Shy. Why, th
gone, cost me

the curse never
never felt it 't

that, and other
my daughter we

in her ear! 'w
and the ducats

Why, so:—and
search: Why, t

with so much, a
no satisfaction, n

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Sly. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sa. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea, or no?

Sly. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sa. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Sly. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suff'rance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sa. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sa. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Sal. and Sala.]

Sly. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Sly. Why, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our bet on 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring,

but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Sly. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Sly. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Sly. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news: ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Sly. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Sly. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sly. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Sly. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn; So will I never be: so you may miss me: But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Pat bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I!
I speak too long; but 'tis to prize¹ the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice:
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence², but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song, which Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:*

Let us all ring fancy's knell.

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. [*Self.*]
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stains of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped⁴ snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled⁵ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than cloquence,
And here I chuse I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embred⁶ despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit! [Opening the leaden casket.]

Bass. What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit⁷? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a barr
Should funder such sweet friends: Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made out,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave himself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

¹ The author of the REVISAL of *Shakespeare's* text assigns the following meaning to this difficult passage:—"If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." ² To prize comes from *peser*, Fr. which signifies to regard. ³ Meaning, with no less dignity of mien. ⁴ i. e. curled. ⁵ i. e. the treacherous shore. ⁶ Counterfeit here means a likeness or resemblance.

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll:—Fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Per. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesion'd girl, unfeign'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted; but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it preface the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express, and not express: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

10 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission²

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the casket there;

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:

15 For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune

20 Atchiev'd her mistress.

Per. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [marriage.]

25 *Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a

thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and

30 stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;

35 If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,

I bid my very friends, and countrymen,

Sweet Portia, welcome.

Per. So do I, my lord;

40 They are entirely welcome. [lord,

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my

My purpose was not to have seen you here;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,

He did intreat me, past all saying nay,

45 To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,

And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio

Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

50 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind!

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Will shew you his estate. [come.]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer your stranger; bid her wel-

55 Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?

I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece. [lost!]

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that he hath

60 *Per.* There are some shrewd contents in yon fame

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek: [paper,

Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

¹ That is, blended. ² Intermission here means pause, delay.

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio. Not one, my lord.

Pesides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. [swear]
Jess. When I was with him, I have heard him
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Portia. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [reads.] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
"all miscarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my
"estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is for-
"feit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I
"should live, all debts are cleared between you
"and me, if I might but see you at my death:
"notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love
"do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, 'till I come again,
No bid shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interpos'd 'twixt us twain. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Salerio, Antonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of
mercy:

For he is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

Gaoler. Look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock. [bond;]

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:

I thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

I the duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

I thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond¹

To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool²,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To christian intercessors. Fellow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [Exit Shylock.]

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur,

That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me,

Therefore he hates me.

Salerio. I am sure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law;

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,

Will much impeach the justice of the state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go:

These griefs and losses have so bated me,

¹ i. e. so foolish. ² Meaning, melancholy fool.

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

SCENE IV.

Belmont.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and
Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house.
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
Fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And let thou all the endeavour of a man,

In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario; [thee
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed,
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Laltb. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.]

10 Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet not know of: we see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

15 Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
20 And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
25 Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
30 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. First what a question's that,

35 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
45 fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always
plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation
of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for,
truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one
hope in it that can do you any good; and that is
50 but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

55 Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited
upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
60 your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:
well, you are gone both ways.

* For the sense of the word *de* in this place, see note 4, p. 77.

Jef. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jef. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jef. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion; wilt

thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table; sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humorous and conceit shall govern.

[Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words: And I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jef. Past all expressing: it is very meet,

The lord Bassanio live an upright life;

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:

And, if on earth he do not mean it, it

Is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath no her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband

Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jef. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jef. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a

stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jef. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Senate-house in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke. WHAT is Anthonio here?

Antb. Ready, so please your grace. [Enter]

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Un capable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Antb. I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach¹, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go on, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,

Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:

And where² thou now exact'st the penalty,

(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh)

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal;

¹ Envy in this place means hatred or malice.

² Where for wherefore.

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to prefs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From braffy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose;

Sly. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipes sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: For affections,
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now for your an-
swer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
He, a woollen² bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [swers.

Sly. I am not bound to please thee with my an-
Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Sly. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Sly. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting
thee twice? [Jew:

Anth. I pray you, think you question³ with the
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveyency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Sly. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
none? [wrong?

Sly. What judgment shall I dread, doing so

5 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

10 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

15 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man?
courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

30 Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

35 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.
Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your
grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Sly. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there. [Jew,

Gra. Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,

45 No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy⁴. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Sly. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

50 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy curish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

55 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous. [bond,

Sly. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

60 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

¹ Say, i. e. if or suppose it is my humour.

² To question is to converse.

³ i. e. butted.

⁴ Perhaps we should read a swelling or swollen bagpipe.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court :—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four
of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

"Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar : I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turn'd o'er many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Enter Portia, dress'd like a doctor of laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes ;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Port. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

Port. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Port. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Port. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Port. Do you confess the bond ?

Anth. I do.

Port. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Port. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice : Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Port. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

Port. If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth². And I beseech you

Wrest once the law to your authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong ;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Port. It must not be ; there is no power in us
Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state : it can not be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Port. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Port. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Port. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereto you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Port. Why then, thus it is,

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Port. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wife and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Port. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

¹ i. e. oppose you.

² Meaning, that malice oppresses honesty.

Sly. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?
Nearst his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Sly. I have them ready. [charge,
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
To stop his wound's, lest he do bleed to death.
Sly. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Sly. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond. [say?
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you. [that
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would the were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this curst Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Sly. These be the Christian husbands: I have a
daughter;
Would, any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[Aside.
Wetrieve time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Sly. Most rightful judge! [breast;
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Sly. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come,
prepare.
Por. Tarry a little,—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—
Sly. Is that the law? [learned judge!
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
5 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew;—a learned
judge!
Sly. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
10 And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
15 *Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
20 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
25 *Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. [sciture.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
Sly. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
30 *Por.* He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Sly. Shall I not barely have my principal?
35 *Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Sly. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
40 The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
45 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
50 In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the deferdant; and thou hast incur'd
55 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
60 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Sby. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antb. So please my lord the duke, and all the
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. [*say?*]

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
Sby. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Sby. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two god-
fathers; [*more?*]
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I do intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon²:
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antb. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd;
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further;

Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield. [*take;*]

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more:
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'cause serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exit with Nerissa.*]

Antb. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house:—away, make haste.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'er'ta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice³,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:

This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To Por.*]
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

¹ i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. ² Meaning, your grace's pardon.

³ i. e. reflexion.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have
old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Belmont. A grove, or green place, before Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. THE moon shines bright:—In such a
night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Good Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Kissing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one,

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Under her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend: what friend? your name, I

pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Here at Belmont: she doth stray about
The holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him.

Jes. I go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola, did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my
master will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlay'd with patines¹ of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it—

Come, ho, and wake Diana² with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet mu-

sick.

[*Musick.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [*loud,*]

Fetching mad bounces, bellowing, and neighing

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,

Or any air of musick touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the

poet

[*floods:*]

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musick for the time doth change his nature:

The man that hath no musick in himself,

¹ Our author evidently here alludes to the stars. Patine is the plate made use of for the bread in the administration of the Eucharist, and sometimes made of gold. ² Meaning the moon, who is afterwards represented as sleeping.

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night;
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no fuch man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter Portia, and Nerissa at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. [candle.]

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the light.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark! [Musick.]

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?—
Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

[Musick ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [cuckow.]

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'

welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,

Give order to my servants, that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence;—

Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not. [tick.]

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,

Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their

followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me;

But, God sort all!—You are welcome home, my

lord. [my friend—]

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound. [him.]

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me; whose poetry was

For all the world, like cutler's poetry:

Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poetry, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave:

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oath,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. An if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth—

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;

I could not for my heart deny it him. [you.]

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And riveted with faith upon your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it. [Aid.]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:

And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me?

Bass. If I could add a lye unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,

'Till I again see mine.

¹ Meaning, a flourish on a trumpet. ² Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *apographs* with short sentences. ³ Meaning, *respectful*. ⁴ Meaning, perhaps, a stunted or *scrub-like* boy.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

Therof of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one—swear by your double self,¹
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth²;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To Portia.

Had quite misfeard: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highway
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk; Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly;

You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd

¹ Double is here put for full duplicity.

² That is, his advantage.

Of these events at full : Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay ;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So fore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

5

[Exeunt omnes.]

DUKE.
FREDERICK
AMIENS,
JAQUES,
LE BEAU,
OLIVER, c.
JAQUES,
ORLANDO,
ADAM, an
TOUCHSTONE
CORIN,
SYLVIVS,

THE SCENE

Orlando. A S
will, but a po
say't, charg'd
breed me well :
brother Jaques
speaks golden
keeps me rust
properly, stays
call you that ke
that differs no
horses are bred
with their feedi
and to that en
brother, gain no
the which his a
bound to him a
plentifully give
gave me, his cou
he lets me feed

A 3

Dr. Warbur
content to be a

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE.

FREDERICK, Brother to the Duke, and Usurper.

AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the Duke, in

JAQUES, } his banishment.

LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon Frederick.

OLIVER, eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys.

JAQUES, } younger brothers to Oliver.

ORLANDO, }

ADAM, an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.

TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

CORIN, }

SYLVIVS, } Shepherds.

WILLIAM, in love with Audrey.

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a vicar.

CHARLES, wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.

DENNIS, servant to Oliver.

ROSALIND, daughter to the Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

A person representing Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me:—By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place

of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Ori. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Ori. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Ori. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while².

Ori. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *flies*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. ² Probably meaning, be content to be a cypher, or of no consequence for the present.

Ori.

Orla. O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Ozli. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me : The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains : Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exit Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—[Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to it; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but

¹ Villain here means, a wicked or bloody man.
extra lion.

² But in this place Orlando uses it for a fellow of low

should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blurt and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Celia. I am heartily glad I came hither to you : If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment : if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship !

[*Exit.*
Ol. Farewel, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester : I hope, I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle ; never school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved : and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised : but it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all ; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

An open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cd. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ref. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ! Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cd. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee : if my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine ; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cd. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster : therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports : let me see ; What think you of falling in love ?

Cd. Marry, I pry thee, do, to make sport withal : but love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blurt thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ref. What shall be our sport then ?

Cd. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ref. I would we could do so ; for her benefices are mightily misplaced ; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cd. 'Tis true : for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ref. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a clown.

Cd. No ? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

Ref. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature ; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cd. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's ; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone : for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit ? whither wander you ?

Cd. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cd. Were you made the messenger.

Cd. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ref. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Cd. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good ; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cd. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ref. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Cd. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cd. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Cd. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight ; swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cd. Pr'ythee, who is it that thou mean'st ?

Cd. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cd. My father's love is enough to honour him : Enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Cd. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cd. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of news.

Cd. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cd. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau ; what's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cd. Sport ? of what colour ?

Le Beau. What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Ref. As wit and fortune will,

Cd.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel¹.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rof. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze² me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

Rof. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and preference;—

Rof. With bills³ on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam,

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rof. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,

but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rof. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Rof. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that was willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rof. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Rof. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cba. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother-earth?

Orla. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rof. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*They wrestle.*]

Rof. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.*]

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

¹ A proverbial expression implying a glaring falsehood. ² Amaze here signifies to confuse, so as to put him out of the intended narrative. ³ i. e. bills accepting of the challenge given by Charles, the Duke's wrestler.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man.

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of fir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy : Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou defended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke, with his train.

Remain Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be fir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that To be adopted heir to Frederick. [calling,

Ref. My father lov'd fir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind : Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him : My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd : If you do keep your promises in love, But justly as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; That could give more, but that her hand lacks Shall we go, coz? [means,

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts [up, Are all thrown down; and that which here stands Is but a quintaine¹, a mere lifeless block.

Ref. He calls us back : My pride fell with my fortunes :

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, fir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ref. Have with you :—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown; Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good fir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love; Yet such is now the duke's condition², That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, fir; and, pray you, tell me this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke That here was at the wrestling? [manners;

Le Beau. Neither is daughter, if we judge by But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter : The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company : whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece; Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake :

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well !

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

[Exit.

Orla. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—

But, heavenly Rosalind ! [Exit.

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, tame me with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my child's father : Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ref. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old fir Rowland's youngest son?

Ref. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I

¹ The quintaine was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. ² i. e. character, disposition.

should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly¹: yet I hate not Orlando.

Ref. No, faith, hate him not, for my fake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, with lords.

Ref. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger. [haste]

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your fastest: And get you from our court.

Ref. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our publick court as twenty miles, Thou die'st for it.

Ref. I do beseech your grace; Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with my own desires; If that I do not dream, or be not frantick, (As I do trust, I am not) then, dear uncle, Never, so much as in a thought unborn, Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors; If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself:— Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor: Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough. [dom;]

Ref. So was I when your highness took his duke: So was I, when your highness banish'd him: Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. [fake.]

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but Ray'd her for your Elfe had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your own remorie; I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her: if she be a traitor, Why, so am I: we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together; And wherefoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom:

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [liege;]

Duke. You are a fool;—You, niece, provide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die. [Exit Duke, &c.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ref. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not. [love]

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No; let my father seek another heir.

Ref. Therefore devise with me, how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our forrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ref. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind of umber smirch my face; I'll like do you; so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Ref. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curtle-ax² upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart) Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will! We'll have a swathing³ and a martial outside; As many other mannish cowards have, That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man? [page;]

Ref. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own And therefore look you call me, Ganimed. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state; No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ref. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together: Devise the fittest time, and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight: Now go we in content; To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exit.]

¹ Dear has the double meaning in Shakespeare of beloved as well as of burlesque, hated, hateful; when applied in the latter sense, however, it ought to be spelt *dear*. ² i. e. a broad-sword. ³ i. e. a swathing lulling outside.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

Duke Sen. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. [Grace,

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping in the needful stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
"As worldlings do; giving thy sum of more
"To that which had too much." Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
"The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
"Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
"Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most inventively he pierceth through

15 The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

20 Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
Upon the fobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope³ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

35 1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

40 2 Lord. My lord, the roynish⁴ clown, at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the prince's gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
45 The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
The youth is surely in their company. [Enter

50 Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hit-
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail⁵
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exit.

¹ This alludes to an opinion then prevalent, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but never found. ² Meaning, with arrows. ³ That is, encounter him. + i. e. scurvy, mangy. ⁵ To quail is to faint.

SCENE III.

*Oliver's House.**Enter Orlando and Adam.**Orla.* Who's there?[*master,*

Adam. What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory!
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prifer of the humourous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place², this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.*Orla.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road!
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yer this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted³ blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But donot so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbaufeful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Froty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh good old man! how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having⁴: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's cloaths for Ganimed; Celio disguised like a shepherdess for Aliana; and Touchstone as Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!*Clo.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliana.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.*Clo.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross⁵, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.*Clo.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you who comes here? a young man, and an old, a solemn talk.*Enter Corin and Silvius.**Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess.
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)

¹ Memory is here put here for memorial. ² Place here means a mansion or residence. ³ That is, blood turned out of the course of nature. ⁴ Having here means possession. ⁵ A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross.

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember't not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not fat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit Silvius.

Ref. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Cl. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone; and bid him
take that for coming o' nights to Jane Smile: and
I remember the killing of her battler¹, and the
cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had
milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod²
instead of her; from whom I took two cods³,
and, giving her them again, said with weeping
tears, *Wear these for my sake*. We, that are true
lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal
in nature, so is all nature in love mortal³ in folly.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.
Cl. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own
wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ref. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Cl. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

Cl. I pray you, one of you question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Cl. Holla; you, clown!

Ref. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Cl. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ref. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ref. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fain for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ref. What is he, that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but
crewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cl. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks
eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call
you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment, is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company: I
think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven

¹ An instrument with which washer-women beat their coarse cloaths. ² Peascods is a term
still in use in Staffordshire for peas as they are brought to market. ³ That is, abundant in folly. In
some counties, mortal, from mort, a great quantity, is still used as a particle of amplification; as
mortal tall, mortal little.

thanks,

thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition spurn, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;

Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *duc ad me*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.¹

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [Exit severally.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior and lords. [A table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast; for I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone. Here was he merry, hearing of a song. [Hence.]

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jays², grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley³ fool—a miserable world!—As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. [He.]

"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth "Call me not fool," till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke; And looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, "It is ten a'clock:

"Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world 'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine; [ways:]

"And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven; "And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe, "And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

"And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh, fann'd with intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this? [Ties.]

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier, And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit; Provided, that you weed your better judgements

Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:

And they that are most gaul'd with my folly, [He.] They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they

The why is plain as way to parish church: He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,

The wife man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squandring glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st. *Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good!

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.

¹ That is, bring him to me; alluding to the burthen of Amiens's song: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* ² A proverbial expression for high-born persons. ³ i. e. made up of discords. ⁴ i. e. a parti-coloured fool, alluding to his coat. ⁵ i. e. petition.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
'Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech? [wherein
There then; How then? What then? Let me see
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [distress;
That in civility thou seem'st so empty? [point

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture:—But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not

Be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentle-
ness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table. [you;

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. 'Tis true it is, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command² what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my lawn,
And give it food. There is an old p^r or man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first reduc'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye: and be blest'd for your good
comfort! [Exit.

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
This wide and universal theatre [happy:
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern³ instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable
And let him feed. [burden,

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. [you

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

¹ Nature means education. ² i. e. at your own command. ³ i. e. trite, common instances, accord-
ing to Mr. Steevens.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp',
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good sir Row-
land's son,—
As you have whispered faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
I hat lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since? Sir, sir, that
cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wherefoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in
this:

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,¹ and turn him going.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

20 Run, run, Orlando, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁴ she.

[Exit.]

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
25 master Touchstone?

Cl. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's
life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I
like it very well; but in respect that it is private,
30 it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the
fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not
in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is
no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stom-
35 mach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one
sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that
wants money, means, and content, is without these
good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet,
40 and fire to burn:—That good pasture makes fat
sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is the
lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit
by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,
or comes of a very dull kindred.

Cl. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Will
ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Cl. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

50 *Cl.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted
egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Cl. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou ne-
ver saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st
55 good manners, then thy manners must be wicked;
and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou
art in a parlous⁵ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the

¹ i. e. turn, or change them from their natural state. ² To make an extent of lands, is a legal phrase; from the words of a writ (*extendi facies*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognition, &c. ³ i. e. expeditiously. ⁴ inexpressible. ⁵ perilous.

country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Cl. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

Cl. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cl. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the fargery of our sheep: And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Cl. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh:—indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Cl. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Cl. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be taw'd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st escape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Rf. From the east to western Ind,

"No jewel is like Rosalind.

"Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

"Through all the world bears Rosalind.

"All the pictures, fairest limn'd,

"Are but black to Rosalind.

"Let no face be kept in mind,

"But the fair² of Rosalind.

Cl. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;

dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Rf. Out fool!

Cl. For a tale:—

"If a hart do lack a hind,

"Let him seek out Rosalind.

"If the cat will after kind,

"So, be sure, will Rosalind.

"Winter-garments must be lin'd,

"So must slender Rosalind.

"They that reap, must sleep and bind;

"Then to cart with Rosalind.

"Sweetest nut hath four a kind,

"Such a nut is Rosalind.

"He that sweetest root will find,

"Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Rf. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Cl. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rf. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit of the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Cl. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celio with a writing.

Rf. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this desert silent be?

"For it is unpeopled? No;

"Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

"That shall civil³ sayings show.

"Some, how brief the life of man

"Runs his erring pilgrimage;

"That the stretching of a span

"Buckles in his turn of age.

"Some, of sighted vows

"Twist the souls of friend and friend:

"But upon the fairest boughs,

"Oat every sentence's end,

"Will I Rosalinda write;

"Teaching all that read, to know

"This quintessence of every sprite

"Heaven would in little show.

"Therefore heaven nature charm'd

"That one body should be fill'd

"With all graces wide enlarg'd:

"Nature presently distill'd

"Hidden cheek, but not her heart;

"Celio's patra's majesty:

"Atalanta's better part⁴;

"Sad⁵ Lucretia's modesty.

¹ Dr. Warburton says, *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand; while Mr. Stevens thinks, that it alludes to the common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simpler*. ² Fair means beauty, complexion. ³ Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil life*, in opposition to the state of nature. ⁴ The commentators are much divided in their opinions on our author's meaning in this line. Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that Shakespeare seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. Mr. Tollet thinks, the poet may perhaps mean her beauty, and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness; or that it may allude probably to her being a maiden; while Mr. Farmer supposes *Atalanta's better part* is her wit; i. e. the *finest of her mind*. ⁵ i. e. grave or sober.

" Thus Rosalind of many parts
 " By heavenly synod was devis'd;
 " Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 " To have the touches¹ dearest priz'd.
 " Heaven would that she these gifts should
 " have,
 " And I to live and die her slave."

Ref. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, " Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back-friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, firrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Clo.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?
Ref. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ref. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and car'd upon these trees?

Ref. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat², which I can hardly remember.

Cel. 'Trow you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ref. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ref. Good my complexion³! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of belly more is a South-sea off discovery⁴. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's⁵ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ref. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, ho! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ref. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ref. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we

¹ i. e. features. ² Rosalind here alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and says, that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhym'd to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes is mentioned by Donne in his *Satire*. ³ Warburton conjectures the meaning to be, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. ⁴ That is, a discovery as far off as the South-sea. ⁵ Garagantua is the giant of Rabelais, and said to have swallowed five pilgrims, their slaves and all, in a salad.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-sonnets in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and could them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistresses, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is down'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy. *[Exit.]*

Jag. I will speak to him like a faucey lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Jag. I pray you, what is't a'clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Jag. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Jag. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I pray thee, whom doth he trot withal?

Jag. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'night, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who amles time withal?

Jag. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Jag. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal?

Jag. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive it how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Jag. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Jag. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Jag. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land² man; one that knew courtship too well for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and, I thank God, am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Jag. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pray thee, recount some of them.

Jag. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs edes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Jag. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Jag. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable³ spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose

¹ Alluding to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottoes and moral sentences issuing from the mouths of the figures in them. ² Inland is here used to mean a civilized person, in opposition to a rustic. ³ i. e. a spirit not inquisitive.

should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied¹, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements: as loving yourself,

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ref. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in love, as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ref. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not punished and cur'd, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ref. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living² humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind; and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will tell me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.

Cl. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Cl. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Ja. [aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Cl. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room³: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Cl. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you with then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Cl. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Cl. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Ja. [aside] A material fool⁴!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Cl. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Cl. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Ja. [aside] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Cl. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though⁵? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said:—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right;

¹ These seem to have been the marks by which the votaries of love were usually characterised in the time of Shakspeare. ² Meaning, perhaps, a *lasting*, permanent humour of madness. ³ Nothing (Warburton says) was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of the *quarter of hour of Rabelais*: who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. ⁴ i. e. a fool with water in him; a fool stocked with ideas. ⁵ i. e. what then?

many a man of them. 'tis none of them. Poor men and them as man thereof more worth married in of a batchel than no ilk than to war

Here comes you are well this tree, or

Sir Oli. Is

Cl. I will

Sir Oli. I

riage is not

Ja. [dis]

I'll give her

Cl. Good

How do you

you? for you

see you:—I

pray, be cov

Ja. Will

Cl. As the

curb, and th

delires; and

nibbling.

Ja. And

ing, be mar

Get you to ch

tell you wh

join you toge

of you will

green timber

Cl. I am n

he married of

like to marry

ried, it will

leave my wife

Ja. Go t

there.

Cl. Come,

We must be n

farewell, goo

Not

O b

Leave

¹ He who h

in common l

Ja. ⁴ Part o

other, and for

away and win

that Shakspea

who were of t

Ceres; those c

called, of wine

not a run of w

perhaps an ex

unexperienced

many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no: the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blest? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir¹ Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Cl. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jag. [discovering himself.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Cl. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you² for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir: Nay; pray, be covered.

Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Cl. As the ox hath his bow³, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jag. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join waincot; then one of you will prove a shrunken pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Cl. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jag. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Cl. Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—⁴ O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee⁵.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Cel.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's⁶; marry, his kiffes are Judas's own children.

Ros. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour; your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood⁷ kiffes not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as conceave as a cover'd goblet⁸, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was*, is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckoning: He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁹ with him: He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, where there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart¹⁰

the

¹ He who has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Domineus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. ² i. e. God yield you, God reward you. ³ i. e. his gale. ⁴ Part of an old ballad. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks there are two quotations put in opposition to each other, and for *wind* proposes to read *wend*, the old word for *go*: though it must be observed, that *wind* away and *wind off*, are still used in some counties. ⁶ See note 5, p. 50. ⁷ Dr. Warburton says, that Shakespeare here means an *unfrightful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona; so those of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, of *winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. ⁸ Does not a nun of winter's sisterhood convey the same meaning as a nun of Windsor's sisterhood? ⁹ Meaning perhaps an *empty goblet*. ¹⁰ i. e. conversation. ¹¹ Warburton explains this passage as follows: An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across,

the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble¹ goole: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cl. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ref. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:— Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

*Another part of the forest.
Enter Silvius, and Phebe.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so In bitterness: The common executioner, [hard, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives² by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celio, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy-executioner; I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes,—that are the frailest, and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies,— Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now do I frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down: Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eyes have made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure *[eyes]* Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not; Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near) You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy; Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time, Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ref. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have beauty, (As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me? I see no more in you, than in the ordinary Of nature's false-work³:—Od's, my little life! I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:— No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream, That can entame my spirits to your worship.— You foblist shepherd, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you, That make the world full of ill-favour'd children. 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper, Than any of her lineaments can show her.— But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees, And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,— Sell when you can; you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer⁴. So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo. *Ref.* [aside.] He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as fast as the answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse sideways on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable.

¹ Sir T. Hammer changed this to a *nose-quill'd* goole, but no one appears to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted; and it gives the image wanted. ² To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. The meaning therefore of the passage may be, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. ³ Fancy is here used for love. ⁴ i. e. all in a trice. ⁵ i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. ⁶ The meaning is, *The ill-favour'd seem most ill-favoured, when, though ill-favoured, they are scuffers*.

Ref. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am faller than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister: Shepherds look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight ' as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ref. C.J. and Corin.*]

Phe. Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe!

Phe. Hah! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd. [*bourly?*]

Phe. Thou hast my love: Is not that neigh-

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee:

And yet it is not, that I hear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure: and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompence,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A leaver'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well:—

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth;—Not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little ripen, and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Between the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,

And, now I am remembered, scorn'd at me:

I marvel, why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one: omission is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him, and passing short:

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ref. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ref. Those, that are in extremity of either, are
abominable fellows: and betray themselves to
every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ref. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is
fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud;

nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the
lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which
is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but
it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of
many simples, extracted from many objects, and,
indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels,
in which my often rumination wraps me in a most
humorous sadness.

Ref. A traveller! by my faith, you have great
reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's: then, to have seen
much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes
and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ref. And your experience makes you sad: I

¹ i. e. deceived.

I i

had

had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Ref. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable ll the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola¹.—Why, how now Orlando! where have you been all this while?—You a lover?—an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ref. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ref. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ref. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ref. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ref. And I am your Rosalind.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer² than you.

Ref. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you are gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleauliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ref. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ref. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ref. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ref. No faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers³ of that age found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ref. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ref. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ref. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Ref. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando?”

Orl. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Ref. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ref. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Ref. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

¹ That is, *been at Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was *then*, what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all licentiousness. ² i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. ³ Hammer and Edwards read *Coroner's*, which I approve. S. A.

Ref. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.—I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ref. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, hemight say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"

Ref. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that?

Ref. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion², let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ref. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ref. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told measmuch, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orla. A, sweet Rosalind.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my sentence, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ref. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate; we must have your doublet and hose

pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sound; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ref. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Jacques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Mulick, Song.

1. What shall be have, that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home:

Take thou no scorn

To wear the horn, the lusty horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

The 'rest shall bear this burden.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here's much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

[this letter]

Ref. [reading.] Patience herself would startle at

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud; and that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phoenix: 'Od's my will!

¹ i. e., bar the doors. ² That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a hufwife's hand : but that's no matter :
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ref. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect [letter ?]
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ref. She Phebe's me : Mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads.*] " Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
" That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?"—

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ref. [*Reads.*] " Why, thy godhead laid apart,
" War'st thou with a woman's heart ?"—

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

" Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

" That could do no vengeance ¹ to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—

" If the scorn of your bright cyne

" Have power to raise such love in mine,

" Alack, in me what strange effect

" Would they work in mild aspect ?

" Whiles you chid me, I did love ;

" How then might your prayers move ?

" He, that brings this love to thee,

" Little knows this love in me :

" And by him seal up thy mind ;

" Whether that thy youth and kind ²

" Will the faithful offer take

" Of me, and all that I can make ;

" Or else by him my love deny,

" And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cl. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ref. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to
make thee an instrument, and play false strains
upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your
way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake) and say this to her ;—" That if she love
" me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I
" will never have her, unless thou intreat for her."
If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for
here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones : Pray you, if you
Where in the purlieus of this forest, stands [know
A sheep-cote, fence'd about with olive-trees ?

Cl. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then should I know you by description ;

Such garments, and such years : " The boy is fair,

" Of female favour, and bestows himself

" Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,

" And browner than her brother." Are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cl. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,

He sends this bloody napkin ³ ; Are you he ?

Ref. I am : What must we understand by this ?

Ol. Some of my shame : if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cl. I pray you, tell it.

Ol. When last the young Orlando parted from

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,

And, mark, what object did present itself !

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush : under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast,

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cl. O, I have heard him speak of that same

brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural

That liv'd amongst men.

Ol. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ref. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there ?

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Ol. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than this just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness,

¹ i. e. mischief. ² Kind (as has been more than once observed) is the old word for nature. ³ i. e. handkerchief.

Who quick

From miser

Cl. Ar

Ref. Was

Cl. Was

Ol. 'Twa

To tell you

So sweetly to

Ref. But,

Ol. By a

When from

Tears our ro

As how I ca

In brief, he

Who gave n

Committing

Who led me

There stripp

The lioness

Which all th

And cry'd,

Brief, I reco

And, after t

He sent me

To tell this s

His broken

Dy'd in his

That he in s

Cl. Why

me

Cl. W

And. 'Fair

the old gentl

Cl. A mo

vile Mar-ter

in the forest

And. Ay,

in me in the

Cl. It is n

By my troth

to answer so

bold.

Will. Goo

And. God

Will. And

¹ To burle

trifling and in

fers, as app

Who

Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling¹
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cl. Are you his brother ?

Ref. Was it you he refus'd ?

Cl. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lionses had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,

And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise ; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cl. Why, how now, Ganymed ? sweet Gany-
med ?

[*Rosalind faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cl. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymed !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ref. I would, I were at home.

Cl. We'll lead you thither :—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man ?—
you lack a man's heart.

Ref. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho !—

Oli. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ref. So I do : but 't'faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cl. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you
draw homewards :—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ref. I shall devise something : But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him :—Will you
go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Cl. WE shall find a time, Audrey ; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Cl. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest
in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Cl. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown :
By my troth, we that have good wits, have much
to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot
hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy head,
cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How
old are you, friend ?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Clo. A ripe age : Is thy name William ?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A fair name : Wast born i' the forest here ?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so so.

Clo. So so : 'Tis good, very good, very excellent
good :—and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou
wife ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why thou say'st well. I do now remember
a saying ; " The fool doth think he is wise, but the
" wise man knows himself to be a fool." The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth² ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

¹ To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. ² This was designed as a sneer on the several
trivial and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded in the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their
lives, as appears from its being introduced as one of their *wise sayings*.

Will. I do, sir.

Clo. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Clo. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest : or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will over-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip Audrey ; I attend, I attend.

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ? and, loving, woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? And will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers : Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ref. God save you, brother.

Ol. And you, fair sister.

Ref. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

Orla. It is my arm.

Ref. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief ?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ref. O, I know where you are :—Nay, 'tis true ; there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thraconical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame : For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd ; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd ; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd ; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them !

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her : I know not into what straight of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings ?

Ref. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentle-
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ref. I care not, if I have : it is my study, To seem despitiful and ungentle to you : You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

* This alludes to the way of calling for clubs at the breaking out of an affray.

Phoe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for *Phoebe*.

Phoe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phoe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phoe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Ref.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Phoe.*]

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ref. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ref. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can; [*To Silvius*].—I would love you, if I could. [*To Phoebe*].—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To Phoebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow.—I will satisfy you, [*To Orlando*] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To Silvius*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love *Rosalind*, meet; [*To Orlando*].—As you love *Phebe*, meet; [*To Silvius*].—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phoe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clow. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world'. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Clow. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't, roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse? which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gyllies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover, and his love,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crown'd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.*

Clow. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd fir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clow. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices.—Come, *Audrey*, [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, *Orlando*, that the Can do all that he hath promised? [*boy*]

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phoebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [*To the Duke*]
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ref. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To Orlando.*]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ref. You say, you'll marry me if I be willing? [*To Phoebe.*]

Phoe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ref. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phoe. So is the bargain. [*To Silvius.*]

Ref. You say, that you'll have *Phebe*, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

¹ To go to the world, as has been before observed, (note ¹, p. 128) is to be married.

Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter:—

You, yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:—and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celina.*]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutored in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[*Enter Clown and Audrey.*]

Jag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jag. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jag. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, sir¹; I desire you of the

like². I prefs in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jag. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed;—Dear your body more seeming, Audrey;—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the

Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement: This is call'd the Reply churlish. If again,

it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is call'd the Countercheck quarrelsome; and so to the Lye circumstantial, and the Lye direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the Lye circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lye direct; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners³: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the

¹ See note 2. p. 239. ² i. e. I wish you the same. ³ The unhappy rage of duelling which has lately been so prevalent and fashionable in this country, will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for our transcribing the following note on this passage by Dr. Warburton. "The poet has in this scene rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to, is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lye certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional lies, or the lye circumstantial.* V. *Of the lye in general.* VI. *Of the lye in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the answering or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrellsome.* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, thus—if thou hast said so or so, then thou lye." Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise. By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace maker; much wit in it."*

sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct, and you may avoid that too, with an *If*—I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse¹, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloath, and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. Then is there mirth 'in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ref. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*
Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter. [*Rosalind.*

Orla. If there be truth in sight, you are my

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ref. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

[*To Phebe.*

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:*

*Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jag. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That brings these tidings to this fair assembly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exiled: 'This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:—

Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jag. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jag. de B. He hath.

Jag. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To the Duke.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[*To Orlando.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies:
You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:—

[*To Oliver.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd;—So to your

[*To the Clown.*

pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

¹ See Note¹, page 130.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*¹, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can in-

sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!—I am not furnish'd² like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you: and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman³, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt omnes.]

¹ It is even now the custom in some of the midland counties, (particularly Staffordshire) to hang a bush at the door of an ale-house, or, as it is there called, *mug-house*. ² i. e. dressed. ³ In our author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.

Hofst.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, Father to Katharina and Bianca, very rich.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Pretenders to Bianca,
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, Servant to Petrucchio.

PEDANT, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew.

BIANCA, her Sister.
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista and Petrucchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petrucchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hofstess and Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze¹ you, in faith.

Hofst. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Yare a baggage; the Slies are no² rogues:

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*³: let the word slide⁴: *Sessa*!

Hofst. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst⁵?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁶.

Hofst.

¹ i. e. I'll barraqs or plague you; or perhaps I'll pheeze you, may have a meaning similar to the vulgar phrase of *I'll comb your head*. ² Meaning, no vagrants, but gentlemen. ³ Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. — Mr. Steevens says, this is a burlesque on *Hieronymo*, which Theobald speaks of in a following note. ⁴ A proverbial expression. ⁵ i. e. broke. ⁶ Mr. Theobald's comment on this speech is thus: "The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. "But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called *Hieronymo*; or, *The Spanish Tragedy*: which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humourously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience. Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo*. Lor. *Back;—forst thou not the* King

Hof. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.¹ [Exit.]

Sly. Third, fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach² Merriman,—the poor cur is imbest³.—
And couple Chowcer with the deep mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not
warm'd with ale,

'Tis were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when
he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me musick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.⁴

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,

As he shall think, by our due diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds —

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,

[Exit: Servant.]

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,

That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remem-
ber,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name: but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sinckle. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Whereto your cunning can assist me much.

* *king is busy?* Hiero. *Ob, is he so?* King. *Who is he that interrupts our business?* Hiero. *No!*
—*Hic o ymo, beware; go by, go by.* So Sly here, not caring to be dunn'd by the Hostess, cries
to her in effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, go by." The thirdborough of ancient
times was an officer similar to the present constable. ² Mr. Edwards explains *Brach* to signify a
hound in general; while Mr. Steevens thinks it to have been a particular sort of hound: and Mr.
Tollet observes, that *brache* originally meant a *bitch*; and adds, from *Ulitius*, that "bitches having a
superior sagacity of nose; hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickness of scent, whether dog,
or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is sometimes applied to males. Our ancestors hunted
much with the large southern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and
cunning to find game, or recover the scent. To this custom Shakespeare seems to allude, by naming
two *braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates *brache* from the *lyn*, a blood-
hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*." ³ *Imbest* is a term in hunting.
When a dog is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) he will have his knees swelled,
and then he is said to be *embest'd*; from the French word *luff*, signifying a tumour. ⁴ Meaning, with
moderation.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sir,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting
And with declining head into his bosom,— [kisses,
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Ex. Ser.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband; [ter,
And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit Lord.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly, with Attendants, some with apparel,
basin and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter

Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale:

1 Man. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack?

2 Man. Will't please your honour taste of these
conservees?

3 Man. What raiment will your honour wear
to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly;—call not me—ho-
nour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my
life; and if you give me any conservees, give me
conservees of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll
wear; for I have no more doublets than backs,
no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes
than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes,
or such shoes as my toes look through the over-
leather.

10 Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

15 Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath: by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hack-
et, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me
not: if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the
score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st
knave in Christendom. What, I am not be-
straught: Here's—

25 1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady
mourn. [droop.]

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun
your house,

30 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth:
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
35 Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[Musick.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
40 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
45 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

50 1 Man. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed flags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 Man. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
55 And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
60 As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood;

3 Man. Or Daphne, roaning through a thorny
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:

* Perhaps we ought to read, *disfraight*, i. e. *distraught*.

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And 'till the tears, that she hath shed
for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd 'till now ?
I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly,—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands ?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restored !
Oh ! that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream !
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my lord ; but very idle words ;—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say you would present her at the leet¹,
Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd
quarts :

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, fir, you know no house, nor no
such maid ;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece²,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady with attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord ? [enough.]

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer
Where is my wife ?

Lady. Here, noble lord ; what is thy will with
her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband ?

5 My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well :—What must I call her ?

10 Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam ? [ladies.]

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ? so lords call

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd
and slept

15 Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much ;—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

20 Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two ;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set :

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

25 In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed :

I hope this reason stands for my excuse,

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so

long. But I would be loth to fall into my dream

30 again ; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the
flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

35 Are come to play a pleasant comedy.

For so your Doctors hold it very meet ;

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

40 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bates a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry I will ; let them play it : Is not a
common³ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling
trick ?

45 Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see it : Come, madam wife,

fit by my side, and let the world slip ; we shall

50 ne'er be younger.

¹ Meaning, the *Court leet*, or courts of the manor. ² Greece seems here to be no more than a quibble or pun (of which our author was remarkably fond) upon *grease* ; when the expression will only imply that John Naps was a fat man. ³ Common³ is here probably put for *comedy*.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Padua.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

LUC. **T**RANIO, since—for the great desire I had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincenzio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincenzio his son¹, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply², that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra. Me pardonato*³, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks⁴,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:

Talk logic with acquaintance⁵ that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;

Musick, and poesy, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphisicks,

Tell to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—

In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readiness;

And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, with Katharina and Bianca. Gremio

and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,

Before I have a husband for the elder:

If either of you both love Katharina,

Because I know you well, and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure,

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me;

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kat. I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! How means you that? no

mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kat. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime

toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

[*fill.*

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca:

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kat. A pretty peat! 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—as she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;

My books, and instruments, shall be my company;

On them to look, and practice by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva

speak, [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will affects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—

Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*

And, for I know she taketh most delight

In musick, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men⁹

I will be very kind and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;

¹ Perhaps we ought to read, *ingenuous*. ² i. e. Vincenzio's son. ³ i. e. will I apply to. ⁴ The correct Italian words are, "*Mi perdonate*." ⁵ Meaning his rules. ⁶ i. e. knowledge. ⁷ *Peat*, or *pet*, is a word of endearment from *petit*, little. ⁸ i. e. so singular. ⁹ *Cunning* here retains its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*; in which sense it is used in the translation of the Bible.

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, may I not ? What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha ! *[Exit.]*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell :—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil : Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to her ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio ! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms ; why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell : but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca !—Happy man be his dole ! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. I am agreed : and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tran. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible that love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely ; But see ! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness ; And now in plainness do confets to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl :
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou can'st ;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tran. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart ;
If love have touch'd ² you, nought remains but ³ to
Redime te captum quam queas minimo. *[Tents.]*

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this counsel
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tran. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor ⁴ had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tran. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how
her sister

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tran. Nay then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it
stands :—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tran. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted
Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tran. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tran. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :

That's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tran. Not possible ; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ;

Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ⁵ ; content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For man, or master : then it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port ⁵, and servants, as I should :

¹ A proverbial expression. *Dole* originally meant, the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. ² That is, taken you in his toils, his nets ; alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of Lilly. ³ Europa, to possess whom Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself into a bull. ⁴ An Italian and Spanish word, signifying enough. ⁵ *Port* means *figure, show, appearance*.

I will come other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Unseal thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak;
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be servicable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your cloaths?
Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow, Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask
me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Man. "My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play."

Sly. "Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
"Comes there any more of it?"

Page. "My lord, 'tis but begun."

Sly. "Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
"Would, it were done!"

SCENE II.

Before Hortensio's House in Padua.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man hath rebus'd¹ your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. [*sir,*
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
That I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrellsome: I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He rings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—
How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*

Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges² in
Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to
leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me
knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was
it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, (for ought I see) two and thirty,—a pip
out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,

I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—[*here,*
Spake you not these words plain.—Sirrah, knock me
Rap me bere, knock me well, and knock me soundly?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge;
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But, in a few³,

¹ Perhaps we should read *abused*. words.

² Meaning, probably, what he *alleges*.

³ That is, in a few words.

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,¹
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet²-baby: or an old
trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, no-
thing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have slept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though the chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renow'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the hu-
mour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing; and

he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks³. I'll
tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little,
he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see
withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep⁴ my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,

(For those defects I have before rehears'd)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen⁵ in music, to instruct Bianca:
That I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with books under
his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-
gether! Master, master, look about you: Who
goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Gremio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!
Gre. O very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand⁶;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality, [too,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah. [Gremio!]

Hor. Gremio, mum!—God save you, signior

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

¹ This alludes to the story of a knight named *Florent*, who bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

² The tag of a point.

³ Probably meaning his *rogue-tricks*.

⁴ i. e. custody.

⁵ i. e. well versed in music.

⁶ i. e. at

all events.

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistrefs;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. [*prove.*]

Gre. Belov'd of me.—and that my deeds shall

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [*man?*]

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, fir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs¹.

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*]

To whom *Tranio* bravely apparel'd, and *Biondello*.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he

you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, fir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, fir; What have you
to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, fir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, fir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; [*no?*]

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or

Tra. An if I be, fir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get

you hence.

Tra. Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Gremio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall: Lucantio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a

jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, fir; but hear I do, that he hath two:

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As the other is for-beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, fir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the eldest sister first be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, fir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Atchieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive² this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistrefs' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good, indeed, and be it so:—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, bug-bears.

² Contrive in this place means to *spend*, to *wear out*.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.**Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

Bianca. **G**OOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st; Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding! of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after Bianca.]

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca,* get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep.

'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Kath.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio,
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God
have you, gentlemen! [daughter

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me
leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[Presenting Hortensio.]

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your
good sake:

But for my daughter-Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy. [sake.]

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare²! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness myself, that
have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been
long studying at Rheims; [presenting Lucentio.] as
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the
other in musick and mathematicks: his name is
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-
come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks,
you walk like a stranger; [to Tranio.] May I be
so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own:
That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the elder sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

¹ Hilding, or binderling, means a low wretch.² An old proverbial word.

1 here

1 A fret is

I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great,

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

Fra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report

I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within !—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead [both,
These gentlemen to my daughters ; and tell them
These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant with Hortensio and Lucentio.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well ; and in him, me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—

In all my lands and leases whatsoever :

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,

That is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as the proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :

So I to her, and so she yields to me ;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. [speed !

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou

look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good

musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;

she may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute ?

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

And bid tell her, she mistook her frets¹,

and bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

then, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these ?" quoth she ; "I'll fume

"with them :"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute :

While she did call me,—rascal sidler, [terms,

And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did :

Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-

fited :

Proceed in practice with my youngest daughter ;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,

[*Exit Baptista with Gremio, Hortensio, and Tranio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail ; why then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week :

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day [ried :—

When I shall ask the banns, and when be mar-

ried ; But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharine.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Katb. Well, have you heard, but something hard

of hearing ;

Pet. They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katb. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd

you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Katb. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Katb. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katb. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee :

For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Katb. Too light for such a swain as you to

And yet as heavy as my weight should be. [catch ;

Pet. Should be ? should buzz.

Katb. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. [thee ?

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take

Katb. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.

¹ A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.

Pet.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Katb. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Katb. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear
 In his tail. [his sting?
Katb. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Katb. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay,
 Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [come again,
Katb. That I'll try. [She strikes him.
Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Katb. So may you lose your arms:
 If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
 And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.
Katb. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Katb. No cock of mine, you crow too like a
 craven.¹ [so four.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
Katb. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
Katb. There is, there is. [not four.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Katb. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Katb. Well aim'd of such a young one. [you.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
Katb. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Katb. I care not. [not fo.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
Katb. I chafe you, if I tarry, let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
 And now I find report a very liar;
 For thou art pleasant, gamester, passing courteous,
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross'd in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
 Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
 Oh slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
 Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue
 As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Katb. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, [mand.
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Katb. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Katb. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Katb. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed:
 Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)
 Thou must be married to no man but me:
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable, as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father; never make denial,
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.
 15 *Re-enter Baptista, Grémio, and Tranio.*
Bap. Now, signior Petruccio; how speed you
 with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
 It were impossible, I should speed amiss.
 20 *Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine, in
 your dumps? [you.
Katb. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise
 You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
 25 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
 If she be curst, it is for policy:
 30 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she would prove a second Grisel;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
 35 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Katb. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruccio! she says, she'll see thee
 hang'd first. [our part!
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good-night.
 40 *Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I chafe her for
 myself;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 45 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!
 She hung about my neck; and kiss'd on kiss
 She vy'd² so fast, protesting oath to oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 50 Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see³
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock⁴ wretch can make the curstest
 shrew.—
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 55 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine. [handing
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your
 God lend you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.
 60 *Gre.* Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu!

¹ A craven is a degenerate cock.² Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "ply'd so fast."³ i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature.⁴ Meaning¹ i. e. count-
and a galley.
the modern wor-
so that this beca-

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace :—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exit. Petruchio and Katharina severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;—

Now is the day we long have look'd for ;

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound

this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ? [city

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the

is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

In cyprus chests my arras, counterpoints¹,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions bus'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house or house-keeping ; then at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me ;

I am my father's heir, and only son :

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—

5 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall have ; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road :—

10 What, have I choak'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less

Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses²,

And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,

And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st next.

15 *Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;

And she can have no more than all I have ;

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the

world,

20 By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-wied³.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :

If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

25 *Tra.* That's but a cavi ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd :

30 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;

If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*]

35 *Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee

not ;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waining age,

Set foot under thy table : 'Tut ! a toy !

40 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !

Yet I have fac'd it with a-card of ten⁴.

'Tis in my head to do my master good :—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

45 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;

And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*]

50

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. FIDLER, forbear ; you grow too forward,

first :

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

55

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :

Then give me leave to have prerogative ;

60 And when in musick we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

¹ i. e. counterpanes. ² Gallias was a vessel with both sails and oars, partaking of the nature of a ship and a galley. ³ i. e. out-bid : *eye* and *revye* were terms used at the game of *gleek*, now superseded by the modern word *brag*. ⁴ That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors ; so that this became a proverbial expression.

Luc.

Luc. Preposterous as! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar¹ in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instruments, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Luc. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
loye;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,
bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might be-
guile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic*
ibat Simois, I know you not;—*Hic est Sigeia tellus*,
I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed
he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*,
despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right;

'Tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather. [you,
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave.

My lessons make no musick in three parts. [awhile;

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [attend.

Bian. [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your

books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be

gone. [Exit.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to

stay. [Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Lucentio,
Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth

be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen²;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the ban;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife*;

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wife;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

¹ That is, no school-boy, liable to be whipped.

² i. e. caprice.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him
though! [*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. No, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a faint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biundello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and
such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, fir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and
an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a
pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one
buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en
out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and
chapelets, with two broken points: His horse hip'd
with an old moth's saddle, the stirrups of no kin-
dred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like
to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas,
infected with the fashions¹, full of windgalls, sped
with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of
the fives², stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn
with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-
shotten; near legg'd³ before, and with a half-
check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather;
which being restrain'd to keep him from stum-
bling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with
knots: one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's
crupper of velure⁴, which hath two letters for
her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and
there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, fir, his lacquey, for all the world ca-
parison'd like the horse; with a linen stock⁵ on
one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other,
garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and
*The humour of forty fancies*⁶ prick'd in't for a
feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel;
and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's
lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this
fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, fir; I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by faint Jarny, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, fir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
And wherefore gaze this goodly company, [frown;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy? [*day:*]

Bap. Why, fir, you know, this is your wedding-

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Eye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

Sufficieth, I am come to keep my word.

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent

robes;

Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have

done with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exe. Pet. Gru. and Bion.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

¹ That is, the farcy. ² A distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. ³ Meaning, that he cuts, or interferes. ⁴ i. e. velvet. ⁵ i. e. stocking. ⁶ This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. In Shakespeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggerel compositions; and he seems to have bore them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, *Prove that over I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker's pen*, as the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful. ⁷ i. e. to deviate from my promise.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.]

Tra. But, fir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa :
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Currier than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by god's wounds, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest,
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [and swore]
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:

A bealib, quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carowing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadell¹, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*
Enter Petrucchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains:
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;

But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Gremio, my horses. [the horses?]

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten

Kath. Nay, then,—

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

35 You may be jogging, while your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

40 *Kath.* I will be angry; What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner:—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

45 If she had not a spirit to resist. [mand:—]

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

50 Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, the must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

55 She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—Gremio,

¹ The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. ² Meaning, that they had eaten more oats than they were worth.

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:— [Kate;
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Katharine.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gru. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tru. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gru. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

5 For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tru. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

10 *Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Petruchio's Country-house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. FYE, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad
masters! and all foul ways! Was
ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was
ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a
fire, and they are coming after to warm them.
Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot², my
very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to
the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere
I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with
blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, consid-
ering the weather, a taller man than I will take
cold. Holla, holla! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st
slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater
a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good
Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire,
fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost;
but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman,
and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and
my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch³ fool! I am no
beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn
is a foot; and so long am I, at the least⁴. But
wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee
to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at
hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for
being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How
goes the world?

20 *Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but
thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and
have thy duty; for my master and mistress are
almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready: And therefore, good
25 Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! *bo boy*! and as much
news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coneycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught
30 extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready,
the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs
swept; the serving-men in their new fustian,
their white stockings, and every officer his wedding
garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair
35 without⁵, the carpets laid, and every thing in
order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee,
news?

Gru. First know, my horse is tired; my master
and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And
thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale:
50 and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and
beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we
came down a foul hill, my master riding behind
my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale;—But hadst thou not
cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the
horse fell, and she under the horse; thou should'st
60 have heard, in how miry a place: how she was

¹ That is, made dirty.

² A proverbial expression.

³ i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a

phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

⁴ The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold.

⁵ This is a fragment of some old ballad.

⁶ i. e. are the drinking-vessels clean, and the maid-servants
dressed.

bemoil'd'; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperient'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfoot, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit²: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharine.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Scr. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel: There was no link³ to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led.— *[Singing.]*

Where are those,—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, foud, soud, foud⁴;

Re-enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When? *It was the friar of orders grey⁵, [Sings.]*

As be forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate: or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

1 Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. be-draggled, be-mired. ² Meaning, that their garters should be fellows; indifferent, or not different, one from the other. ³ A link is a torch of pitch. ⁴ That is, sweet, sweet. ⁵ This is a fragment of some ancient ballad.

Enter Servants severally.

Nab. Peter, did'st ever see the like?

Petr. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gra. Where is he?

Cur. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Petr. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard¹,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
Duch fancy any other but Lucentio? *[Bianca]*
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand by.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart. *[They retire backward.]*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me,
I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despicable love! unconstant woman-
kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

5 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca:

10 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever. *[Lucentio]*

Hor. See, how they kifs and court!—Signior

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

15 Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—

Never to marry her, though she would intreat:

20 Fye on her! see, how beauteously she doth court him!

Hor. 'Would all the world but he, had quite

forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,

25 Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard;

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

30 In resolution as I swore before. *[Exit Hortensio.]*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

35 *[Lucentio and Bianca come forward.]*

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both for-

Tra. Mistress, we have. *[sworn me?]*

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

40 *Tra.* 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

45 *Bian.* The taming school! what, is there such a

place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

50 *Enter Biondello, running.*

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied

An ancient angel² coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

55 *Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatant³, or a pedant,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

60 *Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

¹ A haggard is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. ² Meaning, perhaps, an ancient messenger, which is the primitive signification of angel. ³ i. e. a merchant.

And

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two.

But then up farther; and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careles of your life? [hard-]

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua; know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke

(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;

For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,

This will I do, and this will I advise you;—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all

one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,

And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—

Look that you take upon you as you should;

You understand me, sir; so shall you stay

'Till you have done your business in the city:

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever

The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand;—

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:

Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
What, did he marry me to famish me? [*appears.*]

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,—

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I prythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? [*He*]

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prythee, let me have

Gru. I fear, 'tis too phlegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard

rest. [*Mustard.*]

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruccio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all

amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sort'd to no proof:—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruccio, fy! you are to blame.

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

¹ That is, to make a conveyance or deed.

³ Meaning, has ended in nothing.

² A gallicism, meaning *dejected*, *depressed*, *spirited*.

Will

¹ Meanings, to

the raised cru-

st. s. i. e. m.

and cape.

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things¹;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—eye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy;

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knock, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kate. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[Aside.]

Kate. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to

Speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin², a bauble, a filken pye;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none. [us see't.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, taylor, let

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's slip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and flash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:— [this?

Why, what o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou

Hor. I fear, she's like to have neither cap nor

gown.

[Aside.]

Taylor. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembred,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over ev'ry kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

All none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gown, [able:

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-

able, you mean to make a puppet of me. [thee.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of

Taylor. She says, your worship means to make a

puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance!

Thou leest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou knit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Thou'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall fo-be-mete³ thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things⁴.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd⁵ many

men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor

brav'd. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out

the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:

ergo, thou leest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to

testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprints, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown,

show me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death

with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. *With a small compass'd cape⁶.*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I

commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd

up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though

thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in

place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,

give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. [no odds.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my

mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you

think for:

Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!

Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the taylor

paid:

[Aside.]

Go take it hence: be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-mor-

row: Take no unkindness of his hasty words: [row:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Taylor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your

father's,

¹ Meaning, trifles too insignificant to deserve enumeration.

² This was the old culinary term

for the raised crust of a custard. ³ i. e. *be-measure*.

⁴ i. e. turned up many garments with *facings*.

⁵ i. e. made many men *fine*, *bravery* being formerly used to signify elegance of dress. ⁶ i. e. a

round cape.

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
'To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Katb. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse;
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[*Exe. Petrucchio, Katherine, and Hortensio.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant, dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegafus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your
'Twere good, he were school'd. [boy:]

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista;—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
'To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like,
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
5 With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
10 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
15 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best,

20 We be affy'd; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house; Lucentio; for, you
know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
25 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then, at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:

30 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
35 And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
[Exit.]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

45 *Bap.* I follow you. [Exeunt.]

Bion. Cambio.— [Lucentio returns.]

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello? [you?]

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
40 *Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

50 *Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

55 *Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then?—

60 *Bion.* The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at
your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

65 *Bion.* I cannot tell; except they are busied about
a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her,
cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum: to the church

¹ Meaning, scrupulous. ² i. e. accidentally, in which sense *baptily* was used in Shakspeare's time.

take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

[*say,*
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to
stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; and so adieu, sir.
My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's,
to bid the priest be ready to come against you come
with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt ?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name ; once more to-
ward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun : it is not moon-light
now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost, and crost ; nothing but crost.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rash candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun :—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward : thus the bowl
should run,

And not unlikily against the bias.—

But soft ; company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—

[*To Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—

5 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

10 Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow ! [*not mad :*

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope, thou art

15 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green :

20 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-fire ; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest :— along with us,

25 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;

My name is call'd—Vincentio ;—my dwelling—Pisa ;

And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit

30 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

35 I may entitle thee—my loving father ;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath marry'd :—wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd : she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;

40 Beside, so qualify'd as may besem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio :

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

45 *Vin.* But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

50 *Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Vincentio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.

Have to my widow : and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

55

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's House.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca ; Gremio walk-

ing on one side.

Bion. SOFTLY and swiftly, sir ; for the

Luc. priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to

need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back ; and then come back to my master as soon
as I can. [*Exeunt.*

65 *Gre.* I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,

N n

My

My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go ;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*
Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoke withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ;
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was below'd in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—To leave frivolous
circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio,
that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at
the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest ; his father is come to Padua,
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may be-
lieve her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman ! why, this is
flat knavery, to take upon you another man's
name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe, 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together ;
God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ?
mine old master Vincentio ? now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue ; What, have you
forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you ? no, sir : I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father Vincentio ?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master ? yes,
snarry, sir ; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed ? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help ! here's a madman will
murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son ! help, signior Baptista !

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the
end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter below, the Pedant with servants, Baptista,
and Tranio.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my
servant ?

Vin. What am I, sir ? nay, what are you, sir ?—
Oh, immortal gods ! Oh, fine villain ! a stolen
doublet ! a velvet hose ! a scarlet cloak ! and a
captain's hat !—Oh, I am undone ! I am undone !
While I play the good husband at home, my son and
my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now ! what's the matter ?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick ?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman
by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-
man : Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear
pearl and gold ? I thank my good father, I am
able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father ?—Oh villain ! he is a fail-
maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir ; you mistake, sir : Pray,
what do you think is his name ?

Vin. His name ? as if I knew not his name : I
have brought him up ever since he was three years
old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass ! his name is Lucen-
tio ; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands
of me signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio !—oh, he hath murdered his mas-
ter !—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's
name :—Oh, my son, my son !—tell me, thou vil-
lain, where is my son Lucentio ?

Tra. Call forth an officer : carry this mad knave
to the jail :—father Baptista, I charge you, see, that
he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail !

Gre. Stay, officer ; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio ; I say, he shall
go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be
coney-catched ² in this business ; I dare swear, this
is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not
Lucentio ?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard ; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd :—
Oh monstrous villain !

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.
Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is ;
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.*
Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Knocking.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended ?

Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio ;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive
us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bion. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss :

¹ i. e. a hat with a very high conical crown.

² i. e. tricked, cheated.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, fir? Have you married
my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista: we will content you,
go to:

But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany. *[Exit.*
Eup. And I, to found the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. *[Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the
rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. *[Exit.*
[Petruchio, and Katharine, advancing.]

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. *[ado.]*

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, fir; God forbid: but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let's home again: Come, firrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Lucentio's Apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio,
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharine,
Gremio, Hortensio, and Widow. The Serving-
men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
And time it is, when raging war is done, *[agree:]*
To smile at scapes and perils over-blown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you mis's my
I mean Hortensio is afraid of you. *[sense:]*

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns.
Pet. Roundly reply'd. *[round.]*

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him. *[that:]*

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good
widow. *[round:]*

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, fir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hafty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll
sleep again. *[begun.]*

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—

You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharine, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, fir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift² simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, fir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird³, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;—What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

¹ A well known proverbial expression.
farasim, a gibe.

² Meaning, a good quick-witted simile.
N n 2

³ A gird is
Re-ent

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. *[Exit Biondello.]*

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her!

Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her to come to me. *[Exit Grumio.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharine.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharine!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you sent for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharine.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;

And show more sign of her obedience.

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca and Widow.

See where she comes; and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-

strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have

no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye! fye! unknot that threat'ning unkind

brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And, when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd, that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft condition, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare:—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs¹, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease. *[me, Kate.]*

Pet. Why there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt not.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are

toward. *[froward.]*

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white²;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst

shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be

tam'd so. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

¹ Meaning, lower your pride white.

² A phrase borrowed from archery: the mark being commonly ALL.

ALI

King of Fra
Duke of Flo
BERTRAM,
LAFEU, an
PAROLLES,
Cressida
Valour
Several young
in the Flo

The Coun
Enter Bertra

Count. IN

Ber. And
father's death
command, to
more in subje

Laf. You
dam;—you,
at all times go
to you; who
it wanted, ran
abundance.

Count. Wh
amendment?

Laf. He h
under whose

hope; and fir
but only the l

Count. Thi

(O, that had

was almost as

so far, it wo

death should h

for the king's

would be the c

¹ The heir
and is here ap
ments upon th
disposition pov
excellencies a

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Roussillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a parasitical follower of Bertram; a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.

Steward, }
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Roussillon.

Countess of Roussillon, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some Time since dead.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } Neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Countess of Roussillon's House in France.
Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. I N delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward¹, ever more in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath prosecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that bad! how sad a passage² 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too³; in her they are the better for their simpleness⁴; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No

¹ The heirs of great fortunes were anciently the king's wards. ² Passage means any thing that passes, and is here applied in the same sense as when we say the passage of a book. ³ Dr. Johnson thus comments upon this passage: "Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence." ⁴ i. e. her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design.

more of this, Helena, go to, no more; left it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal¹.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [father

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy In manners, as in shape! Thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell. My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [Ex. Bertram and Lafew.]

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;

And these great tears² grace his remembrance more, Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heart, too capable Of every line and³ trick of his sweet favour, But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full off we see

Cold⁴ wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some⁵ stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak; unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limits, as a desperate offenders against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited⁶ sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chuse but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gold with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your eye

¹ That is, "if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess." ² i. e. the tears of the king and countess. ³ i. e. some particular feature of his face. ⁴ Cold is here put for naked, and thus contrasted with *superfluous* or over-clothed. ⁵ Meaning, some colour of soldier. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble bee*. ⁶ i. e. forbidden sin.

and your porridge, than in your cheek¹: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hd. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms, That blinking Cupid gossips². Now shall he— I know not what he shall:—God send him well!— The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hd. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hd. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends And shew what we alone must think; which never Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hd. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hd. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hd. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hd. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hd. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hd. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing³, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else

thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. What power is it, which mounts my love so high; That makes me fee, and cannot feed mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kifs like native things⁴. Impossible be strange attempts, to those That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose, What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove To shew her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Court of France.

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys⁵ are by the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue

A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us

For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend

Prejudicates the business, and would seem

To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,

Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,

And Florence is deny'd before he comes:

Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave

To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve

A nursery to our gentry, who are sick

For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafcu, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord,

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,

¹ Shakespeare here quibbles on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied fruit.
² Dr. Warburton is of opinion, that the eight lines following *friend*, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player, who finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, would help out the number by the intermediate nonsense. The meaning of *Helen*, however, in this passage may be, that she shall prove every thing to *Bertram*.
³ A metaphor taken from falconry; and meaning, a *virtue that will fly high*.
⁴ Dr. Johnson explains these lines thus: "Nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have set between them; she joins them, and makes them kifs like things born together."
⁵ The *Senois* were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was *Sienna*, and with whom the Florentines were at constant variance.

Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldieryship! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me,
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.¹
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;²
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled³: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times:
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof⁴ lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech⁵.

King. Would, I were with him! He would al-
ways say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

² *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't—How long is't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown⁶.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your
content⁷, I wish might be found in the calendar
of my past endeavours; for then we wound our
modesty, and make foul the clearness of our de-
servings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of
you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I
do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to com-
mit them, and have ability enough to make such
knaveries yours⁸.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I
am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am
poor: though many of the rich are damn'd: But,
if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to
the world⁹, I bel the woman and I will do as ye
may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is
no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the
blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for,
they say, barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go
that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I
do marry, that I may repent.

¹ That is, cover petty faults with great merit. ² i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. ³ i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them proud; and, in the gracious receiving their poor praise, he humbled even his humility.

⁴ Approof is approbation. ⁵ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus: "His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech." ⁶ A Clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licensed jester, or domestic fool.

We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. ⁷ i. e. to equal your desires.

⁸ i. e. You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability. ⁹ i. e. to be married. See note ¹, p. 128.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
 Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He, that ears¹ my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together, like any deer¹ the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet², I, madam: and I speak the truth the next³ way.

*For I the ballad will repeat,
 Which men full true shall find;
 Your marriage comes by destiny,
 Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her: Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair facet the cause, quoth she, [Singing.

*Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
 Fond⁴ done, done fond,
 Was this king Priam's joy.
 With that she sigbed as she stood,
 With that she sigbed as she stood,
 And gave this sentence then;
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 There's yet one good in ten.*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying of the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll begone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

Count. Well, 'now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger else. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong; Our blood to us, this to our blood is born; It is the shew and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth: By our remembrances⁵ of days foregone, [None. Such were our faults, O! then we thought them Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother, That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care:—God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why?—that you are my daughter?

¹ To ear is to plough. ² It is a superstition, which hath run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred. ³ i. e. the next way. ⁴ Fond here means foolishly done. ⁵ i. e. according to our recollection.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for¹, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister : Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head². Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it ; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son :—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :

Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit ;

Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him ;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;

Yet, in this captious³ and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do : but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

With chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot chafe

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;

That seeks not to find that, her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,

To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.

You know, my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were :

More than they were in note⁴ : amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,

To cure the desperate languishings, whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive

For Paris, was it ? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,

Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,

Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

If you should tender your supposed aid,

He would receive it ? He and his physicians

Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,

I they, that they cannot help : How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd of their doctrine⁵, have left off

The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,

More than my father's skill, which was the greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt

Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,

By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :

Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[Exit.]

¹ I care no more for, is, I care as much for—I wish it equally.

³ Dr. Johnson suspects we should read *carious*, i. e. rotten.

virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

² i. e. the source of your grief.

⁴ Meaning, prescriptions in which greater

⁵ i. e. exhausted of their skill.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish Cornets.

King. FAREWEL, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords,
farewel:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

2 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher¹ Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They lay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Ber. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.]

1 Lord. Oh my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault! the spark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early. *[with;*

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-
tur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous; a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one

captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here, on his sinister cheek; it was this very
sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and ob-
serve his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what
will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the no-
ble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the
list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to
them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the
time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and
move under the influence of the most receiv'd star;
and though the devil lead the measure, such are to
be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated
farewel.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most
finewy sword-men. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lafew. [Lafew kneels.]

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me, and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
and ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across²:—but my good lord,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? *[tis thus;*

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

Could reach them: I have seen a medicin,

That's able to breathe life into a stone;

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple

Is powerful to raise king Pepin, nay, *[touch*

To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor the: My lord, there's one
arriv'd,

If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her,

(For that is her demand) and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafew,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

¹ The epithet *higher* is here to be understood as referring to situation rather than to dignity.

² This

word, as has been before observed, is used when any pats of wit miscarries.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafen.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*returns.*] Nay, come your ways.

[*Bringing in Helena.*]

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was

My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

[*him ;*]

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises toward

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ! I have so :

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,—

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and

The congregated college have concluded,

That labouring art can never answer nature

From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empiricks ; or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :

I will no more enforce mine office on you ;

Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful ;

Thou thought'st to help me : and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live :

But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :

He that of greatest works is finisher,

Of does them by the weakest minister ;

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes. Great floods have

shown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,

When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd,

Of expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,

Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits, [*maid ;*]

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward,

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :

It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 'tis with us that square our guests by shows.

But most it is presumption in us, when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim¹ ;

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the fun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;

Ere twice in muck and accidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;

What is infirm from your found parts shall fly,

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,

What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise : no worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended².

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth

speak ;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak³ ;

And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime⁴, can happy call ;

Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practitioner, thy physick I will try ;

That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;

And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

¹ That is, "I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another." ² Mr. Steevens thus happily explains this obscure passage : "I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet ; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line." ³ The author of the Revival of Shakspeare's Text explains this line thus : "The verb doth speak, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus ; His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ." ⁴ i. e. youth.

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even? [ven!

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To chuse from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So make the choice of thine own time; for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;

Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But

rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rouillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, fir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the drawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk; as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger¹, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

¹ This alludes to an ancient custom of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England; but was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. ² A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. ³ Fear here means the object of fear.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, fir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, fir,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, fir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, fir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, fir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, fir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, fir, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, fir: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, fir,—Why, there't serves well again. [this,

Count. An end, fir, to your business: Give Helen And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear³.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par.

King.

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin¹ is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous² spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hard of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick³, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Morr du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice I have to use: thy frank election make; Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake,

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress Fall, when love please!—marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtain⁴, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken⁵ than these boys', And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well: Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest, That, I protest, I simply am a maid:— Please it your majesty, I have done already; The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st abuse, but be refus'd; Let the white death⁶ sit on thy cheek for ever, We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see, Who thuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial Love, that god most high, Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute?

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace⁸ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes, Before I speak, too threateningly replies;

Love makes your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take; I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good, To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife. *[To Bertram.]* *[highness]*

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What the hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge:

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever! *[which]*

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be

¹ By dolphin is meant the *dauphin*. ² i. e. wicked. ³ i. e. lusty, cheerful, pleasant. ⁴ A bay dock'd horse. ⁵ Meaning, had lost no more of his teeth. ⁶ Meaning, perhaps, the *colargue*. ⁷ i. e. silence. ⁸ i. e. the lowest chance of the dice.

All that is virt
A poor physici
Of virtue for
From lowest p
The place is
Where great
It is a dropsh
Is good, with
The property
Not by the ti
In these to na
And these bre
Which challen
And is not lik
When rather
Than our fore
Debauch'd on
A lying trophy
Where dust,
Of honour'd
If thou can't
I can create th
Is her own do
Ber. I can
King. Tho
striv
Hel. That
Let the rest go
King. My
feat
I must produc
Proud scornful
That doth in v
My love, and
We, poizing u
Shall weigh th
It is in us to p
We please to h
Obey our will
Believe not th
Do thine own
Which both th
Or I will thro
Into the stagge
Of youth and i
Looking upon t
Without all ter
Ber. Pardon
My fancy to yo
What great cre
Flies where you
Was in my nob
The praised of
As 'twere,
King. Take
And tell her, s
A counterpoize

¹ The Fren
degrey; and in
the barbs' at
walls. ³ The
be assigned. ⁴
to pick off th

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislike'st,
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislike'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower: honour, and wealth, from me.
Eg. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to chuse. [glad;
Hd. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
Let the rest go.
King. My honour's at the stake; which to de-
feat¹;
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doth in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obeys our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers², and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.
Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
As 'twere, born so.
King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,

A balance more replete.
Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief³,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else does err.
[*Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafew.*
Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?
Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.
Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?
Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?
Par. A most harsh one; and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master?
Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouillon?
Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.
Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is
of another stile.
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you
are too old.
Laf. I must tell thee, firrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries⁴, to
be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scars,
and the bannerets, about thee, did manifestly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a
burden. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for no-
thing but taking up⁵; and that thou art scarce
worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—
Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord, have mercy
on thee for a hen! Se, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well; thy caisment I need not open, for
I look through thee. Give me thy hand.
Par. My lord, you give me most egregious in-
dignity.
Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it.
Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.
Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to
pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st
bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what
it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to
hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my

¹ The French verb *defaire* (from thence our *defeat*) signifies to free, to disembarass, as well as to destroy; and in this sense, we apprehend, *defeat* is here used. ² Alluding to that species of the *stagger*, or the *borer's apoplexy*, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. ³ The *brief* is the contract of espousal, or the licence of the church in which the especial cause shall be assigned. ⁴ Ordinary here means dinner. ⁵ To take up means to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.

knowledge; that I may say in the default¹, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing², I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.]*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, as he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, as if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; and you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general office, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more faucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her. *[Sworn,]*

Par. What, what? sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the I know not yet. *[Import is,]*

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy³ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high career
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house⁴, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; is the well?
Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her health:
she's very merry; but yet she's not well; but,
thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing
i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that
she's not very well?

Cl. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two
things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God
send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth,
from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have my prayers to lead them on;
and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my
knave! how does my old lady?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her
money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Cl. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many
a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing:
To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing,
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Cl. You should have said, sir, before a knave,
thou art a knave; that is, before me, thou art a
knave; this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found
thee.

Cl. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were
you taught to find me? The search, sir, was pro-
fitable; and much fool may you find in you, even
to the world's pleasure, and the increase of
laughter.

¹ i. e. at a need. ² Doing is here used obscenely. ³ Sir T. Hamner observes, that *kickfy-wickfy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. ⁴ Probably meaning a *smoky* house.

Par. A good knave, I faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love, [ledge;

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; [sweets,

Whole want, and whole delay, is strew'd with

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour overflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brain.

Hel. What's his will else?

[king,

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think,

May make it probable need¹.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[Exit Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [To the Clown.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Lef. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him

a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof.

Lef. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Lef. Then my dial goes not true; I took this

mark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great

in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Lef. I have then finned against his experience,

and transgressed against his valour; and my state

that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in

my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you

make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Lef. I pray you, sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Lef. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is

a good workman, a very good taylor.

Par. Is she gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my trea-

Given order for our horses; and to-night, [sure,

When I should take possession of the bride,—

And, ere I do begin,—

Lef. A good traveller is something at the latter

end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and

uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings

with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—

God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord

and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run

into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots

and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the

custard²; and out of it you'll run again, rather

than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my

lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him

at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe

this of me, There can be no kernel in this light

nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him

not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept

of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell,

monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you

have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do

good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

For present parting; only, he desires

Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

Hel. You must not marvel, Helena, at my course,

Which holds not colour with the time, nor does

The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found

So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you,

That presently you take your way for home;

And rather muse³, than ask, why I entreat you,

For my respects are better than they seem;

And my appointments have in them a need,

Greater than shews itself, at the first view,

To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you! so

I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe⁴;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

¹ That is, a specious appearance of necessity.

² Theobald says, that this odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or any was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*.

³ i. e. wonder.

⁴ i. e. I own.

Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing indeed.—
 I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—
 'faith, yes;—
 Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kifs.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
 [Exit Helena.]

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
 Farewel.
 Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
 Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with Soldiers.

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
 The fundamental reasons of this war;
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
 And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
 Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
 On the opposer. [France]

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
 Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
 Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
 The reasons of our state I cannot yield,¹
 But like a common and an outward man²,
 That the great figure of a council frames
 By self-urable motion: therefore dare not
 Say what I think of it; since I have found
 Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
 As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. [nature³,

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
 That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
 Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
 And all the honours; that can fly from us,
 Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
 When better fall, for your avails they sell:
 To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*Roussillon in France.**Enter Countess and Cloten.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
 Save, that he comes not along with her.

Clot. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
 very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clot. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
 sing, mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and

sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that
 had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor
 for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
 he means to come.

Clot. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at
 court: our old ling and our Isbel's o' the country,
 are nothing like your old ling and your Isbel's o' the
 court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and
 I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with
 no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clot. E'en that you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [reads a letter.] "I have sent you a
 daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king,
 and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
 her; and sworn to make the not eternal.
 You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before
 the report come. If there be breadth enough in
 the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty
 to you.

"Your unfortunate son,
 "BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
 To fly the favours of so good a king;
 To pluck his indignation on thy head,
 By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
 For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Cloten.

Clot. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
 between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clot. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
 some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon
 as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clot. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
 he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
 loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
 Here they come, will tell you more: for my part,
 I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

¹ i. e. I cannot inform you of.
 follows.

² i. e. one not in the secret of affairs.

³ Meaning, our young

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you ?
Can woman me unto 't :—Where is my son, I pray,
2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of
Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [passport.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam ; here's my
" ' When thou canst get the ring upon my
" finger, which never shall come off, and shew
" me a child begotten of thy body, that I am fa-
" ther to, then call me husband : but in such a
" Then I write a *Never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gen. Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pry'thee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engroffest, all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety : He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ? [speed.

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of

Hel. " 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
" France."

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she : and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not ?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wick-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature [edness :
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have².

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near ?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife ?

Thou shalt have none, Rouffillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war ; and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

15 Fly with false aim ; move the still-piercing air³,

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;

Whoever charges on his forward breast :

I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it ;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected : better 'twere,

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere,

That all the miseries, which nature owes,

25 Were mine at once : No, come thou home, Roufil-
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar ; [lon,

As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :

My being here it is, that holds thee hence ;

Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although

30 The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum
and Trumpets, Soldiers, &c.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet

45 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

To the extremest edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth ;

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :

Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Rouffillon in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?

60 Might you not know, she would do as she has done,

By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

¹ That is, when thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession.
vices stand him in stead.

³ i. e. the air that closes immediately.

² i. e. his

Stew. "I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, hither gone;
 "Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 "That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
 "With fainted vow my faults to have amended.
 "Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 "My dearest master, your dear son may hie;
 "Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
 "His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
 "His taken labours bid him me forgive;
 "I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth
 "From courtly friends, with campy foes to live,
 "Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
 "He is too good and fair for death and me;
 "Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."
 Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice¹ so much,
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband; he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, *Rinaldo*,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Without the Walls of Florence.**A Tucket afar off.**Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.**Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the fight.*Dia.* They say, the French count has done most honourable service.*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid isher name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.
Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.*Mar.* I know the knave; hang him! one *Parolles*: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.*Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.**Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lye at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.*God save you pilgrim: Whither are you bound?**Hel.* To St. Jaques le grand.*Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?**Wid.* At the St. Francis here, beside the port.*Hel.* Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*]*Wid.* Ay, marry, is it. Hark you! [*pilgrim,*]*They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy**But 'till the troops come by,**I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;**The rather, for, I think, I know your hostels**As ample as myself.**Hel.* Is it yourself?*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?*Hel.* I did so.*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,*That has done worthy service.**Hel.* His name, I pray you? [*one?*]*Dia.* The count *Roussillon*: Know you such a*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of*His face I know not.* [*him;*]*Dia.* Whatsoever he is,*He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,**As 'tis reported, for the king had married him**Against his liking: Think you it is so? [*late.*]**Hel.* Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,*Reports but coarsely of her.**Hel.* What's his name?*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,*In argument of praise, or to the worth**Of the great count himself, she is too mean**To have her name repeated; all her deserving**Is a reserved honesty, and that**I have not heard examined⁴.*¹ That is, discretion or thought.² Meaning, "they are not really so true and sincere as in appearance they seem to be."³ Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.⁴ i. e. doubted.

Dis. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detestful lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [her

Hd. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes¹ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bertram, Parolles,
Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hd. Which is the Frenchman?

Dis. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife; if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome
Hd. I like him well. [gentleman?

Dis. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that
fame knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hd. Which is he?

Dis. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

Hd. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you

Where you shall host; of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hd. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Bab. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Bertram, and two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord; put him to't; let
him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of
him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward,
an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-
breaker, the owner of no one good quality wor-
thy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; left, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
he might, at some great and trusty business, in a
main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action
to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off
his drum, which you hear him so confidently un-
dertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom,
I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we
will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall sup-
pose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer
of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents: Be but your lordship present at his exami-
nation; if he do not, for the promise of his life,
and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his
power against you, and that with the divine forfeit
of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in
any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem fort:
when your lordship sees the bottom of his suc-
cess in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump
of ore will be melted, if you give him not John
Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be
removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not
the humour of his design; let him fetch off his
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks
forely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so
lost! There was an excellent command! to charge

¹ Deals as a broker. ² Theobald explains this passage thus: "My lord, as you have taken this fellow (Parolles) into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed;" and then adds the following history of *John Drum's Entertainment* from Hollinghed's Chronicle: "This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarfeheld, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his porter or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man, that resorted to his house, Tom Drum's entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas¹, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imbos'd² him³, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we catch⁴ him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafew, when his disguise and he is

parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

5 Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

[Exit.]
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

10 The last I spoke of.

1 Lord. But, you say, she's honest. [Once,

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon⁴. [born.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

30 Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

35 Wid. I should believe you; For you have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, [daughter, When I have found it. The count he woos you Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it; Now his important⁵ blood will nought deny That she'll demand: A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents, Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see

55 The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastly absent; after this,

¹ A dilemma is an argument that concludes both ways. ² To imbos'd a deer is to inclose him in a wood. The word, applied in this sense, being derived from *emboscure*, Ital. ought properly to be spelled *imboisk'd*. ³ Meaning, before we strip him naked. ⁴ i. e. by discovering herself to the count. ⁵ Important here means *important*.

To marry her
To what is
Wid. I h
Instruct my
That time,
May prove c
With music
To her unw

Part
Enter one of

Lord. H
upon him, f
though you
her: for we
unless some
duce for an i
Sol. Good
Lord. Art
not thy voice
Sol. No, f
Lord. But
to us again?
Sol. Even
Lord. He
if the adver
smack of all
must every on
know what w
to know, is to
language, gab
for you, inter
But cough, h
hours in a slee
lies he forges.

Par. Ten o
be time enou
have done? I
that carries it
disgraces have
I find, my ton
hath the fear o
not during the
Lord. This
tongue was gui
Par. What
take the recover
of the impossib
purpose? I m

1 Bertram's
and neither of
of which he w

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Helen. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

And lawful meaning in a lawful act:

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:

But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six soldiers in Ambush.

Lord. HE can come no other way but by
this hedge' corner: When you fall
upon him, speak what terrible language you will;
though you understand it not yourselves, no mat-
ter: for we must not seem to understand him;
unless some one amongst us, whom we must pro-
duce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he
not thy voice?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsy-woolfsy hast thou to speak
to us again?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
't the adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a
frack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another; so we seem
to know, is to know straight our purpose: though's
language, gabble enough, and good enough. As
for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick.
But cough, ho! here he comes; to beguile two
hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the
lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done? It must be a very plausible invention
that carries it; They begin to smoke me: and
disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door.
I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own
tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and

say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will
not carry it. They will say, Came you off with
so little? and great ones I dare not give; Where-
fore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put
you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these
perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is,
and be that he is?

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish
sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it
was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was
stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window
of the citadel?—

Lord. How deep?

[*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that
be believ'd.

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies;
I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*]

Lord. *Tbroca moveusuf, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine
eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

Inter. Boskos ipromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Boskos vauriado:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kereybanto:—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

¹ Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful fact, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife.

² i. e. proof.

³ i. e. a silent one.

Par.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray.—

Mancha revania dulce.

Lord. Ofcorbi dulchos volivoreo.

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live, And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew, Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acorda linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit with Parolles.

[A short alarm within.]

Lord. Go, tell the count Rouillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him 'Till we do hear from them. [muffled]

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:— Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you shall be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows; I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth; But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Higheft to witness¹: Then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? this has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love; That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths Are words, and poor conditions; but uncal'd; At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it; Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy; And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts, That you do charge men with: Stand no more off, But give thyself unto my sick desire, Who then recovers: say, thou art mine, and ever My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs, That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion honour on my part, Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring: My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine, And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: And on your finger, in the night, Will put Another ring; that, what in time proceeds, May token to the future our past deeds. Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo, As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me, When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him, When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braud², Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

¹ The sense is, we never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Higheft, the Divinity. ² i. e. crafty or deceitful.

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since; there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion, as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself¹.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartar. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning: entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module²; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confess'd?

¹ The meaning is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

² Module means pattern.

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Befko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Babbilindo cbicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him¹.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorique of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for't², in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, fir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. ["are a-foot."]

Inter. "Demand of him, of what strength they What say you to that?"

Par. By my troth, fir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks³, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be in the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighting sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his band in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is the captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out of the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. "Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold."

Par. That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rouillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

Interpreter reads the letter.

"When he swear oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

"After he scores, he never pays the score:

"Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

"He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

¹ The words "all's one to him" seem to belong to another speaker, and appear to be a proper remark of Bertram's upon Parolles' assertion. ² i. e. I am not obliged to him for it. To can is to know. ³ Cassock signifies a horseman's loose coat.

" And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
" Men are to mell with¹, boys are but to kifs:
" For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
" Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

" Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

" PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with
this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, fir, the
manifold linguist, and the omnipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat,
and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, fir, by our general's looks, we
shall be f in to hang you.

Par. My life, fir, in any case: not that I am
afraid to die; but that, my offences being many,
I would repent out the remainder of nature: let
me live, fir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any
where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see what may be done, so you con-
fess freely; therefore, once more to this captain
Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation
with the duke, and to his valour; What is his
honesty?

Par. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister;
for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He
professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them,
he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir,
with such volubility, that you would think Truth
were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for
he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does
little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but
they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.
I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty:
he has every thing that an honest man should no
have; what an honest man should have, he has
nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A
pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, fir, he has led the drum before the
English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and
more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that
country, he had the honour to be the officer at a
place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the
doubling of files: I would do the man what hon-
our I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that
the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I
need not to ask you, if god will corrupt him to
revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-
simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and
cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual
succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain
Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not al-
together so great as the first in goodness, but greater
a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a
coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best
that is: In a retreat he outruns any lacquey;
merry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake
to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count
Roussillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know
his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all
drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to be-
guile the supposition² of that lascivious young boy
the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who
would have suspected an ambush where I was
taken?

[*Afide.*

Inter. There is no remedy, fir, but you must die:
the general says, you, that have so traiterously dis-
covered the secrets of your army, and made such
pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can
serve the world for no very honest use; therefore
you must die. Come, headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, fir; let me live, or let me see
my death!

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all
your friends.

[*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my
lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy
of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf
of the count Roussillon? an I were not a very coward,
I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, captain; all but your
scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could find out a country where but
women were that had received so much shame, you
might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well,
fir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you
there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain still: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man to live.
I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

¹ To mell, is derived from the French word, *meler*, to mingle.

² i. e. to deceive the opinion.

SCENE IV.

*The Widow's House at Florence.**Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.*

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis need-
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: [ful,
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcellus; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive¹
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy² trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word³, the times will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives⁴ us:
All's well, that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courie, the end is the renown. [Exit.

SCENE V.

*Roussillon.**Enter Countess, Lafew, and Cleon.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a
snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron⁵
would have made all the unbak'd and doughty youth
of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law
had been alive at this hour; and your son here at

home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that
red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was
the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that
ever nature had praise for creating: if she had
partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest
groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a
more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady:
we may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on
such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marijoram
of the falset, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not falset-herbs, you knave, they
are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have
not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a
knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and
do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble⁶, sir,
to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee: thou art both
knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve
as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his
physiomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of
darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee
not this to suggest⁷ thee from thy master thou talk'st
of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
lov'd a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever
keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the
world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am
for the house with the narrow gate, which I take
to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that
humble themselves, may; but the many will be
too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery
way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of
thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would
not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my
horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

¹ *Motive* for assistant. ² *Saucy* may here imply *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. ³ i. e. in an instant of time. ⁴ i. e. *rouses* us. ⁵ Here some particularities of fashionable drefs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but villainous saffron is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastick fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. ⁶ Sir John Hawkins gives the following explanation of this passage: "Part of the furniture of a fool was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand."

⁷ i. e. to seduce.

Clo. If I put
to jests' tricks
the nature

Laf. A sh

Count. So he

himself much

he remains hen

his shyness; s

res where he v

Laf. I like

was about to t

holy's death, an

his return home

speak in the b

the minority of

self-gracious ren

highness has pro

the displeasure

there is no fitter

like it?

Count. With

with it happily e

Laf. His high

of as able a body

will be here to-m

that in such intel

Hel. BUT this

B Must v

hel

But, since you hav

to wear your gen

be bold, you do s

nothing can un

Enter

This man may hel

he would spend

Count. And you

Hel. Sir, I have

Count. I have be

Hel. I do presu

from the report th

and therefore, go

which lay nice ma

the use of your ov

shall continue tha

Count. What's you

Hel. That it wil

to give this poor p

and aid me with th

Cl. If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they shall be jakes' tricks; which are their own right by the line of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A throw'd knave, and an unhappy!

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his franchise; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marcellis, of as able a body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Cl. O madam, yonder's your lord my son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Cl. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Cl. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[Exit.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Court of France at Marcellis.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. BUT this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;

But, since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Asfringer².

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, fir.

Count. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Count. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, fir, that you are not fallen from the report that goes upon your goodness; and therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, which lay nice matters by, I put you to the use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Count. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you to give this poor petition to the king; and aid me with that store of power you have,

To come into his presence.

Count. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, fir?

Count. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that end's well, yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Count. Marry, as I take it, to Rouffillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, fir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thank your pains for it:

I will come after you with what good speed

Our means will make us means.

Count. This I'll do for you.

[thank'd,

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—

Go, go, provide.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Rouffillon.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafew this letter: I have ere now, fir, been better know'd

¹ That is unlucky.

² Mr. Steevens says, that a gentle asfringer means a gentleman falconer.

to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind¹.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (out not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. ² I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clo.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'etu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then³.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Sound trumpets.]* 'The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though

you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafew, Lords, Attendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem⁴ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home⁵.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade⁶ of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'er bears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon.—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whole beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistresses.

King. Praising what is lost, *[hither:]* Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him: We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. *[Spoke]*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness. *[Ters sent on]*

King. Then shall we have a match. I have let That let him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'n'd decrees

¹ That is, stand to the windward of me. encouraging him with a gracious smile.

² The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, French is plural, and signifies words. ³ A quibble is intended on the word Parolles, which full extent. ⁴ i. e. in the spring of early life, when the man is yet green. ⁵ i. e. completely, in blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, blaze of youth.

The inaudible Steals, ere we The daughter

Ber. Admire I stuck my cho Durst make to Where the imp Contempt his Which warp'd Scorn'd a fair Extended or cr To a most hide That she, who Since I have lo The dust that

King. Well That thou dost From the great Like a remorse To the great se Crying, 'That' Make trivial p Not knowing t Oft our displea Destroy our fri Our own love While shamefu Be this sweet I Send forth you The main conf To see our wid

Count. Whi Or, ere they n *Laf.* Come Must be digest To sparkle in That the may And every hair Was a sweet cr The last that e I saw upon her

Ber. Her's *King.* Now While I was t This ring was I bade her, if Necessity'd to I would relieve Of what shoul *Ber.* My gr Howe'er it ple The ring was n *Count.* Son, I have seen her At her life's ra

Laf. I am s *Ber.* You ar In Florence wa Wrapp'd in a p Of her that th I stood engag'd To mine own f I could not an

⁶ Removes ar prove they were

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admirably, my liege: At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away,
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, [late,
To the great sinner turns a four offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone; our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Of our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. [blefs!

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
Must be digested, give a favour from you, [name
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not. [eye,

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, [her
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casket thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name:
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us

15 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. [honour;

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing, but to clothe
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

25 [Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sit this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever her's, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

35 *King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes¹, come short

40 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads.

“ —Upon his many protestations to marry
“ me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
“ he won me. Now is the count Rouillon a
“ widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and
“ my honour's paid to him. He stole from
“ Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to
“ his country for justice: Grant it me, O king;
“ in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
“ and a poor maid is undone.

“ DIANA CAPULET.”

55 *Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
told him: for this, I'll none of him². [Lafau,

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

¹ Removes are journeys or post-stages. ² Alluding to buying horses in fairs, and paying toll for them to prove they were honestly come by.

Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers! [you,

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour,
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease¹, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow are so embody'd yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill
to friend, [snour,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your ho-
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich valueity²,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner of the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted³ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd⁴;
Whose nature sickens but⁵ to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you throw it him
Out of a case ment.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do contest, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle sorely, every feather stands
Is this the man you speak of? [you—

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, [you,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentl'man; tricks he hath
had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; Did he
love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
60 orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

¹ That is, de cease, die. ² i. e. value. ³ Quoted has the same sense as noted. ⁴ See note 3, p. 17.
⁵ i. e. only to speak a truth.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine¹ in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer².

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes³ the ring, is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [*To Bert.*] Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick, So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick. And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist⁴ Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter; This it says, *When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you! O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[*To the Countess.*]

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief; [*10*

Parlles.] So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

50 If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*To Diana.*]

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid, Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

40 Of that, and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express; All yet seems well; and, if it end to meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing:

45 *The king's a beggar, now the play is done:*

All is well ended, if this suit be won, That you express content; which we will pay, With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

50 *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Too fine, here means full of finesse; too artful.

² This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*.

³ i. e. a common woman.

⁴ i. e. owns.

T W

W

ORRINO, Duke
SEBASTIAN,
ANTONIO, a
VALENTINE
CURIO,
Sir TOBY BE
Sir ANDREW
tend
A Sea-Captain

Enter

Duke. IF m
Gi

The appetite

That itrain a

O, it came

That breathe

Stealing, an

'Tis not so f

O spirit of l

That, notw

Receiveth a

Of what va

But falls int

Even in a m

That it alon

Cur. Wi

Duke. V

Cur. Th

Duke. V

O, when n

Methought

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORsINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke:

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.

A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.

FABIAN, servant to Olivia.

MALVOLIO, a fantastical steward to Olivia.

Clown, servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City on the Coast of Illyria.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. IF musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.—

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou:

That, notwithstanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

Of what validity¹ and pitch soever,

But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy²,

That it alone is high-fantastical³.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought the purg'd air of pestilence:

That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, *val'ue*. ² i. e. *love*. ³ i. i. fantastical to the height.

S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.*Cap.* True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,

Affure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
No: three hours travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.* A noble duke in nature, as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?*Cap.* Orsino.*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother, [her
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

¹ That is, *made public* to the world.² i. e. *approve*.³ Tall means *stout, courageous*.⁴ Mr. Steevens explains *coyftil* to mean a coward cock, or a bastard hawk; while Mr. Tollet says, it implies a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

I pray thee, and I'll pay thee boundenly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit:
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!*Vio.* I thank thee: Lead me on.

S C E N E III.

*Olivia's House.**Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.**Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, Care's
an enemy to life.*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.*Sir To.* Why, let her except, before excepted.
Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.*Sir To.* Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these cloaths are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them
hang themselves in their own straps.*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here,
to be her wooer.*Sir To.* Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?*Mar.* Ay, he.*Sir To.* He's as tall ³ a man as any's in Illyria.*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a
coyftil⁴, that will not drink to my niece, till his

brains turn
wench? Ca
Andrew Ag

*Sir And.**Belch?**Sir To. S**Sir And.**Mar. An**Sir To. A**Sir And.**Sir To. M**Sir And.*

acquaintance

*Mar. My**Sir And.**Sir To. Y*

her, board h

Sir And.

in this compa

*Mar. Fare**Sir To. A*

thou might'st

Sir And.

might never

think you hav

*Mar. Sir,**Sir And. M*

my hand.

Mar. Now

being your han

Sir And. V

metaphor?

*Mar. It's d**Sir And. V*

ah, but I can

just?

*Mar. A dr**Sir And. A**Mar. Ay,*

marry, now I

Sir To. O h

When did I se

Sir And. N

you see canary

I have no more

¹ It was an

as well to wa

² Dr. Warbur*Cyprian* count

have been a c

being vulgarly

to one *Mary*

Grainger gives

posed to have b

tragic which is

prostitute and a

most signal exp

gate, but was,

deeply, in the 7

in the frequent

brains

brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top¹. What wench? Castiliano volgo²; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again! Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir³.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary

man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it, I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't it not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture⁴? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make

¹ It was anciently the custom to keep a large top in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, as well to warm the peasants by exercise, as to keep them out of mischief, while they could not work.

² Dr. Warburton thinks, we should read *volto*; the meaning will then be in English, Put on your *Cassilian* countenance; that is, your grave solemn looks. Mr. Malone observes, that *Cassilian* seems to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. ³ That is, not a lover's hand; a moist hand being vulgarly deemed a sign of an amorous constitution.

⁴ Shakespeare is here supposed to allude to one *Mary Frith*, more generally known by the appellation of *Moll Cut-purse*; and of whom Mr. Grainger gives the following account in his *Biographical History of England*. "She was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, and practised, or was instrumental to almost every crime and wild frolic which is notorious in the most abandoned and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she had long indulged herself."

water, but in a sink-a-pace¹. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock². Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart³.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Valentine and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continues these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return. [then?]

Viola. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What *Duke.* O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belye thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best, [strife?]
To woo your lady: [Exit Duke.] yet, a fearful
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten⁵ answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away: Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Olivia. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna⁶, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he

¹ That is, a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five.

² *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*.

³ This alludes to the medical astrology, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations.

⁴ i. e. a contest full of impediments.

⁵ Meaning, a *short* and *spare* one; alluding to the commons in Lent.

⁶ The cant word for *mistress*, *dame*.

honest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cavillus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motly in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll hide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend.

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest, I take these wife men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and will with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury induce thee with leasing¹, for you speak't well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post², and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:

¹ That is, lying. ² It was the custom of that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office; the original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication.

'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very compible¹, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, fir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are the, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping² a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, fir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull³ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant⁴, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any others, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: [Exit Maria.] we will hear this divinity. Now, fir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, fir, such a one I was this present⁵: Is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, fir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent⁶, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st face alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise⁷ me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud. But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant; And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

¹ That is, very submissive.

² i. e. wild, frolick, mad.

³ To hull means to drive to and

upon the water, without sails or rudder.

⁴ Meaning, her waiting-waid, who was so eager to

prevent his delivering his message.

⁵ i. e. I am.

⁶ i. e. blended, mixed.

⁷ i. e. to appraise

value me.

Vin. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vin. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hail your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me. [age?]

Oli. You might do much: What is your parent-

Vin. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to my lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vin. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage?

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
I am a gentleman.—*I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him;
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. **W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-
ly over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage
is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express¹ myself: You must know of me then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd
Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messa-
line, whom I know you have heard of: he left
behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an
hour: If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we
had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for, some
hour before you took me from the Beach of the

sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much re-
sembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:
but, though I could not, with such estimable won-
der², over-far believe that, yet thus far I will
boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could
not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with
salt water, though I seem to drown her remem-
brance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it
not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of
kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of
my mother, that upon the least occasion more,
mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to
the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

¹ That is, to reveal myself.

² i. e. wonder and esteem.

SCENE II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Viola. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue¹, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant² enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false³

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms⁴!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge⁵? My master loves her dearly:

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop⁶ of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clow. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, afs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent break⁷. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogemitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman⁸; Had'st it?

Clow. I did impeticoat thy gratitude; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clow. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life⁹?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Tris no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clow. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty¹⁰,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

¹ That is, her tongue was talking of the duke, while her eyes were gazing on his messenger.

² Pregnant means dexterous, or ready.

³ Mr. Steevens thus happily explains this obscure passage: "Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once proper (i. e. fair in their appearance) and false, (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The proper false is certainly a less elegant expression than the fair deceiver, but seems to mean the same thing: a proper man, was the ancient phrase for a handsome man."

⁴ To set their forms, means, to plant their images; i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds.

⁵ To fadge, is to suit, to fit.

⁶ i. e. a cap.

⁷ i. e. voice.

⁸ i. e. thy mistress.

⁹ Meaning probably a jolly or merry song, agreeably to the

bon vivant of the French, from which the phrase seems to be adopted.

¹⁰ In some counties *sweet* and *twenty* is a phrase of endearment.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three fools out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By't lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, hold thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a captain³, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey⁴, and *Three merry men be we*⁵.

Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley⁶, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*⁷

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up⁹!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My

lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale¹⁰?

Clo. Yes, my Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums¹¹:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule¹²; the shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword¹³, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us¹⁴, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

¹ That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

² This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: "Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should bate souls out of men's bodies?"—Why he says *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in three parts; and the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls; the vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. ³ A term of reproach. See note ⁸, p. 52. ⁴ The name of a very obscene old song.

⁵ This is a conclusion common to many old songs. ⁶ Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt, in use at that time. ⁷ *Lady, lady*, is the burthen of the song, of which Sir Toby was probably reminded, by saying, "*Tilly-valley, lady.*" ⁸ A coxir is a taylor, from the French word *coudeur*, to sew.

⁹ Mr. Steevens thinks we should read *Sneak-up*, i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner; but afterwards adds, that *sneak the door* is a north country expression for *knock the door*. I surmise that it means go hang yourself, in which the sense is good in five examples brought by Mr. Steevens. S. A.

¹⁰ Alluding to the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day; which the Puritans called superstition. ¹¹ Stewards formerly wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. ¹² i. e. behaviour. ¹³ i. e. a bye-word, a kind of proverbial reproach.

¹⁴ i. e. inform us, tell us.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Good night, Penthefilea².

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut³.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollected⁴ terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio. Music.]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are: Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour⁵ that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways the level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner left and worn⁶, Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they are to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:— Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free⁷ maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth⁸, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age⁹.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. *[Music.]*

¹ That is, affected.

² i. e. amazon.

³ Alluding to a cut or curtail dog. See note ¹, p. 62.

⁴ i. e. studied.

⁵ i. e. some beauty, or complexion.

⁶ i. e. worn out.

⁷ Meaning, perhaps,

vacant, or easy in mind.

⁸ i. e. it is plain, simple truth.

times of simplicity,

⁹ The old age implies the ages past, the

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, dearth,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My love of white, fluck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Ch. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Ch. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Ch. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal¹:—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where²; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. [Excunt.

Once more Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Sir, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Bliss for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides

Capable the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

¹ A precious stone of almost all colours.
² i. e. no where, as it hath no one particular place
view than another.

³ Denay is denial.

⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that the old copy reads
"mettle of India; meaning, my girl of gold, my precious girl," and this is probably the true
meaning.

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny³.

[Excunt.

S C E N E V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boild to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would't thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some nota-
ble shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought
me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-bait-
ing here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we
not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How
now, my nettle of India⁴?

Mar. Get you all three into the box-tree: Mal-
volio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder
i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow,
this half hour: observe him, for the love of
mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a
contemplative idiot of him. Clofe, in the name
of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the
trout that must be caught with tickling.

[They hide themselves. Maria throws down a letter
and

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but my fortune; all is fortune. Maria
once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard
herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it
should be one of my complexion. Besides, she
uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one
else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy² married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him³.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow⁴, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—

to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch⁵, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁶, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of countenance:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;—"

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;—"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew;—"

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humour incline him to read aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: there be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. "To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes;" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady's. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. "Jove knows I love:

"But who?

"Lips do not move,

"No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers alter'd!—"No man must know:"—this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock⁸!

Mal. "I may command, where I adore:

"But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

"With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

"M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."—Nay,

but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannys¹⁰ checks¹⁰ at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why,

may I command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why,

this is evident to any formal¹¹ capacity. There is

no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What

should that alphabetical position portend? If I could

make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—

M. O. A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: he is now at

cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹² will cry upon't, for all this

though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins

my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the

cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonance

¹ To jet is to strut.

² Mr. Steevens proposes to read, we think happily, *starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*.

³ i. e. puffs him up.

⁴ i. e. a cross bow, a bow which shoots stones.

⁵ Watches at that time were very uncommon.

⁶ i. e. carts.

⁷ Meaning, what's to do here?

⁸ i. e. badger. He calls Malvolio one, because

is likely to be hunted like that animal. To badger a man, is a phrase now in use for making a fool

him. ⁹ The *stannys* is the common stone-hawk, in the north called *flanchil*.

¹⁰ i. e. any one in his senses.

¹¹ Probably means here the name of a hound. A *sowter*, however, was a cobbler.

¹² Probably means here the name of a hound. A *sowter*, however, was a cobbler.

the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.¹

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would

how to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—“If this fall

into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are

born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates

open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what

thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, furly

with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity:

She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings²;

and wish'd to see thee over cross-garter'd³: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou de-

sirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to

touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, The fortunate-

unhappy.” Day-light and champion discovers not more⁴: this is open. I will be proud, I will read

politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice*⁵, the

very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that

my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-

garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am

happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stock-

ings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftests of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—

Here is yet a postscript. “Thou canst not chuse

“but know who I am. If thou entertainest my

“love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles

“become thee well: therefore in my presence

“still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.”—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing

that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip⁶, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ⁷ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will

come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors: and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests;

and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him

into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

Viola. GAVE thee, friend, and thy musick:

Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Cl. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vi. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vi. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church

¹ Meaning, probably, that it shall end in sighing or disappointment. ² Yellow stockings were, in our author's time, much worn.

³ The puritans of those times affected this fashion, and in a former scene Malvolio is said to have been an affecter of puritanism. ⁴ i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

⁵ i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. ⁶ Mr. Steevens supposes tray-trip to have been the name of some game at tables, draughts, or cards; while Sir John Hawkins says it was a game (much in vogue in our author's days, and still retained among the lower

sorts of young people in the west of England,) the same as now goes under the name of Scotch-bop, which was play'd either upon level ground marked out with chalk in the form of squares or diamonds, or upon a chequered pavement.

⁷ i. e. strong waters.

stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, fir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove¹ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, fir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, fir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, fir. I do care for something; but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, fir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the fun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistrefs: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, fend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will confer to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard², check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wife man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit: But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit!

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, fir.

Sir To. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir To. I hope, fir, you are, and I am yours.—Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, fir; I mean, she is the list⁴ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, fir, put them to motion. *Vio.* My legs do better understand me, fir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁵ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]

Give me your hand, fir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, fir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thought On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bad you never speak again of him:

But would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did feel After the last enchantment, (you did hear)

A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

¹ That is, a glove made of kid leather; from *chevreau*.

² The *baggard* is the wild brack.

³ i. e. "But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion."

⁴ i. e. the bound, the limit of my voyage. ⁵ i. e. ready.

Which you

Have you

And baite

That tyrann

r

Enough is

Hides my

Vio. I p

Oli. Tha

Vio. No

That very

Oli. Why

O world, h

If one shou

To fall bef

The clock

Be not afra

And yet, v

Your wife

There lies

Vio. Th

Grace, and

You'll not

Oli. Stay

I prythee,

Vio. Tha

Oli. If I

Vio. The

Oli. I wo

Vio. Wo

I with it m

Oli. O,

In the conte

A murd'rou

Than love

Cesario, by

By maidho

I love thee

Nor wit, no

Do not exte

For, that I

But, rather

Love sough

Vio. By

I have one

And that n

Shall mistre

And so adie

Will I my n

Oli. Yet

That heart,

An

Enter S

Sir And.

Sir To. T

Which

i. e. to

S. *unjust* w

i. e. a *bag*

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving?

Enough is shewn; a cyprus², not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vin. I pity you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vin. No, not a grace³; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Ol. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vin. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Ol. Stay:

I prythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vin. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vin. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Ol. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vin. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Ol. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
Cetario, by the roses of the spring, [noon.]

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unfought, is better.

Vin. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore. [move]

Ol. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass of me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now

fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist⁴, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand⁵; be curt⁶ and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou dost him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call at the Cubiculo: Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and

55

60

¹ i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. ² A cyprus is a transparent stuff. ³ i. e. a step. ⁴ The Brownists were so named from Mr. Robert Brown, a zealous separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. ⁵ i. e. a hasty, careless hand. ⁶ i. e. be pert or petulant.

wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes!

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurting things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; but, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, more sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, as might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skill-less in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his gallies, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That were I taken here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffick's Most of our city did: only myself stood out: I take, For which, if I be laps'd in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open. *[Purse.]*

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me. *Seb.* Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him: He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or I speak too loud.— *[Borrow'd]*

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;— Where is Malvolio? *[Manner]*

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange He is, sure, posselt, madam.

Ol. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? *Mar.* No, madam. *[Bell]*

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were To have some guard about you, if he come, For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter Malvolio.

If sad and merry madness equal be.— How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. *[Smiles fantastically]*

Ol. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is; *Please one, and please all.*

Ol. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Warburton comments on this passage thus: "The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies." The wren lays generally nine or ten eggs, the last laid of which produces the least bird.

01. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

01. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft.

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes: Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—"I was well writ.

01. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great;"—

01. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

01. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

01. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

01. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

01. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

01. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant Rill."

01. Why, this is a very midsummer madness!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the court Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

01. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. *[Exit.]*

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd¹ her: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow²! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of

my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I will speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll pay.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁴ with Satan: Hang him, foul Collier⁵!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius has taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that

¹ Alluding to a received opinion, that extreme heat frequently affects the brain or senses.

² Fellow here means companion.

³ Mr. Steevens says, that *cherry-pit* means pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.

⁴ This is used as a term of reproach; the Devil, in our author's time, being vulgarly called *collier* from his blackness.

he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning¹.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. It 't so sawcy?

Sir And. I is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*]

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my fight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home: where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou kil'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will

deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of steel, And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me, that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof.

Vi. With the same haviour that your passion Goes on my master's grief.

Ol. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vi. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vi. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vi. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare² in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and desperate.

Vi. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very true and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vi. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration³; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hoh, nob⁴, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vi. I will return again into the house, and de-

¹ Alluding to the interludes of the comic kind, performed on that morning. ² i. e. bally. ³ That is, he is not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but on carpet consideration, on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling on a carpet. ⁴ A corruption from *hop ne hop*; as *would ne would, will ne will*, that is, let it happen or not; and signifies, at random, at the mercy of chance.

fire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; be-
like, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forward to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't! I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my tattle. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the fluck!—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.]

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have

persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the suppartance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello² avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

[They draw.]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker³, I am for you. [Draws.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[To Sir Andrew.]

Sir And. Marty, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

50 Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

55 For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

¹ A corrupted abbreviation of the *flocata*, an Italian term in fencing.

² i.e. by the laws of duelling.

³ Meaning, one who promises to accomplish any thing for another. Mr. Tyrwhitt imagines it had a political meaning, and that it alludes to a general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time (1614) by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question) that there had been any such undertaking."

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion. [away.]

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;—

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflow'd by the devil¹.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be pow'rd for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither
Fabian;

We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most famous
saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears,
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit Sir Andrew]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clow. WILL you make me believe, that I am not
sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know
you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid
you come speak with her; nor your name is not
master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—
Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pry thee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world
will prove a cockney.—I pry thee now, ungird thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pry thee, foolish Greek², depart from me;

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clow. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:
These wise men, that give fools money, get them-
selves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.
Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again; the
for you. [Striking Sebastian]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
the house.

Clow. This will I tell my lady straight: I will
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Sebastian]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another
to work with him; I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria: he
I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.

¹ It was the custom at that time to ornament the sides and tops of trunks with scroll-work and mathematical devices. ² Warburton says, that Greek was as much as to say, bawd or pandar. He supposed the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters it Corinthians.

my young foldier, put up your iron : you are well
 flesh'd ; come on.

Sol. I will be free from thee. What wouldst
 thou now ?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an
 ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Ol. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my

Be not offended, dear Cesario : — [fight !

Rudeby, be gone ! — I pry'thee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up¹, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this : thou shalt not chuse but go ;

Do not deny : Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Sol. What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream : —

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Ol. Nay, come, I pry'thee : 'Would, thou'dst

be rul'd by me !

Sol. Madam, I will.

Ol. O, say so, and so be !

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pry'thee, put on this gown, and

this beard ; make him believe, thou art Sir Toby

the curate ; do it quickly : I'll call Sir Toby the

whill. [Exit Maria.

Cl. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble

myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever

dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough

to become the function well ; nor lean enough to

be thought a good student : but to be said, an

odd man, and a good housekeeper, goes as

fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great

scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria,

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Cl. Bonos dies, Sir Toby : for as the old hermit

of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily

said to a niece of king Gorboduc, That, that is, is :

I, being master parson, am master parson :

what is that, but that ; and is, but is ?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Cl. What, ho, I say, — Peace in this prison !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good

knave.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there ?

Cl. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit

Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go
 to my lady.

Cl. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou
 this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd :
 good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they
 have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Cl. Fy, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by
 the most modest terms ; for I am one of those
 gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with
 courtesy ; Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Cl. Why, it hath bay-windows² transparent as
 barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-
 north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complaine'st
 thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas ; I say to you,
 this house is dark.

Cl. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no
 darkness, but ignorance ; in which thou art more
 puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance,
 though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say,
 there was never man thus abus'd : I am no more
 mad than you are, make the trial of it in any con-
 stant³ question.

Cl. What is the opinion of Pythagoras con-
 cerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
 inhabit a bird,

Cl. What think'st thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way
 approve his opinion.

Cl. Fare thee well : Remain thou still in dark-
 ness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras,
 ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a
 woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy
 grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas !

Cl. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy
 beard and gown ; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring
 me word how thou find'st him : I would, we were
 all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently
 deliver'd, I would he were ; for I am now so far
 in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue
 with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come
 by and by to my chamber. [Exit with Maria.

Cl. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool, —

Cl. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool, —

Cl. Alas, why is she so ?

Mal. Fool, I say ; —

Cl. She loves another. — Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well
 at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink,

¹ That is, made up. ² i. e. bow-windows, or perhaps the windows were darkened with a thick
 called bayes. ³ i. e. a regular question.

and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not, I, sir. God b' w' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent² for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,* [Singing.
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice³,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of loth,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ab, ba! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Part thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman devil. [Exit

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and feel't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit. That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my foul disputes well with my sense, 20 That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance⁵, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust⁶, but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, [Flowers. She could not sway her house, command her suit. Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, 30 As, I perceive, she does; there's something in't, That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well, Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith: That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: He shall conceal it, 40 Whiles⁷ you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you. And, having sworn⁸ truth, ever will be true.

45 *Oli.* Then lead the way, good father;—
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

55 *Fab.* Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola and Attendants.

60 *Duke.* Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

¹ That is, your five senses. ² To spend is to treat roughly. ³ Vice was the fool of the old moralists and was always acted in a mask. ⁴ Credit for account, information. ⁵ Instance for example; as for reason. ⁶ i. e. belief. ⁷ i. e. until. ⁸ i. e. fidelity.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Cl. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Cl. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Cl. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Cl. But that that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Cl. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Cl. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the fin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Ant. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

yet, when I saw it last, it was beset with

as black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:

A bawling veil¹ was he captain of,

For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizeable;

With which such faithful² grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss, [matter?

Try'd fame and honour on him.—What's the

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio, [Candy;

that took the Phoenix, and her freight, from

And this is he, that did the Tyger board,

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,

A private brabble did we apprehend him.

Ant. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, [me;

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love, without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication: for his sake,

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years removed thing, [purse,

While one would wink; deny'd me mine own

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town? [before,

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven

walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness;

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside. [have,

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may not

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Ol. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat² and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Ol. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, so perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars

My soul the faithful³ offerings hath breath'd out,

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it please my lord, that shall

become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

³ Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love: a savage jealousy,

That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this:

Since

¹ i. e. mischievous, destructive. ² i. e. dull. ³ This Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite:—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [chief:
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love thine eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witness above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away, [To *Vio.*

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travell'd but two hours. [grave

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! and
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He's broke my head across, and given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
God, your help: I had rather than forty pound,
I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was
set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you othegates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's allone; he has hurt me, and there's
an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clow. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago;
his eyes were set at eight o' the morning [pavin

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure
I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this
havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll
be dress'd together.

that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they
spaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions
in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy,
and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself
answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice,
he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand
plunged his sword into her breast.

¹ *Cafe* here means *skin*. ² i. e. retain some faith. ³ Sir John Hawkins says, the *pavan* was a grave
and majestick dance performed by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe
in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion
whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented
by the Spaniards. Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days
of Q. Elizabeth. *Pass-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*. From these ex-
planations, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to read the passage thus: "Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure
or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue; i. e. next to a passy-measure or a pavin, &c. It is in character, that Sir
Toby should express a strong dislike of serious dances, such as the *passa-mezzo* and the *pavan* are described
to be."

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a cock-
comb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!

[*Exeunt Cloten, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Of. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kind-
ness. Had it been the brother of my blood, [man;]
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
by that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;

A natural perspective¹, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Of. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Of. Of Messina: Sebastian was my father?

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Of. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Of. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal age,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Of. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[*To Olivia.*]

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To Viola.*]
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Of. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They fly, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
[*Re-enter Cloten, with a letter.*]

A most extracting² frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, firrah?

Cloten. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:

h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have
given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's

epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when
they are deliver'd.

Of. Open't, and read it.

Cloten. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Of. How now, art thou mad?

Cloten. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow *vox*³.

Of. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Cloten. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my

princess, and give ear.

Of. Read it you, firrah. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. [reads] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it: though you

have put me into darkness, and given your

drunken counsellor rule over me, yet have I the be-
nefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I

have your own letter that induced me to the fem-
blance I put on; with the which I don't not

but to do myself much right, or you much shame.

"Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a
little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"The madly-us'd MALVOLIO."

Of. Did he write this?

Cloten. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.
Of. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [offer.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your

¹ A perspective seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. ² Perhaps we should read *distracting*. ³ *Vox* is the Latin word for voice.

Your master quits you: and, for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman? [*volio?*]

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Mal-

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, no-
torious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [*letter:*]

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase:
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
'To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck¹, and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak:
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parr
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance³;

In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
thee⁴?

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
"them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one
Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—"By the
"Lord, fool, I am not mad!"—But do you re-
member, madam,— "Why laugh you at such a bar-
"ren rascal? an you smile not, he's ragg'd:" And
"thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.
[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents⁵,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knives and thieves, men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to twine,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [*Exit.*]

¹ Meaning, people of less dignity or importance. ² i. e. fool. ³ Importance is importunement. ⁴ Baffled in this place means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. ⁵ i. e. calls us together again.

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
 MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
 FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
 CAMILLO,
 ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
 CLEOMENES,
 DION,
Another Sicilian Lord.
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
 ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Gasler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
 AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
 TIME, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
 EMILIA, *a Lady.*
Two other Ladies.
 MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
 DORCAS, }

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.
 SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit
 Bohemia, on the like occasion where-
 on my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I
 have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia
 and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king
 of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which
 he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame
 us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Befeech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my
 knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—
 in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will
 give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unin-
 telligent of our insufficiency, may, though they
 cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's
 given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding
 instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to ut-
 terance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to

Bohemia. They were trained together in their
 childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then
 such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch
 now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal
 necessities, made separation of their society, their
 encounters, though not personal, have been royally
 attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving
 embassies; that they have seem'd to be together,
 though absent; shook hands, as over a vast¹; and
 embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd
 winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either
 malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an un-
 speakable comfort of your young prince Mamil-
 lius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that
 ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes
 of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed,
 physicks the subject², makes old hearts fresh:
 they, that went on crutches ere he was born, de-
 sire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why
 they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire
 to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Vastum* is the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land; *over a vast*, therefore, means at a great and
 vacant distance. ² Meaning, affords a cordial or comfort to the state.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*A Room of State.**Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That ' may blow
Or sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then ; and in
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Plead me not, 'beseech you, so ; [world,
There is no tongue that moves ; none, none i' the
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
I were needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you, a charge, and trouble : to fave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll swack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.]

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gift³
Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good deed⁴, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar⁵ o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

5 You put me off with limber vows : But I, [oaths,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is

10 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees, [you ?
When you depart, and fave your thanks. How say
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,

15 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :

To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

20 *Her.* Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys ;
You were pretty lordings⁶ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,

25 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

30 And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,

35 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours ?

40 *Her.* By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,

Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those unledg'd days was my wife a girl ;

45 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !

Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;

50 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not

With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

55 *Her.* He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

¹ That is here put for *Oh* ! The meaning is, " Oh, that no sneaping (or checking) winds at home may blow." ² i. e. hinder or detain. ³ Gift signifies a *stage* or *journey*. In the time of royal progress the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Heralds Office, were called his *gifts* from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*. ⁴ i. e. indeed, or in very deed. ⁵ i. e. a single vibration or *ticking*, made by the pendulum of a clock. ⁶ A diminutive of *lord*. ⁷ Setting aside original innocence to heaven.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?

[us] I pray thee, tell me: Crain us with praise, and make As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal¹;—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? It has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when [death,

Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clap² thyself my love; then didst thou utter,

"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.— [twice:

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.

Leo. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on: derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent: it may, I grant:

But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,

As in looking-glasses;—and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer³; oh, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'ficks? [thy nose?—

Why, that's my bawcock⁴. What, hast smutch'd

Thy face, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁵

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path⁶, and the shoots⁷

that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are

almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say any thing: But were they false

As o'er-dy'd blacks⁸, as winds, as waters; false

As dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes

No bourn⁹ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true

To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,

Look on me with your welkin-eye¹⁰: Sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop¹¹!—Can thy dam? may't

Affection¹²! thy intention stabs the center. [be?

Thou dost make possible things not so held,

Communicat'it with dreams,—How can this be?—

With what's unreal; thou coactive art,

And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent¹³,

Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;

And that beyond commission; and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains,

And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

[ther?]

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best bro-

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Left it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornament o'f does, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money¹⁵?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, happy man be his dole¹⁶!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's

Apparent¹⁷ to my heart.

¹ Meaning, to come to the point, or purpose. ² Alluding to the custom of people clapping the palms of their hands together when they conclude or make a bargain. Hence the phrase—to clap up a bargain. A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. ⁴ Perhaps derived from beau and cog. We still say that such a one is a jolly cock, a cock of the game. ⁵ A virginal is a very small kind of spinnet. ⁶ Path is kiss, from paz Spanish, i. e. thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard to kiss with. ⁷ Shoots are branches, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. ⁸ Blacks was the common term for mourning. ⁹ Bourn is boundary. ¹⁰ i. e. blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the skin, or sky. ¹¹ i. e. a piece or slice of myself. ¹² Affection here means imagination. ¹³ i. e. credible. ¹⁴ This line would seem to belong to the preceding speaker. ¹⁵ A proverbial saying, borrowed from the French, and implying, Will you put up affronts? ¹⁶ Another proverbial expression, meaning, May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man. ¹⁷ Meaning next to my heart.

Her.

Her. If you would seek us, [there?] We are your's i' the garden: Shall's attend you
Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line;
[Aside, observing Hermione.]

Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.*]
To her allowing husband! Gone already; [one.—
Inch-thick, knee-deep! o'er head and ears a fork'd!
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, as issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play:—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: make a thousand of us
Have the disease and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.—
What? Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.— [Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home¹.

Leo. Didst note it!

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material².

Leo. Didst perceive it?

[ing 4.]
They're here with me already; whispering, round-
Sicilia is a *so-forth*: 'Tis far gone.
When I shall gust⁵ it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. [tinent;

Leo. At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks: Not noted, is;
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes⁶,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

5 *Cam.* Business, my lord? I think, most under-
Bohemia stays here longer. [stand

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

10 *Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

15 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd

20 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To bide upon't:—Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes⁷ honesty behind, restraining [counted
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be
25 A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool; [drawn,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
And tak'st it all for jest.

30 *Cam.* My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

35 Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if indutiously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

40 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance⁸, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty

45 Is never free of. But beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,
50 (But that's past doubt: you have: or your eye-glaze
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it)
55 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt, confess;
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought: Then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name

¹ That is, a *borned* one; a *cuckold*.

² Meaning, the anchor would not take hold.

³ More urgent

and important. ⁴ i. e. *rounding in the ear*, (*whispering*, or *telling secretly*) a phrase in use at that time.

⁵ i. e. *taste* it. ⁶ *Mess* is a contraction of *master*, an appellation used by the Scots. *Lower messes*, there-
fore, are graduates of a lower form. The speaker is now mentioning gradations of understanding, and

not of rank. ⁷ To *box* is to ham-string.

⁸ Meaning, that the act was not necessary to be done.

As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true !

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Killing with infide lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horning foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? withing clocks more swift ;
Hours minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web ? but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these no-
things, this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie :

say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a grofs lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Advising to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ? [hanging

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
About his neck, Bohemia :—Who,—if I
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes
To seek alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
As cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form [see
As bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who may't
Mainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
Now I am gall'd,—thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting ³ wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I would do this ; and that with no rash ⁴ potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Deliciously ⁵, like poison : But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
Whom sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot !
I think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ! fully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Roads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Is scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,

i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.
borders in the eye. ³ i. e. to poison him. ⁴ i. e. hasty. ⁵ i. e. malignantly. ⁶ To
is to start off, to shrink.

Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;

I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

Go then : and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage.
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou spilt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,

Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now ;
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?——
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes this his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,

Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
Thereof to be inform'd; imprison it not [ledge
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, [least
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *ho!*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen't, or been an instrument [queen
To vice you to't²,—that you have touch'd his
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to

A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer [thereon
Than one condemn'd; by the king's own mouth
Is execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if

Thou bear't my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,

55 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

60 *2 Lady.* And why so, my lord?

¹ Gentle is evidently opposed to simple; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and manly. ² i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice* in the old plays, was a scamp to evil.

Mom. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

1 Lady. Who taught you this? [now]

Mom. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord. [noise]

Mom. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom flirs amongst you? Come
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mom. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mom. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful

Mom. There was a man— [at it]

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on. [softly]

Mom. Dwelt by a church-yard:—I will tell it
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.
Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men four so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge?—how accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen
the spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employed by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing?; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; [To Hermione.] I am glad, you
did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some sign of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport? [about her;]
Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the wayward.

Leo. You my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federy with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-fwerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,

¹ Hefts are what is heaved up. ² i. e. I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of
cloths, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. ³ i. e. a confederate. ⁴ But is here
used for except. I am

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard? *[To the Guards.]*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

[To her ladies.]
There is no cause: when you shall know, your
Has desert'd prison, then abound in tears, *[mistress]*
As I come out; this action¹, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]
Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, fir; lest your
justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer.
Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, fir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is 'spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces..

Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't: 'would I knew the villain,
I would lard damn² him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five³;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib⁴ myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel. *[Striking his brow]*

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;

There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation⁵,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) do push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most pitious to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleoменes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency⁶: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. *[Aside.]* To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

A Prison.

Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[Exit Gentleman.]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

60 You know me, do you not?

¹ Action is here applied in the legal sense, for charge, or accusation. ² Meaning, perhaps, I would
rid the country of him; condemn him to quit the land. ³ The second folio reads sonnes five. ⁴ To
glib, or to lib, means the same as to geld. ⁵ Approbation here means proof. ⁶ Meaning, of abilities
more than enough. *Kep.*

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now,
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. *[Exeunt Gent.]*

Keep. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,
[Exit Keep.]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn!—
These dangerous unsafe lures¹ o' the king! he-
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
Will the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, *[babe,*
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:

5 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

10 *Keep.* I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

15 *Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other At-*
tendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness

20 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level² of my brain, plot-proof: but she
25 I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

30 *Leo.* How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
35 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself:
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
[Exit Attendant.]

40 See how he fares.—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
45 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

50 *Lord.* You must not enter. *[me;]*

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to
Fear you his tyrannous passion, more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent foul;
More free, than he is jealous.

55 *Ant.* That's enough. *[manded]*

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir.
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
60 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;

¹ i. e. frenzy, lunacy.

² Blank and level are terms of archery.

Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How?—

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Lest appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen! [good queen;

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so inticing me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard:—
[To Antigonus.

Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd¹, unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Tak't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princefs, by that forced² baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife. [all doubt,

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past

You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

5 But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
10 He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leo. A callat,

15 Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenès:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

20 And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
25 The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
30 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow³ in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel⁴, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
35 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

40 *Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
45 Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [your
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something less
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
50 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

55 *Paul.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—

¹ *Worst* here implies *lowest*. ² The phrase of *mankind-woman* is still in use in some counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous; which is its meaning in this passage. ³ *Woman-tyr'd* is synonymous with the modern *ben-pecked*. ⁴ A *croan* means an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. ⁵ i. e. *false* baseness. ⁶ *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. ⁷ *Lozel* is an ancient term of contempt, meaning a worthless fellow.

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewel; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st it on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all. [dit:]
Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better cre-
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither:

[To Antigonus.]
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-
To save this brat's life? [venture]

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord. [the fail
Leo. Mark, and perform it! (seest thou?) for
Of any point in's shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection;
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exit, with the child.]
Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Please your highness, poets,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cle. THE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much sur-
The common praise it bears. [passing]

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,

[Methinks, I so should term them) and the
reverence

55 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey

' That is, commit it to some place as a stranger.

Prove

Prove as successful to the queen.—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes against our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even 't' the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina and Ladies
attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
"king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-
"raigned of high treason, in committing adultery
"with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspi-
"ring with Camillo to take away the life of our
"sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
"the pretence² whereof being by circumstances
"partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to
"the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst
"counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
"fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other [me
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot
'To say, *Not Guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare³: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
5 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
Now merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
10 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, *Eye upon my grave!*

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,

15 That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,

25 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me

30 Both disobedience and ingratitude, [spoke,
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd

35 For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know

40 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level⁴ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

45 *Leo.* Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes, [shame,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all
Those of your fact⁵ are so) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as

50 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

55 *Her.* Sir, spare your threats:

The bug, which you will fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

60 But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,

¹ i. e. equal. ² i. e. the design. ³ To spare means here, to let it go, to quit the possession of it. ⁴ To be in the level means to be within the reach. ⁵ i. e. those who have done as you are supposed to have done.

Starr'd

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hath out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit¹. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
Not yet hear this; mistake me not!—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I should be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomenes.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flames² of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge! [*Justice.*]
Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [*brought*
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
"Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
"his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
"shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost,
"be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed³, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*Hermione faints.*]

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
And see what death is doing.

[*down,*

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

5 Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

10 For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

15 My swift command; though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

20 Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all uncertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

Through my dark ruit! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

25 *Re-enter Paulina.*

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady? [*me?*]

30 *Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for

What wheels? racks? fires? What faying? boil-

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture [*ing?*

Must I receive; whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

35 Together working with thy jealousies,—

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,

And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all

Thy by-gone fooleries, were but spices of it.

40 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,

'Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,

45 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a devil

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death

50 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,

That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire

Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,

Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,

55 When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and verge-

Not dropp'd down yet. [*ance for't*]

Lord. The higher powers forbid! [*oath,*

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear it: if word, nor

60 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring

Tin'sure, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

¹ Limit is here put for limb.

² i. e. the *torments* of my misery.

³ Meaning, of the *event* of the

out outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
I do not repent these things; for they are heavier
In all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
Nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
A thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In form perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Ant. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
Tongues to talk their bitterest.

Perd. Say no more;
Under the business goes, you have made fault
In boldness of your speech.

Perd. I am sorry for't;
Faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
Rashness of a woman; he is touch'd [help.
The noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
By my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that I have minded you
What you should forget. Now, good my liege,
My royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

I have bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I do not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your own patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Ant. Thou didst speak but well,
The most truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
The grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
The shame perpetual: Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Shall bear up with this exercise, so long
I'll vow to use it. Come,
Lead me to these sorrows. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect: then, our ship hath
The secrets of Bohemia? [touch'd upon

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us. [aboard;

Ant. Their sacred wills be done;—Go, get
To thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I'll be upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
To fair the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
And this place is famous for the creatures
That prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:— [dead

5 I have heard, (but not believed) the spirits of the
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
10 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

15 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,—
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—

20 "Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
"I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see

25 "Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,

30 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth

35 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[Laying down the child.
There lie: and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
40 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
45 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel! [have
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;

50 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.
Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
55 cientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and
two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have
scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
60 the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any
where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing

Perfect here means *certain*, or *well assured*, as in many other passages of our Author's Plays. ² Mean-
ing, the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

of ivy. Go
we here?
harm! a v
I wonder
Sure some
can read w
has been
behind-door
this, than
for pity: y
ho'd but e

Cl. Hilloa
Sup. What
to talk on
higher. Wh
Cl. I have
hand;—but
the sky; bet
thrill a bodk
Shep. Why?
Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

Cl. I woul
how it rages,
not to the po
poor souls! fo
can: now the
main-mast; a
froth, as you'd
then for the l
ore out his sh
for help, and
nobleman:—I
to see how th
how the poor
them;—and h
the bear mock
sea, or weathe
Shep. 'Name

of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barm! a very pretty barm! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my fon come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Cl. Hilloo, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come higher. What ail'st thou, man?

Cl. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Cl. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Cl. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold in water, nor the bear half-din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd this old man.

Cl. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but I'll be there here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou must be with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth² for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling³:—open't: What's within, boy?

Cl. You're a made old man: if the fins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so, if you keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go: Come, good boy, the next way home.

Cl. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never cur'd but when they are hungry: if there be any left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st detect by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the fight of him.

Cl. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exit*]

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I THAT please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

45 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself: Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
50 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
55 I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument⁴ of Time: Of this allow,
60 If you have ever spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit*]

¹ i. e. child. ² The mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when carried to church to be baptized. ³ Meaning, some child left behind by the fairies, in place of one which they had stolen. ⁴ i. e. subject.

S C E N E I.

*The Court of Bohemia.**Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I overween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me business, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious; than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly¹, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from a very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle² that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I

think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The Country.**Enter Autolycus singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrust and the joy:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunt's,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile³; but now am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the fore-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks aroub it.

My traffick is sheets⁶; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison⁷; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁸: Gallows, and knock⁹, are too powerful on the high-way: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether-tods⁹; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred thorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the spring hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.]

Clow. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man¹⁰ song-men-all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means¹¹, and bafes: but one puritan among them, and he

¹ i. e. occasionally. ² Meaning, the fishing-rod. ³ The meaning is, the spring, or red blood, reigns over the winter's pale blood. ⁴ A cant word for a bawd. ⁵ i. e. rich velvet. ⁶ Meaning, that he was a hawker or vender of sheet ballads, and other publications. ⁷ Meaning, with gaming and whoring. I brought myself to this reduced dress. ⁸ The cant term for picking pockets. ⁹ A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. ¹⁰ i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. ¹¹ Means are trebles.

sings

sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies¹; *mace—dates—none*; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, seven*: a race or two, of ginger;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun*.
Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Crawling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, fir, the loathfomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. I and me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand,

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good fir: tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*Picks his pocket*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir, no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames²: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide³.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion⁴ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies;

and, having flown over many knavish professions, he fettled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet fir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd fir; no, sweet fir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue⁵!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bout⁶ the stile-s:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-s. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Fla. These your unusual weeds to each part of Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora, [you Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me; Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land⁷, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up⁸: But that our seats In every meads have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To shew myself a glass⁹.

Fla. I bless 'he time, When my good falcon made her slight acrois Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

¹ That is, pies made of *wardens*, a species of large pears. ² *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. ³ That is, reside but for a time. ⁴ That is, the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. This term frequently occurs in our author. ⁵ Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so. ⁶ That is, take hold of it. ⁷ The object of all men's notice and expectation. ⁸ To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. ⁹ i. e. One would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me.

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these, my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;
with Pelixencus, and Camillo, disguis'd.*

Clo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome? [To *Pol.* and *Cam.*
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance¹, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piousness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature: change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, favory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

¹ Rue was called *herb of grace*. Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick.

The flour-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Metinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitfun¹ pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so: and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

As little skill² to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Der. Mopla must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time! [manners.—

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what

Fairswain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts him-
To have a worthy feeding³: but I have it [self

Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth⁴. He says he loves my daughter;

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,

Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you:
he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be
doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burdens of *dil-do's* and *sadings*; *jump her*
and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him
off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good*
man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided⁴ wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rain-
bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
can learnedly handle, though they come to him by
the gross; inks, caddises⁵, cambricks, lawns:
why, he sings them over, as they were gods or
goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-
angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the
work about the square on't⁶.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as robite as driven snow;

Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces, and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber;

Perfume for a lady's chamber;

Golden quoifs, and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears;

Pins, and poking-sticks of steel⁷,

What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;

Buy, lady, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy, &c.

¹ That is, reason. ² i. e. a considerable tract of pasturage. ³ i. e. truth. ⁴ i. e. undamaged.
⁵ Mr. Stevens conjectures *caddis* to mean *ferret*. ⁶ The *work about the square on't* probably signifies
the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form,
or might have a square tucker. ⁷ These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust
the plaits of ruffs.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour¹ your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves².

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life³; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune. How an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty-money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, Whither? Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. *[Aside.]*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

My's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exit. Clown, Autolyus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine herds, that have made themselves all men of hair⁴; they call themselves, saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

¹ When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. ² Sweet, or perfumed gloves, were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. ³ *Tawdry laces* were worn about the ladies' heads, necks, and waists. ⁴ i. e. at life. ⁵ i. e. serious. ⁶ i. e. bring out, or produce. ⁷ *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in those times.

Step. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Ajide*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing parted with him: If your last Interpretation should abuse; and call this, Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know, She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd, Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, At best as dove's down, and as white as it; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, 'twas fair before!—I have put you out:—But, to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all: That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-

ledge, More than was ever man's,—I would not prize Without her love; for her, employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Step. But my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Step. Take hands, a bargain;—

And friends, unknown, you shall bear witness to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be The virtue of your daughter; one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder: But, come on, Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Step. Come, your hand;—

¹ Meaning, defend or take care of his own estate.

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid [hear?

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial: Reason, my son

Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

in such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Step. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young fir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,

Thou thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Step. O, my heart!

[*made*

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—

50 If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, [never

That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;

55 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-

ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

60 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

65 As thou art tender to it.

[*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.]

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care; this dream of mine,—
Being not awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florizel.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust!—O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy²; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself, and fortune,

5 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And to deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
10 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,

15 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—

I'll hear you by and by.

[To Camillo.]

Cam. [Aside.] He's irremovable.

20 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

30 You have heard of my poor services, if the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd; it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
35 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
40 (If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness; where you may
45 Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend!) your ruin: Marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father I'll strive to qualify,
50 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. Now, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

55 *Cam.* Have you thought on

A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
60 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;

¹ This part of the *prince's* office was not left off till the reign of Edward VI.

² i. e. love.

And

And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(for so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting.¹
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some slip in this.

Cam. A course mere promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To our path's waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
To their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whole fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in² the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? [years,
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Pretender of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
have sold all my trowpery; not a counterfeit stone,
not a ribbon, glass, pomander⁴, breech, table-
book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet,
horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they
throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to
the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse
was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good
use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his
petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which
so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their
other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd
a placket⁵, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld
a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off,
that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but
my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So
that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most
of their festival purses; and had not the old man
come in with a whoo-hub against his daughter and
the king's son, and fear'd my thoughts from the
half, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt. [there
Flo. And these that you'll procure from king
Cam. Shall satisfy your father. [Leontes,—
Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [Seeing Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why
hanging. [Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest
thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended
to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange; therefore, discase
thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity
in't) and change garments with this gentleman:
Though the pennyworth, on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some⁶ boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir: I know ye well
enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch; the gentleman is
half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
of it.— [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

¹ The council-days, in our author's time, were called, in common speech, *the sittings*. ² Nothing, i. e. by no means. ³ i. e. subdue or overcome. ⁴ A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. ⁵ Placket is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. ⁶ i. e. some profit, something over and above. Fortunate

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Disinangle you; and as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undecry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Flo. Per. and Cam.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requi-
site also, to smell out work for the other senses.
I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we
may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself
is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his
father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought
it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery
to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

*Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain:
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-
ing, yields a careful man work.*

Clow. See, see; what a man you are now! there
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a change-
ling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;
and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd
by him. Shew those things you found about her;
those secret things, all but what she has with her:
This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant
you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no

honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clow. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off
you could have been to him; and then your blood
had been the dearer, by I know how much an
ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that
in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this com-
plaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clow. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my
pedlar's excrement'.—How now, rusticks?
Whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?
the condition of that farthel, the place of your
dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,
breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known,
discover.

Clow. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and
they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them
for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; there-
fore they do not give us the lie.

Clow. Your worship had like to have given us one,
if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.
See 't thou not the air of the court, in these enfold-
ings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the
court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me?
reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt?
Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze² from
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am
courtier, cap-a-pe, and one that will either push
on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon
I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clow. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;
say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor
hen.

Aut. How blest dare we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disclaim.

Clow. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely.

Clow. He seems to be the more noble in being
fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know,
by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i' the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel,
and box, which none must know but the king;
and which he shall know within this hour, if I
may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

¹ That is, pedlar's beard.
draw out by importunity.

² To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. It here implies, to
draw out by importunity.

Shep. Why, fir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, fir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the cuffs he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of a monster.

Clo. Think you so, fir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, fir, do you hear, an't like you, fir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive; then nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquaviva, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims; shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd², I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though Authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd, and slay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, fir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, fir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, fir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister: we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bid us: he was provided to do us good. *[Exeunt Shep. and Clo.]*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shew them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *[Exit.]*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them; and so still think of

The wrong I did myself: which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter *[now,* Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:

You might have spoke a thousand things, that would

¹ That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. ² The meaning is, "If you will give me a consideration, or bribe worthy of a gentleman, I'll bring you, &c."

Have

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To the King.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her faintest spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vext,
And begin, "Why to me?"—

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront¹ his eye.

Cle. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a queen: she shall not be to young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

[Enter a Gentleman.]

Cent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princely, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Cent. But few,

And those but mean.

Leo. His princely, say you, with him?

Cent. Ay; the most pearls piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun hath bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every pretent time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Cent. Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Cent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

[Exit Cleomenes.]

Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

¹ Affront here signifies to meet.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
All mine own folly the society,
Society too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Fla. Sir, by his command
Hence I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend,
Confer'd his brother: and, but infirmity
(which waits upon worn times) hath something
Of his wild ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Mandur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman; the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Fresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
To the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Lap'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Fla. Good my lord,
I came from Libya.
Leo. Where the warlike Smalos,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Fla. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
Whose daughter

He proclaims his, parting with her: thence
Prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
In visiting your highness: My best train
Came from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
So for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Drive all infection from our air, whilst you
Climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
Sacred as it is, I have done sin:
Which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's blest
(He from heaven merits it) with you,
And his goodness. What might I have been,
If I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
In goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Most noble sir,
Which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Nor the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Fla. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so, to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir? I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Fla. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be!
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Fla. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth¹ as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Fla. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
Which he counts but a trifle. [*mistress,*

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
Than what you look on now. [*gazes*

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To Florizel.*

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ That is, in high descent.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

I Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

I Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceiv'd in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a weird ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter a second Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two king's?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *Ob, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter,

with clipping¹ her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matters to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

I Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to explore the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the prince from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

I Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there², chang'd colour; some frown'd, all forrow'd: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

I Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity³, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom⁴, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

I Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrif to our knowledge. Let's along.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former

¹ That is, embracing her. ² i. e. most insensible. ³ i. e. immortality. ⁴ i. e. of her trading

would draw her customers from her.

life in me
I brough
prince; a
and I kno
fond of th
her to be
himself li
ouing, th
his all on
of this fee
other disc

Here com
will, and a
fortune.

Stop. C
thy fous ar

Ch. Yo
with me t
man born
them not,
you were b
born. Giv
am not nov

Aut. I k
born.

Ch. Ay,
hours.

Stop. An
Ch. So y

before my f
the hand,
two kings c
prince, my
call'd my fi
there was t
we shed.

Stop. We
Ch. Ay;

preposterous

Aut. I hu
the faults i

give me you

Stop. 'Pr
tle, now we

Ch. Thou
Aut. Ay,

Ch. Give
prince, thou

in Bohemia.

Stop. You
Ch. Not f

boors and 'fr

Stop. How
Ch. If it b

sweat it, in

sweat to the

hands, and t

thou art no ta

wilt be drunk

thou would't

Aut. I will
Ch. Ay, b

I do not won

drunk, not be

'Franklin is

stay a while, l

life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Cloten.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and 'franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall² fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—

¹ Franklin is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman.

² i. e. stout.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort I have had of thee! *[fort]*

Paul. What, sovereign, sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen; your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As the liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever *[well.]* Still sleep mock'd death; behold; and say, 'tis *[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]* I like your silence, it the more shews off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much. *Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence: Which let's go by some sixteen years, and makes her As the liv'd now.

Leo. As now the might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—Oh, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience³; The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away ;
So many summers, dry ; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
I'd not have shew'd it. [mine])

Leo. Do not draw the curtain. [fancy]

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; left your
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those
Did verily bear blood ? [veins]

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;

My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think to twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. [but]

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :
I could affixt you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement ; If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand ; but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on ; what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed :

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music ; awake her ; strike.— [Music]
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;

I'll fill your grave up ; stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :
[Hermione comes down.]

5 Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful ; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
10 Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warn ! [Embracing her]

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

15 *Cam.* She hangs about his neck ;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and mak't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead ?

20 *Paul.* That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleafe you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
25 Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
30 Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ?
how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

35 *Paul.* There's time enough for that ;
Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina ;

45 'Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife ; this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
50 As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and ho-
55 Is richly noted ; and here justify'd [nelly],
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
60 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
65 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : Hastily lead way. [Exeunt omnes.]
MACBETH.

M

DUNCAN,
MALCOLM
DONALD
MACBETH
BANQUO,
LENOX,
MACDUFF,
ROBE,
MONTGOMERY,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS
FLEANCE,

SCENE E.

8

1 With.
2 With. W
When the batt
3 With. Th
1 With. W
2 With. Up
3 With. Th
1 With. I c
All. Paddock
Fair is foul, an
Hover through

S

Alarum within.
nathair, Lenox
Captain.
King. What
As seemeth by
The newest stat
Mal. This is
Who like a goo

1 Mr. Upton
the voice of a
the weather.
two. 4 i. e.

M A C B E T H.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,

DONALBAIN,

MACBETH,

BANQUO,

LENOX,

MACDUFF,

ROSS,

MENDELTH,

ANGUS,

CATHINES,

FLANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

Sons to the King.

Generals of the King's army.

Noblemen of Scotland.

SIWARD, *General of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor. A Captain. A Porter. An

old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Auch!—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

S C E N E II.

*Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-
bain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,

The multiplying villanies of nature

Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,

Till he fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

¹ Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. ² i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, *from the nape to the chops*; i. e. cut his skull in two. ⁴ i. e. in the east.

Compell'd

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize¹ another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds! [groans.]

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look;

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence can'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout² the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons³,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us:—

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sveno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch⁴,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use. [ceive]

King. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall de-
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [death,

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chefnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give*
me, quoth I,

5 Aroint⁵ thee, witch! the rump-fed⁶ ronyon⁷ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

10 2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very⁸ points they blow,
15 All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

20 He shall live a man forbid⁹:

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

25 Look what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]
3 Witch. A drum, a drum;

30 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters¹⁰, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

35 And thrice again, to make up nine;

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Pores?—What are
40 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire; [these,

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught

That man may question¹¹? You seem to understand

By each at once her choppy finger laying [me,

45 Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards¹² forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

of Glamis! [of Cawdor!]

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king

hereafter. [fear]

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to

¹ Memorize, for make memorable.

² To flout is to mock or insult.

³ i. e. gave him as good as he

brought, shew'd he was his equal. ⁴ Colme's inch, now called Inchcamb, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columba; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Isle of Columba*. ⁵ Aroint, or avaunt, be gone. ⁶ The weird sister here alludes to the

poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, as not being able to procure better provision than *rumps* and other offals. ⁷ i. e. scabby or mangy woman; from *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. ⁸ i. e. the true exact points. ⁹ i. e. as one under a curse, an interdiction. ¹⁰ *Weird* is derived from an

Anglo-Saxon word signifying a prophecy. The weird sisters here mean the Fates or Destinies of the

northern nations. ¹¹ i. e. may hold converse with. ¹² Witches were supposed always to have

hair on their chins.

Things that do sound so fair?—I the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical¹, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having², and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time, [not;
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [none:

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's³ death, I know, I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they van-
ish'd? [melted

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
Or have we eaten of the insane root⁴, [about?
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king. [so?

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too; went it not

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post⁵; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? [dresses me

Macb. Thethane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
In borrow'd robes?

10 *Ang.* Who was thethane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
15 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, andthane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave thethane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home⁶,
Might yet enkindle⁷ you unto the crown,
25 Besides thethane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us [you.
In deepest consequence.—Coufess, a word, I pray

30 *Macb.* Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting⁸
Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—If ill,
35 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my air,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
40 Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise⁹: and nothing is,

45 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance

Without my stir. [may crown me,

50 *Ban.* New honours, come upon him [mould.
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

55 *Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure. [was wrought¹⁰

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain

¹ i. e. creatures of fantasy or imagination. ² Having, we have before observed, is estate, posses-
sion, fortune. ³ The father of Macbeth. ⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the qualities anciently
ascribed to hemlock. ⁵ That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. ⁶ i. e. carried as far
as it will go. ⁷ Enkindle, for to stimulate you to seek. ⁸ Warburton thinks soliciting is here put for
information; while Johnson rather thinks it means incitement. ⁹ Meaning, "Of things now about me
I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence." ¹⁰ i. e. was wrought,
operated.

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mach. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Flourish. Enter *King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,*
and *Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been studied¹ in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing they ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction² in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter *Macheth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Mach. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
Safe toward your love and honour³. [thing]

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,

¹ That is, instructed in the art of dying. ² i. e. the frame or disposition of the mind, whether it is determined to good or ill. ³ i. e. We do but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service. ⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that "the crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case), the title of Prince of Cumberland was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. Cumberland was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief." ⁵ i. e. By the best intelligence. ⁶ i. e.

the diadem. ⁷ *Metaphysical* is here put for *supernatural*.

The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Mach. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Mach. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap. [Exit.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so va-
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter *Macheth's Wife alone, with a Letter.*

Lady.—"They met me in the day of suc-
cess; and I have learned by the perfectest re-
port⁵, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question
them further, they made themselves—air, into
which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
"all-hail'd me, *Thane of Cawdor*; by which title,
"before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-
"fer'd me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail,*
"king that shalt be! This have I thought good to
"deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness;
"that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing,
"by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd
"thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Lady. Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be [ture];
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy na-
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without [highly],
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it*;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round⁶,
Which fate and metaphysical⁷ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mf. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation. [*coming :*

Mf. So please you, it is true : our thane is
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[*Exit Mf.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances [*night,*
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!* !—Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters :—To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and mairdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donal-
bain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and
Attendants.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !—
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us " for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We court'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor ; but he rides well ; [him
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever [*compt* "3,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter a Sewer "4, and divers
Servants with dishes and service over the stage.
Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly : If the assassination

¹ That is, *murderous*, or *deadly designs*.

² i. e. nor delay the execution of my purpose.

³ i. e.

Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. ⁴ *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature. ⁵ i. e.

wrap thyself in a pall, which was a robe of state, as well as a covering thrown over the dead. The word

style was anciently used to express a sword. ⁷ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus : The thought is

taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike

his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *bold*, to the intent to part

them ; except that they did fight in a place inclosed : and then no man shall be so hardy

to bid *bold*, but the general." ⁸ i. e. *unknowning*. ⁹ i. e. our calm composed senses. ¹⁰ Meaning,

inconvenient corner. ¹¹ i. e. God reward ; or, perhaps, as Dr. Johnson suggests, *protect us*. ¹² *Hermits*,

or beadmen. ¹³ i. e. *subject to account*. ¹⁴ The office of a sewer was to place the dishes in order at

feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm.

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips ¹. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air ²,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now! what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supped: Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honour'd me of notice; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloses,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,

5 That made you break the enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,

10 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know

How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

15 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn

As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady. We fail!

20 But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassel ⁴ so convince ⁵,

25 That memory, the warder ⁶ of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt ⁷ of reason

A limbeck only ⁸: When in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

30 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell ⁹?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

35 Nothing but males.

Will it not be receiv'd,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers

That they have done 't?

40 *Lady.* Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

45 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exit Macb.]

¹ This obscure soliloquy, about the meaning of which none of the readers of Shakspeare agree, Dr Johnson explains thus: "If that which I am about to do, when it is once done and executed, were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its success could secure its success, if being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, that this blow might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even here in this world, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of these cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us here in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." ² Couriers of air mean winds, air in motion. ³ Sightless is invisible. ⁴ The proverb alluded to is, "The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet." ⁵ Wassel or Waffail is a word still used in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. ⁶ Waffel, however, may be put here for riot or intemperance. ⁷ i. e. overpower or subdue. ⁸ Or, the centinel. ⁹ i. e. the receptacle. ¹⁰ Meaning it shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. ¹¹ Quell is murder.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. H

Ban. And

Fl. I take

Ban. Hold

dry

Their candles

A heavy fume

And yet I wo

Restrain in m

Gives way to

Enter Macb.

Who's there?

Macb. A fr

Ban. What

He hath been

Sent forth gre

This diamond

By the name

In measureless

Macb. Bein

Our will beca

Which else sh

Ban. All's

I dreamt last

To you they h

Macb. I thi

Yet, when we

We would spen

If you would

Ban. At you

Macb. If you

It shall make h

Ban. So I lo

In seeking to a

My bosom fra

I shall be coun

Macb. Good

Ban. Thank

Macb. Go,

read

She strike upon

Is this a dagger

The handle to

thee

I have thee not

Art thou not,

To feeling, as

A dagger of th

Proceeding from

I see thee yet,

As this which n

¹ To shut up

of a dagger, an

it. ² i. e. sp

to eat possess ju

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Refrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword:—

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesse to your officers:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Or who became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters;

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve, [nefs,

We would spend it in some words upon that busi-

ness if you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure. ['tis,

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent², when it shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [Exit Ban.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Serv.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon³, gouts⁴ of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd

their possets⁵,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not rememb'ed

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

[cry.

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descend'd?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

¹ To shut up, is to conclude. ² Consent for will.

³ Dudgeon properly means the hilt or handle of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it.

⁴ i. e. spots: the phrase is borrowed from heraldry.

⁵ It was the general custom in those days to eat possets just before bed-time.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murder!* [them:]
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear¹. I could not say, *Amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?]

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep
no more!"

"Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
"Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve² of care,
"The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
"Chief nourisher in life's feast;"——

Lady. What do you mean? [house:]

Macb. Still it cry'd, "Sleep no more!" to all the
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
"Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: 'The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas³ incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

[Knock.]
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—Hark! more knocking:

[Knock.]
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'Twere best not
know myself⁴. [Knock.]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou
couldst! [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking Within.] *Por.* Here's a knocking,
indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he
should have old turning the key. [Knock.] Knock,
knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Bel-
zebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on
the expectation of plenty: come in time; have
napkins⁵ enough about you; here you'll sweat
for't. [Knock.] Knock, knock: Who's there i' the
other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator⁶,
that could swear in both the scales against either
scale; who committed treason enough for God's
sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh,
come in, equivocator. [Knock.] Knock, knock,
knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English
taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French
hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your
goose. [Knock.] Knock, knock: never at quiet!
What are you? But this place is too cold for hell.
I'll devil porter it no further: I had thought to
have let in some of all professions, that go the
primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knock.]
Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Por. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the se-
cond cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially
provoke?

Por. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it
provokes the desire, but it takes away the per-
formance: Therefore, much drink may be said to
be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him,
and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him
off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes
him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion,
equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie,
leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Por. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me:
But I requited him for his lie; and I think, being

¹ That is, listening to their fear.

² A skein of silk is called a sleeve of silk.

³ To incarnardine,

is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red.

⁴ i. e. while I have the thoughts of this deed, it were

best not know, or be ignorant, myself.

⁵ i. e. handkerchiefs.

⁶ Meaning, a jesuit; an order so trou-

blesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time; the inventors of the execrable
doctrine of equivocation.

too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him '.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physics pains.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my I mited² service. [*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
And prophesying with accents terrible, [death;
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue
nor heart

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter? [piece!

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exit Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason:
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—

Dear Duff, I pry'thee, contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd slabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd³ with gore: Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

¹ To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. ² i. e. appointed. ³ Upon this passage, which has been deemed the *crux criticorum*, almost every commentator has differed in opinion. Dr. Johnson proposes, instead of *breeched*, to read, *drenched with gore*. Dr. Warburton thinks *reeb'd* (i. e. soiled with a dark yellow) should be substituted for *breeched*, as well as *unmanly* for *unmannerly*. Mr. Stevens supposes, that the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their breeches, i. e. their hilts or handles; the lower end of a cannon being called the *breech* of it. Warton pronounces, that whether the word which follows be *reeb'd*, *breech'd*, *batc'd*, or *drench'd*, he is at least of opinion, that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading, which he construes to mean *unseemly*. Dr. Farmer says, that the sense in plain language is, "Daggers filthy—in a foul manner—soiled with blood."

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
And when we have our naked frailties¹ hid,
That suffer an exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence² I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office [them:]
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ross, with an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember
well;

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore
Hath trifled former knowings. [night]

Ross. Ah, good father, [a.c.]
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towing in her pride of place,³
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange, and certain)

Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said, they eat each other. [eyes.]
Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine

15 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? [deed:]

Ross. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

25 Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
30 Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

35 *Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill⁵;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

40 *Ross.* Well, I will thither. [—adieu!—]

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;

Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewel, father. [those]

45 *Old Man.* God's benison go with you; and with
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine⁶)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,

55 May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Mar-

beth, Lenox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

60 *Lady.* If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,

¹ Meaning, our half-drest bodies. ² i. e. intention, design. ³ Meaning, confidence in its quality.
⁴ To pretend, means here, propose to themselves. ⁵ Colmes-hill, or Colm-kill, means Iona, one of the
western isles, where most of the ancient kings of Scotland are buried. ⁶ i. e. prosper.

And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, fir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

[*advice*]

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the bet-
I must become a borrower of the night, [ter']
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our times does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Firewel. [Exit *Banquo*.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself [you].
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit *Servant*.]

But to be safely thus;—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,

Whose being I do fear: And, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd² my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man³,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance⁴!—Who's there?

[*Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.*]

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit *Servant*.]

Was is not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now,
Have you considered of my speeches? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been.

Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;

How you were borne in hand⁵; how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.

I Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd⁶,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

I Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs⁷, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file⁸

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

I Mur. And I another,

¹ i. e. If he does not go well. ² i. e. defiled. ³ The devil. ⁴ The word *utterance* is derived from the French *outrance*. A challenge or a combat *a l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an odium internecinum, or intention to destroy each other. ⁵ i. e. made to believe what was not true. ⁶ Meaning, are you of that degree of precise virtue? ⁷ *Gossellers* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards. ⁸ *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*. ⁹ The expression, *valued file*, seems to mean in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last. *File* and *list* are synonymous.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune ¹,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance ²
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near't of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

I Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time ³,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness ⁴: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy foul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy ⁵.—Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence ⁷, both
With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne ⁸.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's summons
The shard-borne beetle ⁹, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck ¹⁰,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling ¹¹ night
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens ¹²; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood ¹³:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do rouse:
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, prythee, go with me. [Exit.

¹ i. e. worried by fortune. ² Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. ³ Meaning, the exact time. ⁴ i. e. Always remembering, that throughout the whole transaction I must stand clear of suspicion. ⁵ i. e. Worthless, vile. ⁶ Ecstasy here signifies any violent emotion of the mind, pain, agony. ⁷ i. e. Do him the highest honours. ⁸ Eterne for eternal. ⁹ i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, the beetle borne along the air by its feards or scaly wings; feards signifying scales. But Mr. Tollet says, that feard-borne beetle is the beetle born in dung; and that feard signifies dung, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where cowfeard is the word generally used for cow-dung. ¹⁰ A term of endearment. ¹¹ i. e. blinding. ¹² i. e. The light grows dull or muddy. ¹³ i. e. to a rookery.

S C E N E III.

*Enter three Murderers.*1 *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us?3 *Mur.* Macbeth.2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he deliversOur offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho!2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the restThat are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.1 *Mur.* His horses go about.3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.*2 *Mur.* A light, a light!3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.1 *Mur.* Stand to't.*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]*Ban.* Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge.—Oh slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Banquet prepared. *Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross,*
*Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.**Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down:
And last, the hearty welcome. [*at first,*]*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,

We will require her welcome.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.*Enter first Murderer to the door.**Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

He's dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.1 That is, the best means to evade discovery.
that which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift.

Flows are sudden gifts.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.*Mur.* Most royal sir,Fleance is 'scap'd. [*perfect;*]*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

10 But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To faucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?*Mur.* Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,With twenty trenched² gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

15 *Macb.* Thanks for that:—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present,—Get thee gone; to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]20 *Lady.* My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,'Tis given with welcome³: To feed, were best at

home;

25 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.[*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's
place.*]*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—30 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!*Len.* May it please your highness sit? [*roof'd,*]*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

35 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!*Ross.* His absence, sir, [*ness*]

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-

To grace us with your royal company?

40 *Macb.* The table's full.*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.*Macb.* Where? [*your highness?*]*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves*Macb.* Which of you have done this?45 *Lords.* What, my good lord?*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake

Thy goary locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.50 *Lady.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well; if much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion⁴;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

55 *Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.*Lady.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

60 Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws⁵, and starts,From transver, to cut. ³ The meaning is,

* i. e. prolong his suffering.

(Impostors)

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. [say you?]

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the older
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal¹;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse² at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all:
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all³.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [hide thee!]

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit⁴, then protect me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
With most admir'd disorder. [good meeting,

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us⁵ like a summer's cloud, [strange
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear⁶.

Ross. What sights, my lord? [and worse;

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
Question enrages him; at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all! [Exit Len.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations⁷, have [forth
By magot-pies⁸, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which. [person,

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I heard it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow

(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd⁹.

Lady. You lack the season¹⁰ of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [Exit

S C E N E V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames as you are.

50 Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth.

In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

¹ The gentle weal is the peaceable community. ² i. e. wonder. ³ i. e. all good wishes to all
such as he had named above, love, health, and joy. ⁴ Pope reads, and we think properly, inhabit
that is, if I refuse, or evade thee. ⁵ Meaning, pass over us like a summer's cloud. ⁶ Mr. Steevens

elucidates this passage thus: "You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition
"when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain

"in yours. In other words,—You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained
"of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it." ⁷ By relation is here meant

the connection of effects with causes. ⁸ i. e. magpies. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird
from *magot*, Fr. and hence also the modern abbreviation of *mag*, applied to pies. ⁹ To scan is to examine

nicely. ¹⁰ i. e. refreshment.

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Sightful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound¹;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sights²,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. *[Music and a song.]*
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.]
1 Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.
Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
Which can interpret further: only, I say, *[thoughts,*
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
5 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key, *[find*
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should
10 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, *[fail'd*
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

15 *Lord.* The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
20 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
25 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
30 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
35 "That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
40 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. **T**hrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice; and once the
hedge-pig whin'd.
3 Witch. Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw,—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
55 *All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

¹ Meaning, a drop that has deep or hidden qualities. ² i. e. magic arts. ³ i. e. deliver or exempt our feasts from bloody knives, &c. ⁴ Odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations, even numbers being always reckoned inauspicious. ⁵ Meaning, perhaps, some imp, or familiar spirit.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's¹ sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf²,
Of the ravin'd³ salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd⁴ in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chameleon⁵,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Music and a song.

*Black spirits and white;
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
What is't you do? [night hags?]

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty⁶ waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple⁷ on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
Of nature's germins⁸ tumble all together, [sure
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

¹ That is, the *slow-worm*.

² i. e. the *swallow*, the *throat*.

³ *Ravin'd* means glutted with prey.

⁴ *Sliver'd* is a common word in the north, and implies, to cut a piece, or slice. ⁵ i. e. entrails.

⁶ i. e. *foaming*, or *frothy waves*.

⁷ i. e. *tumble*.

⁸ *Germins* are seeds which have begun to sprout.

⁹ i. e. *adroitly*, *dextrously*.

¹⁰ To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

¹¹ This alludes to the make or figure of the crown.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in fow's blood, that hath eaten
5 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;

Thyself, and office, dost thou show. [Thunder.]

1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. [Macduff;

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
15 Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[Descend.]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion, thanks;

Thou'lt have harp'd¹⁰ my fears aright:—But one
word more— [another,

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: He's
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee. [from
25 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descend.]

Macb. Then live Macduff: What need I fear
30 But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [of thee?
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

[Thunder.]
35 *3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his
band.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty¹¹?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
45 Shall come against him. [Descend.]

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree [good!
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
50 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
55 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfi'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why finks that cauldron? and what noise is this!

[Hautboys.]

1 *Witch.* Shew! 2 *Witch.* Shew! 3 *Witch.* Shew!
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo; the last with a glass in his hand.*] [down!]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls!—And thy air,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former: Filthy bags! [eyes]
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see 'tis true;
 For the blood-holter'd 4 Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What? is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
 stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,
 And shew the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*The witches dance and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this
 pernicious hour
 Stand aye 5 accursed in the calendar!—
 Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected by the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
 The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
 Macduff's fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England? [you word,

Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st 6 my dread exploits:
 The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
 Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
 The very firstlings 7 of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now [done: 50
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls,
 That trace 8 him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
 But no more fights!—Where are these gentlemen?
 5 Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
 the-land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
 His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

15 *Rosse.* You know not,
 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
 his babes,
 His mansion, and his titles, in a place

20 from whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
 He wants the natural touch 9: For the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
 25 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
 I pray you, school yourself: But for your husband,
 He is noble, wife, judicious, and best knows

30 'The fits o' the season' 10. I dare not speak much
 further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves 11; when we hold rum-

35 our 12
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

40 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:

45 I take my leave at once. [Exit *Rosse.*
L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net
 nor lime,
 The pit-fall, nor the gin.

1 i. e. does blind me; alluding to the ancient practice of destroying the sight, by holding a piece of hot or burning iron before the eye, which dried up its humidity. 2 i. e. the dissolution of nature.

3 Warburton says, this was intended as a compliment to King James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

4 Blood-holter'd means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. 5 i. e. for ever. 6 i. e. thou preventest. 7 i. e. the thing first thought or done. 8 i. e. follow him. 9 Meaning, natural sensibility, or affection. 10 i. e. the convulsions or violent disorders of the times. 11 i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. 12 To hold rumour signifies to believe rumour.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying. [father?
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. 'Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
 With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors, that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!
Enter a Messenger.
Mef. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
 Though in your state of honour I am perfect.¹ I doubt some danger doth approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here: hence with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you² were fell cruelty, [you! Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm, Is often laudable; to do good, sometime, Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas! Do I put up that womanly defence, [faces? To say, I have done no harm.—What are these
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. 'Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg?
 Young fry of treachery?

¹ That is, though I am perfectly acquainted with your rank. ² i. e. not to acquaint you with, or give you warning of, your danger. ³ i. e. protect from utter destruction the privileges of our birth-right. ⁴ i. e. to befriend. ⁵ Without previous provision, without due preparation. ⁶ Mr. Pope says *affear'd* is a law term for *confirm'd*. Mr. Tollet proposes to read, "The title is *affear'd*," and explains the passage thus. "Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by thee who had the final judication of it. *Affearers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements."

Son. He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you.

[Exit L. Macdoff, crying murder.]

SCENE III.

England.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and weep our sad bosoms empty. [there

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Beside our down-fallen birthdom:³ Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new fog Strike heaven on the face, that it rebounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail:

What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend⁴, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but

something

You may deserve of him through me: and wife To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb, To appease an angry god.

Mal. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, [don; In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your patience that which you are, my thoughts cannot transpire: Angels are bright still, though the brightest fall:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of

Yet grace must still look so. [grace,

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find

my doubts.

Why in that rawness⁵ left you wife, and child, [those precious motives, those strong knots of love] Without leave-taking?—I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou thy wrongs,

His title is *affear'd*⁶!—Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st,

For the whole space that's within the tyrant's grasp, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke: It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

Act 4. Scene 3.

There would

And here, to

Of goodly

When I shall

Or wear it on

shall have m

More suffer,

By him that

Macd. W'h

Mal. It is

All the partic

that, when t

Will seem as

thence him a

With my com

Macd. No

Of horrid hel

la evils, to to

Mal. I gra

Luxurious, avi

Sudden, malic

That has a nar

Is my voluptu

Your matrons,

The cistern of

All continent

that did oppo

that such a o

Macd. Bour

is nature is a

The untimely

And fall of m

To take upon

Convey your p

And yet seem

We have willi

That culture i

As will to grea

finding it so i

Mal. With

in my most ill-

A fleshless av

I should cut off

Desire his jewel

And my more-

To make me h

Quarrels unjust

Destroying the

Macd. This

sticks deeper; g

Than summer-f

The sword of o

Scotland hath fo

Of your mere o

With other grac

Mal. But I hav

As justice, verie

county, perseve

Devotion, patient

have no reli

in the division o

¹ That is, pass

Resol conceives

and itself in my b

There

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Mal. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Fits him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Mal. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Full of subtle奸计, malicious, fawning of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than a such a one to reign.

Mal. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Mal. This avarice
Grows deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foxgloves² to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, staidness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Upbraid the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

5 *Macd.* Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
10 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again:
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
15 Was a most faint king; the queen that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day the liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
20 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
25 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
30 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have covet'd what was mine own;
35 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life; my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
40 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point³, was setting forth:
Now we'll together: And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel⁴! Why are you
45 silent? [once,

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

50 *Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure; their malady convinces⁵
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
55 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
60 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

¹ That is, passionate, violent, hasty. ² i. e. plenty. ³ i. e. ready at a time. ⁴ The author of *The*
Revels conceives the sense of the passage to be this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to*
meet itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel. ⁵ i. e. over-powers, subdues.

Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp¹ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ev'r-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern² ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were all at peace when I did leave
them. [goes it]

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How!

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff³ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither; gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch⁴ them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief⁵,
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind, that's honest,

But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it. [labbes]

Ross. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁶ of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones!

Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop⁷?

Mal. Dispute⁸ it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were, [on]
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [now]
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, [ven]

And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission⁹; front to front,

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may]
Put on their instruments¹⁰. Receive what cheer you

The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt]

¹ Meaning the coin called an *angel*, the value of which was ten shillings. ² i. e. common. ³ To
do off is to do off, to put off. ⁴ The folio reads *latch* them, and perhaps rightly, as to *latch* (in the North
country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. ⁵ A grief that hath a single owner. ⁶ Quarry is a term
used both in *bunting* and *falconry*, and in both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game
after it is killed. ⁷ Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his game. ⁸ i. e. contend with your
row like a man. ⁹ i. e. all pause. ¹⁰ i. e. encourage us their instruments against the tyrant.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no means to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Doct. Ay, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to rub thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!—One; two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a foldier, and afraid?

Doct. What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that:—You mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. *[Exit Lady.]*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly. *[deeds]*

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine, than the physician.—

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:

My mind she has mated², and amaz'd my sight:

I think, but dare not speak. *[Exeunt.]*

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.

S C E N E II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Monteth, Catbush, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Mont. The English power is near, led on by His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [Malcolm, Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man³.]

Ang. Near Birnam wood *[ing.]*

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. *Catb.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths⁴, that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

Mont.

¹ Mr. Steevens with great acuteness observes on this passage, that Lady Macbeth is acting over in a dream the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake; and certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his audience; *Hell is murky!—Fie, fie, my lord, fie! a foldier, and afraid?* ² i. e. astonished, confounded, by the mortified man, is meant a religious; one who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it; an *Astetic*.

⁴ i. e. smooth-faced, unbearded youths.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Catb. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those, he commands, move only in command.
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Catb. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medic¹ of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane, [all;
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounce'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg² with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon³!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch⁴?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear⁵. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am
sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough; my May of life
Is fall'n into the fear⁶, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not
Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr⁷ the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bottom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor,

The water⁸ of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.

What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macbeth's Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

¹ i. e. physician.

² To sag, or swag, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an over-
³ Leon signifies a base fellow. ⁴ i. e. fool: ⁵ The meaning is, they infect others who see the
with cowardice. ⁶ Fear is dry. ⁷ To skirr, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. ⁸ To cast the

was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :

For where there is advantage to be given¹

Both more and less² have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Indulgent soldieryship.

Sew. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
'Tis thought speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is 'fill, *They come* : Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn ; here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darest beards to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sew. Is it the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my ⁴ fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have sup'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughter'd thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sew. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;

There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded ⁵ time ;
And all our yesterday's have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

'Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Macb. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Macb. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !

[*Striking him.*]

Macb. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming :
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

5 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling⁶ thee ; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution ; and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,

10 That lies like truth : *Fear not till Birnam wood*

Do come to Dunfinane ;—and now a wood

Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,

There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.

15 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, [done.—

And wish the estate o' the world were now un-

Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !

At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

20 *Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Mac-*

duff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough ; your heavy screens

throw down,

And shew like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,

25 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

Lead our first battle ; worthy Macduff, and we,

Shall take upon us what else remains to do,

According to our order.

Sew. Fare you well.—

30 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,

Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake ; I cannot

fly,

But, hear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,

40 That was not born of woman ? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

To. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. [name

45 *To. Siw.* Not though thou call'st thyself a hotter

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth. [a title

To. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce

More hateful to mine ear.

50 *Macb.* No, nor more fearful. [sword

To. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight ; and Young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

55 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, shew

thy face ;

¹ That is, opportunity to be gone. ² More and less is the same with greater and less. ³ i. e. deter-
min'd. ⁴ My hairy part, my capillitium. ⁵ Fell is skin. ⁶ Recorded is probably here used for recording, or
rememberable. ⁷ Clung, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By
famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. To be clem'd is a Staffordshire expression sig-
nifying to be starv'd. To cling likewise signifies to compress, to embrace.

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited¹: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? while I see lives, the gashies
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [Fight. Alarum.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air²
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd;
That palter³ with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body,

I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[Exeunt, fighting. Alarum.]

Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.
Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours,
Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross, Thane, and
Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe
arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
He only liv'd but till he was a man; [debt;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead? [of sorrow

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's curst head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearls,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices, I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, [men,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

¹ To bruise is to report with clamour; to noise.
struggle with ambiguous expressions.

² See note 2, p. 367.

³ i. e. air which cannot be cut. ⁴ i. e. that
thy kingdom's wealth.

K I N G J O H N¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

PEMBROKE²,

ESSEX³,

SALISBURY⁴,

HUBERT,

BIGOT⁵,

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half-brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

PATRE of POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-bishop of AUSTRIA.

Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, Queen-mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? *[France,*

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of In my behaviour⁶, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul⁷ of fierce and bloody

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld. *[war,*

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my

10 The farthest limit of my embassy. *[mouth,*

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France: *[peace:*

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

15 So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preface of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have;—

Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chat. and Pem.

20 *Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said

¹ Mr. Theobald remarks, that though this place hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. Mr. Steevens observes, that Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* ² William Marshall.

³ Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Ch. J. of England.

⁴ William Longsword, son to Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.

⁵ Roger, Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk.

⁶ i. e. in my character.

⁷ i. e. opposition.

How

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage¹ of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for

Eliz. Your strong possession, much more than your
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: [right;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear:
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Effex.

Effex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and
Philip, his brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving land
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eliz. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with baseness:
But where I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven
lent us here!

Eliz. He hath a trick² of Cœur-de-lion's face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;

With that half-face would he have all my land:

A half-face'd groat³ five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much:—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

(As I have heard my father speak himself)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faul-

conbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

¹ That is, conduct, administration. ² Meaning, that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. ³ Our author is here knowingly guilty of an anachronism, as he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of king Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. In the time of King John there were no groats at all, they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence¹, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, fir Robert's his, like him²;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose³, [goes!
Let men should say, Look, where three-farthings
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case. [tune,

El. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy for-
eign land to land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

El. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
And Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand;

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:

How blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

El. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

Am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:

What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

As at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou

thy desire,

And this knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

to France, for France; for it is more than need.

¹ i. e. master of thy majestic figure and dignified appearance. ² The meaning is, "If I had his
—Sir Robert's—as he has." *Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that
age, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of

³ Theobald says, that in this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another
—humourously to call a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe,
to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in
England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the same time coined shillings, six-
pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence;
and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. The
half-penny, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, viz. the
three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the rose. But Dr. Warburton ob-
serves, that the sticking roses about them was then all the court-fashion. ⁴ What then? ⁵ These ex-
pressions mean, says Mr. Steevens, to be born out of wedlock. ⁶ i. e. a step. ⁷ Faulconbridge here en-
tains himself with ideas of greatness.—*Good den, Sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a
pique beard, were, in that time, marks of a traveller, or man affecting foreign fashions. ¹⁰ See
p. 164. ¹¹ i. e. as they then spoke and wrote it, an *absy-book*, meaning a *catechism*. ¹² Which
¹³ Dr. Johnson says, our author means, that a woman who travelled about like a *pos*, was
to lose her husband.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty!

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

A foot of honour⁶ better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a Lady:

Good den, Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow⁷!—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective⁸, and too sociable,

For your conversing. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick⁹ at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My piked¹⁰ man of countries:—*My dear sir,*

(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)

I shall beseech you—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book¹¹:—

O sir, says answer, at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir:—

No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at yours*:

And so, e'er answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation;

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no)

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which¹² though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her¹³?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily? [he,

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek for?

Lady. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy, Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. [while?]

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a *Gur.* Good leave¹, good Philip.

Phil. Philip?—sparrow?—James, There's toys abroad²; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son; Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast: Sir Robert could do well: Marry, to confess! Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it; We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholden for these limbs? [ther, Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like³:

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son; I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land; Legitimation, name, and all is gone: Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope: Who was it, mother?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father; By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed:— Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!— Thou art the issue of my dear offence, Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again, Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly: Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—

15 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force The awless lion could not wage the fight, Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand. He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

20 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;

25 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[Exit]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave: And, for amends to his posterity, At our importance⁴ hither is he come, To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf; And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John; Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's The rather, that you give his offspring life, [death, Shawdowing their right under your wings of war: I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:

35 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do the right?

Asst. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss, As seal to this indenture of my love;

40 That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides

45 And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west,

50 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow

thanks, [strength]

Till your strong hand shall help to give

To make a more⁵ requital to your love.

¹ Good leave means a ready assent. ² i. e. rumours, idle reports. ³ Faulconbridge's words here are a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Persa*. In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretended valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger that he was a *knave*, *knave*, and no *knight*, *knight*, *knight*, as Basilisco arrogantly stiled himself. In the same manner Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throws off that reproach by humourously laying claim to new dignity of *knighthood*. ⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain him with a blow of his fist. ⁵ i. e. importunity. ⁶ i. e. greater.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
In such a just and charitable war. [their swords
K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages :—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak. [sieve,
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I :

His marches are expedient ¹ to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;

With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king decaas'd :

And all the unfettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath ² in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums
[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance : They are at hand,
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this ex-
pedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;

Our courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch,
Pembroke, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ! [permit

not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Filles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.
K. Philip. Peace be to England ; if that war return

from France to England, there to live in peace !

England we love ; and for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,

5 That thou hast under-wrought ³ its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—
10 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
15 And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,

And this is Geoffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-mastereit ?
20 *K. John.* From whom hast thou this great com-

mission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ? [thoughts
K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good

In any breast of strong authority,
25 To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
30 *K. Phil.* Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?
Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

35 *Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey,

Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

40 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. [father.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would

blot thee.
45 *Aust.* Peace !

Faulc. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, fir, with you,
50 An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;

I'll smother your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

55 *Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !
Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.
60 *Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our

With this abundance of superfluous breath ? [ears
King Lewis, determine what we shall do firait.

¹ That is, expeditious.

² i. e. destruction, harm.

³ i. e. undermined.

K. Philip. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conf. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Conf. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ; [eyes,
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Conf. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy : This is the eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conf. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her '—Plague her son ; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her : A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son. [will ;

Conf. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked
A woman's will ; a cankred grandam's will !

K. Philip. Peace lady ; pause, or be more tempe-
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim ³ [rate :

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[Trumpets sound.]

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

10 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage :—Therefore, hear
us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,

15 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparation for a bloody siege,

20 And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping ditches,

That as a wait do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

25 By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—

Who, painfully, with much expedient march,

30 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle ;

And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

35 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears :

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,

Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,

40 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection [both

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;

45 And to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you,

50 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes. Be pleas'd then

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

To him that owes ⁴ it ; namely, this young prince

55 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

¹ Dr. Johnson thus explains this very obscure passage : " He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime* ; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant ; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her* and *visit her* to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil." ² The same able and judicious commentator assigns the following meaning to this perplexed sentence : " Instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring : then the affliction will fall where it is deserved ; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ; her *sin* will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punished in the person of this child*."

³ i. e. to encourage. See note ², p. 57.

⁴ i. e. owns it.

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvar'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure¹ of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession? [jects;

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's sub-
ject him, and in his right, we hold this town. [*in.*
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twelve thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Fauls. Bastards, and else.
K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.
K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as
Fauls. Some bastards too. [those.—
K. Philip.—Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
That to their everlasting residence, [souls
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phil. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers!
to arms! [and e'er since
Fauls. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.— [To Austria.

Engl. Peace, no more.
Fauls. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
In best appointment, all our regiments. [set forth,
Fauls. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It shall be so;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with
trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in; [gates
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpets.
E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
bells; [proach,

King John, your king, and England's, doth ap-
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way. [hold,

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might be-
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured: [blows;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
fronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
Say, shall the current of our right run on? [away?
Whose passage vex with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With courtly disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. [blood,

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate over-looks,—
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms, [bear,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
Or add a royal number to the dead;

Gracing the scrawl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Fauls. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth death lace his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, Havock, kings²! back to the stained field,
You equal potents³, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm [death!
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and

¹ i. e. the circle.

² i. e. command slaughter to proceed.

³ Potentates.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
[your king?]

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
[his right.]

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than ye, denies all this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:

Kings of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles¹ of Angiers
flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutinies of Jerusalem,

Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawld down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, disserve your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
heads,

I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—

Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls:

And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,

Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so: Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
into the city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to
south;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*]
I'll stir them to it: Come, away! away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field:

Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are hear
to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady

Is near to England: Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous² love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than in Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, oh say, he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,³

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fall-closed gates; for, at this match,

With swifter spleen⁴ than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,

And give you entrance: but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion; no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!

What cannoner begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bound:

He gives the ballinade with his tongue;

Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethump't with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Ell. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while they

¹ i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.
Elianor.

² i. e. pious.

³ The Lady Blanch was niece to king John by his sister
Eliaenor.

⁴ Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed.

Are capable of this ambition;

Let zeal, now melted; by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cl. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been for-

To speak unto this city: What say you? [ward first

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely

Can in this book of beauty read, I love, [son,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)

Ind liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

in titles, honours, and promotions,

As fit in beauty, education, blood,

And hand with any prince of the world. [face.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I to protest, I never lov'd myself,

Till now I look'd I beheld myself.

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espie

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there

should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:

If he see ought in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be

your judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What

say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you

love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,

K. John. Then do I give Volqueffen¹, Touraine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes,
close your hands.

Augt. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,

That I did so, when I was first assur'd².

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;

For at St. Mary's chapel, presently,

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

Her presence would have interrupted much:

Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your high-

ness' tent, [have made.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad compo-

sition! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, [tion!

Hath willingly departed³ with a part:

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear⁴

With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,

(Who having no external thing to lose

But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commo-

modity⁵, the bias of the world; [dity,—

The world, who of itself is poised well,

Made to run even, upon even ground;

Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:

¹ This is the ancient name for the country now called the Vexin.

² i. e. affianced, contracted.

³ To part and to depart were formerly synonymous.

⁴ i. e. whispered in the ear.

⁵ i. e. interest.

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand¹,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Weil, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
5 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. G O N E to be marry'd! gone to swear peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone
to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man;
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless² stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart³, prodigious⁴,
15 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
20 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
25 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made her majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That trumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
30 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Even him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

35 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
40 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

45 [*Tibrotus herself on the ground.*
Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elmer,
Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
Ever in France shall be kept festival: [day

50 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
55 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!— [Rising.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
60 Among the high tides⁵, in the kalender?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
The day of shame, oppression, perjury:

¹ To clutch the hand, is to clasp it close. ² Sightless here means disagreeable to the sight. ³ i. e. black, tawny. ⁴ i. e. portentous, such as may seem a prodigy. ⁵ i. e. solemn seasons.

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are on this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end:
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Confl. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
try'd,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set,
Betwixt discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Confl. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lynoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hail thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Hast thou not sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon the stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! dost thou for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs?

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. Welike not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

Pandulph. of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and force, perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our forefaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can take the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

10 Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

15 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand:

So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,

To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out:

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

25 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

30 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic;

35 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Confl. O, lawful let it be,

40 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!

Good father cardinal, cry thou, Amen,

To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,

There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Confl. And for mine too; when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong,

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;

For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

50 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

55 *Ed.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go

thy hand.

Confl. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

60 *Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant

limbs.

¹ i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, or monster. ² But here signifies except. ³ i. e.

put it off. ⁴ When fools were kept for amusement in great families, they were distinguished by a

calf-skin cast, which had the buttons down the back. This circumstance will explain the sarcasm of

Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a fool. ⁵ i. e. cowardly.

Aust.

Auf. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Fauls. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Conf. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father, for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Conf. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee
In likeness of a new untrimmed¹ bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
But from her need.

Conf. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to

Conf. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Auf. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Fauls. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? to jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased² lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith;

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath.

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd.

That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself.

And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is 't not amiss, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion:

By which thou swear'st against the thing that
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth.

Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Fauls. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd mice,
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my month!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Conf. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what more
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conf. That which upholdeth him that thee
holds,

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine

¹ i. e. undressed.

² A regret is an exchange of salutation.

³ Some editions read *chafed*.

Lewis. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Paul. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Conf. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

El. O foul revolt of French incontinency !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour. [on time,

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sex-
bit as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day,
Which is the side that I must go withal ? [adieu !

I am with both ; each army hath a hand :

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies. [ther.—

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
[*Exit Faulconbridge.*

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath ;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms, let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A field of battle.

*Alarum, excursions ; enter Faulconbridge, with
Austria's head.*

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
some airy devil hovers in the sky, [hot :

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there ;
while Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip !, make
thy mother is assailed in our tent, [up ;

and thou, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescue'd her ;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not :

For on my liege ; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Alarum, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John,
Edward, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay
behind, [To Eleanor

so strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :

[To Arthur.

My grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with

K. John. Cousin, away for England ; haste be-
fore ; [To Faulconbridge.

5 And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; imprison'd angels

Set at liberty ; the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon :

Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,

10 *Faulc.* Bell book and candle shall not drive me
When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand,

15 *El.* Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Faulc.

El. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert, O my gentle Hu-

20 We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh [bert,

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

25 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. [so yet :

30 *K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

35 Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds²,

To give me audience :—If the midnight bell

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on³ unto the drowsy race of night ;

40 If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that farly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;

(Which, else, runs tickling up an I down the veins,

45 Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

50 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;

Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :

But, ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;

55 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st ?

60 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,

¹ Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name.
² Gauds are any showy ornaments. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, " sound one ; " and Mr.

Maske observes, that *on* and *one* are perpetually confounded in the old copies of Shakspere.

He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wherefoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee:
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

S C E N E IV.

The French Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of collected fail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have
run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!

Const. No, I defy² all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—Oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou sail'st,
And burs thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

5 Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
10 Which scorns a modern³ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
15 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

20 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

30 K. Phil. Bind up those tresses: Oh, what love!
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends⁴
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
35 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

40 Const. Yes, that I will: And wherefore will I
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
"Oh that these hands could to redeem my son,
"As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

45 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday inspire⁵,
50 There was not such a gracious⁶ creature born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit:
55 And so he'll die; and, rising to agam,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

60 Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

¹ Fierce here means, sudden, hasty. ² i. e. I refuse. ³ Modern here implies, as has been before reman-
ed in other plays, trite, common. ⁴ The old copy reads wiry fiends. ⁵ i. e. breathe. ⁶ i. e. graceful.

Conf. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.]
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! *[Exit.]*
K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.]
Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make
Life as tedious as a twice-told tale, *[me joy:]*
Veiling the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
'That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A seizure, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:

For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood,¹
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

'That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No escape of nature², no dissembler'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them in tears, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Nay, thinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king; 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions:—
Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

England.

Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert, and Executioners.

Hub. HEAT me these irons hot; and, look
thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair; be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.—*[Exit Executioners.]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

¹ Meaning, the blood of him that has the just claim.
an escape of nature; as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing.

² The author very finely calls a monstrous birth,
³ F *Enter*

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

methinks, no body should be sad, but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were cut of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me :
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not : And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Rear here, young Arthur— [*Shewing a paper.*]
How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning : Do, an if you will :
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence :

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

5 An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but

Hubert's. [*Hubert flings, and the men enter.*]

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

10 *Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boistrous-rough?
15 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will nor stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

20 Nor look upon the iron angrily :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you.

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exit. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

25 *Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friends;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

30 *Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [*In yours.*]

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

35 Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

40 *Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue! let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes :

45 Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy. [*Grief.*]

50 *Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

55 *Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;

60 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub.

Hub. We

For all the

Yet am I

With this f

Arth. O,

You were d

Hub. Peo

Your uncle

He sh

And, pretty

That Hubert

Will not off

Arth. O

Hub. Silen

Much dange

Enter King J

K. John.

cre

And look'd u

Penk. Thi

ple

Was once sup

And that hig

The falsit

And expect

With my lon

Sal. There

To guard a

To bid res

To throw a

To smother

Unto the rain

To seek the

Is wasteful, a

Penk. But

This act is as

And, in the l

Being urg'd

Sal. In this

Of plain old

And, like a

It makes the

Startles and f

Makes found

For putting on

Penk. Who

They do confo

And, attentiv

Both make the

As patches, se

Discredit mor

Than did the

Sal. To this

Webbreath'd ou

To over-bear

Since all and

Must make a

K. John. So

* i. e. owns

intense desire

his design to co

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes * :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doublets, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous ; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;

The faith of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Such expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Then fore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;

Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. [well,
Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than

They do confound their skill in covetousness ² :
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
Webbreath'd our counsel ; but it pleas'd your highness

To over-bear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,

Must make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)

I shall endue you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;

And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound ³ the purposes of all their hearts)

Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them

Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument :—

If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend

The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth
Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?
Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody

deed ;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine :

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his

Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,

Between his purpose and his conscience ⁴,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :

His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue

thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;

He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :

So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

* i. e. owns. ¹ To guard, is to fringe. ² i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an
intense desire of excelling. ³ i. e. to declare, to publish. ⁴ i. e. between his consciousness of guilt, and
his design to conceal it by fair professions. ⁵ i. e. placed.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. *[Exit.]*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England.—Never such a
From any foreign preparation, *[power]*
Was levy'd in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd. *[drunk?]*

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mef. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mef. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasti'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore dost
thou say so? *[So.]*

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety¹, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

Esides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
[With eyes as red as new-unkindled fire]

And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out. *[before.—]*

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
O, let me have no subject enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *[Exit.]*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege. *[Exit.]*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

[to-night:]

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about

The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets

Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;

And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

Standing on slippers *[which his nimble wife]*
Had fustely thrust upon contrary feet²

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattel'd and rank'd in Kent:

Another lean, unwarld artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

¹ i. e. into custody. ² From this we are to infer, that some shoes of those times could only be worn on
that foot for which they were made.

Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did not you
provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
None upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ? Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Sign'd¹, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
The murder had not come into my mind :

But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

More liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I hasty broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mist² it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;

Or bid me tell my tale in express words ; [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
but thou didst understand me by my signs, [me :

and didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet

The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to
the peers,

Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,

And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :

I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—

There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship's-boy semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.
Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !
[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-bury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;

Whose private³ with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather, then set forward : for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, lords, or ere³ we meet.
Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispos'd himself of us ;

We will not line his thin-bastained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot

That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best. [now.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁴
Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief :

Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man

else.
Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[Seeing Arthur.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. [grave,
Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you

beheld,

¹ i. e. observed, distinguished.

² Meaning, his private account, or letter to me.

³ i. e. before.

⁴ i. e. speak.

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this,
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed, but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand.
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,¹
Till I have set a glory² to this hand,
By giving it the worship³ of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true⁴ defence;
Left I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove⁵ me so; [*false,*]
Yet⁶, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salis-
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, [*bury;*]
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
Second a villain, and a murderer? [*bridge;*]

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us
out. [*Exeunt lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [fair work]
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black:
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd⁷ interest of proud swelling state.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace:

¹ This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. ² Glory here means, splendor, or renown. ³ i. e. the honour or dignity. ⁴ i. e. honest. ⁵ i. e. do not make me out. ⁶ Yet for libertie. ⁷ i. e. unclaimed, or unowned.

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wretched pomp.¹
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. [Giving up the crown.]

Pand. Take again from this my hand, as holding of the Pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority. [The French;

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet And from his holiness use all your power

To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Refits by you only to be qualify'd.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be ministred,

Or overthrow incurable ensues. [up,

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite²,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the Pope,

Go to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the

say, that, before Ascension-day at noon, [prophet

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose, it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [out,

I like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive? [streets;

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,

By some damn'd hand, was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

K. John. Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den? [there?

And fright him there; and make him tremble

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage³, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh. [me,

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,

They saw we had a purpose of defence. [time.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance:

Return the precedent⁴ to these lords again;

That, having our fair order written down,

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,

¹ Wretched pomp means, greatness obtained by violence. ² i. e. convert. ³ i. e. range abroad.
⁴ i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.

May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by condemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine.
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
By this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come: for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your finews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!

5 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threaten'ing colours now wind up,
10 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
't may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in shew. *[Both.]*

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
15 I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars

20 Between this chaf'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
25 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I by the honour of my marriage-bed,

30 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
35 To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?

40 *Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd thy towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

45 *Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
50 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge, attended.

Faulk. According to the fair-play of the world
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
60 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

¹ This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an enforced cause), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the brave respect was the love of his country.

¹ i. e. unheeded
bath. ² An
images made by

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd¹ sawciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch²;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his airy³ towers,
To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nereos, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;

We grant, thou canst out-fool us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear.
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting-legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To leap upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin-sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁴ but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. [*Field.*]

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the

Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,

And I wish him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-bury;

Even on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my
Retaining but a quantity of life; [*view,*

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

¹ i. e. unbraced sawciness, alluding to the Dauphin's youth.

² To take the hatch, is to leap the

³ An airy is the nest of an eagle.

⁴ Meaning, Faulconbridge.

⁵ Alluding to the

images made by witches.

Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandfire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death [flight;
Right¹ in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.

A different part of the French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lewis. The fun of heaven, methought, was loth
to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here:—What news? [lords,

Mef. The count Melun is slain; the English
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy
very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mef. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter and good care
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not de-
mand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe

'Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,

Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; fans compliment, what
news abroad? [night

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of

35 To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news:

40 I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless, and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil; that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

45 Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

50 *Faulc.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

55 And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven!

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

60 Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;

Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;

I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Right signifies immediate; this sense, however, is now obsolete.

S C E N E VII.

*The Orchard in Swinfield-Abbey.**Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
 touch'd corruptibly; and his poor brain [house]
 Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
 loch, by the idle comments that it makes,
 foretells the ending of mortality

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
 belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.--
 Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen. O vanity of flickers! fierce extremes,
 In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them; invisible his siege is now,
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies;
 Which in their throng and prels to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
 should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left to shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-
 room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty?

[cast off:]

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,

And none of you will bid the winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,

And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,

That cold comfort; and you are so strait,

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—

Within me is a hell; and there the poison

As a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize

On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;

And all the throwds, wherewith my life should fail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair;

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward:
 Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the wathes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,

To do the office for thee of revenge;

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
 spheres, [faiths;

Where be your powers? Shew now your minded

And instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame,

Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:

The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;

And brings from him such offers of our peace

As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees

Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd

To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post

To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,

To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks,

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,

And we shall shock them: nought shall make us

If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt Omnes.]

K I

King RICHARD
EDMUND
of York
JOHN of
Lancaster
HENRY,
Hereford
son to John
Duke of Lancaster
MOWBRAY
Duke of Norfolk
Earl of Salisbury
Earl BEAUCHAMPE
BUSHY,
BAGOT,
GREEN,

Enter King

K. Rich. (

Halt thou,
Brought him
Here to me
Which thou
Against the

Gawnt. I

K. Rich.

If he appe

¹ This
the drama
which fell
towards the
what we mean
Lord Berkeley
of Rutland

THE LIFE' AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King RICHARD the Second.

EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York. }
JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster. } *Uncles to the King.*

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, afterwards King Henry the Fourth, son to John of Gaunt.

Duke of AUMERLE², son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of SURREY.

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl BERKLEY³.

BUSHY,

BAGOT,

GREEN, } *Creatures to King Richard.*

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.

PERCY, son to Northumberland.

Lord ROSS⁴.

Lord WILLOUGHBY.

Lord FITZWATER.

Bishop of CARLISLE.

Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Abbot of WESTMINSTER.

Sir PIERCE of EXTON.

Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of GLOSTER.

Duchess of YORK.

Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, Two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in England and Wales.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The Court.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Haft thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege. [him,

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

5 On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

10 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall

15 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

¹ This history, however, comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year.

² *Aumerle* is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. ³ Mr. Steevens says, it ought to be *Lord Berkley*, as there was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after. ⁴ Now spelt *Ross*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles.

⁵ i. e. bond.

Mowb.

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove. [zeal:]

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground² inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mowb. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:

And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight! [charge?]

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
It must be great, that can inherit us³
So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true;—]

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward, [blood:]
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar. [ear:]

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;

For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France, to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's
death,—

I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

¹ Meaning, his sword drawn in a right or just cause.

² i. e. not habitable.

³ i. e. possess us.

This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial-day. [me; 10

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there
is no boot¹. [foot: 25

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled² here ;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots ; take
but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done ;
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you
begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such
foul sin !
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar face³ impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or found so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. [Exit Gaunt. 60

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand :

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
5 At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.—
10 Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheff of Gloster.

15 *Gaunt.* Alas ! the part⁴ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
20 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
25 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut.
30 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
35 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and
40 breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him ; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
45 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
50 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's
substitute,

55 His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death ; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?
Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and
defence.

¹ i. e. no advantage in delay or refusal. ² Baffled, in this, as has been noted in a former place,
means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. ³ i. e. with a face of supplication. ⁴ i. e.
my relation of consanguinity to Gloster.

Dutch.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt! Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight: O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or if misfortune miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry: As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more; Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun; For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done. Commend me to my brother, Edmund York. Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so; Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?— With all good speed at Plaihy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there see, But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls, Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? And what hear there for welcome, but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there, To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where: Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die, The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Lists, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold, Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with Gaunt, Busby, Bagot, and others; when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion The cause of his arrival here in arms: Ask him his name; and orderly proceed To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art, [*To Mowbray.*]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms; Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath, [*rel.*] And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowbr. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Who hither come engaged by my oath, [*Norfolk:*] (Which heaven defend a knight should violate!) Both to defend my loyalty and truth, To God, my king, and his succeeding issue, Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And by the grace of God, and this mine arm, To prove him, in defending of myself, A traitor to my God, my king, and me: And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

5 Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, Both who he is, and why he cometh hither Thus plated in habiliments of war; And formally according to our law Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists? [*To Boling.*] Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel? Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms, To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour, In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me; And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

25 Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold, Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists; Except the marshal, and such officers Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

30 And bow my knee before his majesty: For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men That vow a long and weary pilgrimage; Then let us take a ceremonious leave,

35 And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness, [*To K. Rich.*] And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.

40 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, So be thy fortune in this royal fight! Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou shed, Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

45 Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear: As confident, as is the falcon's flight. Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—

50 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;— Not sick, although I have to do with death; But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

55 Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*To Gaunt.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up To reach at victory above my head,—

60 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers; And with thy blessings steel my lance's point, That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

¹ Mr. Steevens observes on this passage, that "waxen may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable* or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body."

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lully 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and saint George to
thrive!

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my
lot,

There lives, or dies, true to King Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest¹,
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of
Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Der-
stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
On pain to be found false and recreant, [Norfolk,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-
batants.

Stay, the king has thrown his warder² down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish; after which, the king
speaks to the combatants.*

Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect [swords;
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

5 With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And harsh-responding trumpets' dreadful bray,

10 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

15 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my
comfort be,—

20 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

25 The fly-flow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:—
The hopeless word of—never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege.

30 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit⁴ not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
35 My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands

40 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

45 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate⁵,
50 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

55 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)

¹ Mr. Farmer remarks, that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. ² A warder appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. ³ Mr. Pope restored these five verses from the first edition of 1598. ⁴ Instead of *merit* Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "a dearer meed," or *reward*—have I deserved, &c. ⁵ *Compassionate* for *plaintive*.

Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
'To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy';—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*]

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my sons exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give.
Shorten my days thou can'st with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
'Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour? [*four.*]

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild;
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong:

A partial slander² fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. [*so;*]

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*]

[*Exit.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
From where you do remain, let paper show. [*know,*]

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side. [*words,*]

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one
hour ten. [*fare.*]

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for plea-

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wife man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not—the king exil'd thee; or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:

Suppose the singing birds, musicians; [*strow'd;*]

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance:

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

Gaunt. Oh, no! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

¹ Dr. Johnson understands this passage thus: "Norfolk, so far I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I may utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, confess thy treasons." ² i. e. the reproach of partiality.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
foil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Court.

*Enter King Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door,
and the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him
so,

But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed? [wind,

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-east
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awak'd the sleepy rheum; and so, by chance,

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you
parted with him?

Aum. Farewel:

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells;

But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common people:

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

5 And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee, (friends;—

10 With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
these thoughts.

15 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—

Expedient ' manage must be made, my liege;

Ere further leisure yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war.

20 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,

And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that come short,

25 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are

rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;

30 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news? [lord;

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my

35 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,

To intreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house. [mind,

40 *K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too

45 late! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in sick: with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. WILL the king come? that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your

breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying
men

Inforce attention, like deep harmony:

55 Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in
vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in

He, that no more must say, is listened more [pain.

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to

60 glose; [fore:

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be-

The setting sun, and music at the close,

¹ i. e. expeditious.

A.

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not bear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear. [sounds]

York. No; it is stop'd with other flattering
As, praises of his state; then, there are found
Lascivious meeters¹; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard²:
Dire³ not him, whose way himself will chuse⁴;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash⁵ & fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection⁶, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their birth, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian-service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting⁷ farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself;
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then, were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Rofs, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come; deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

15 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasures that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

20 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

25 I mock thy name, greatking, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

30 *Gaunt.* Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee

35 ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure

40 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers fit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

45 Oh, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.

50 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

55 Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;

And—

¹ i. e. metres, or verses.

² Meaning, where the will rebels against the understanding.

³ i. e. will follow his own course.

⁴ i. e. hasty, violent.

⁵ i. e. against pensilence.

⁶ i. e. mean, paltry.

⁷ According to the great sums raised upon the subject by loans and other exactions, in this reign.

⁸ Dr. Johnson interprets this passage thus: "By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty; thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."

K. Rich.

K. Rich.—

Prefaming¹—

Der't with

Make pale

With fury,

Now by my

Wert thou

This conque

Should run

Gaunt. Oh

For that I w

That blood a

Hast thou tap

My brother

(Whom fair

May be a pro

That thou res

Join with the

And thy unke

To crop at or

Live in thy s

These words

Convey me to

Love they to

K. Rich. A

Have

For both hast

York. Befor

To wayward

He loves you,

As Harry duk

K. Rich. R

As theirs, so

North. My

K. Rich. W

North. Nay

His tongue is

Words, life, an

York. Be Y

Though death

K. Rich. The

His time is spe

So much for th

We must suppl

Which live lik

But only they,

And, for these

Towards our a

The plate, coin

Whereof our u

York. How

Shall tender d

Not Gaunt's re

For the preven

About his mar

Have ever mad

Or bend one w

¹ That is, lo

to a tradition,

² i. e. refuse.

K. Rich.

K. Rich.—Thou, a lunatic less than a fool,
Presuming on an eagle's privilege,
Durst with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chafing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my feat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
Love they to live¹, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullness have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is. [to his;

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
K. Rich. What says he? [your majesty.

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [to

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns²;

Which live like venom, where no venom else³,

But only they, hath privilege to live.

Ah, for these great affairs do ask some charge,—

Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd. [long

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,

Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?

Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?

Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserve to have an heir?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time

His charters, and his customary rights;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day:

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in his letters patents that he hath

By his attorney-general to sue

His livery, and deny⁴ his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think. [hands

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be understood,

That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Busby, to the earl of Wiltshire

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, [straight;

To see this business: To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord-governor of England,

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rofs. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue. [*Silence.*

¹ That is, let them love to live. ² Kern signifies an Irish foot-foldier; an Irish boor. ³ Alluding to a tradition, that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from every species of venomous reptiles.

⁴ i. e. refuse.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm. [man:]

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke. [king:]

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not¹, but securely perish.

Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes
I spy life peering: but I dare not say, [of death,
How near the tidings of our comfort is. [doth ours.]

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou

Rofs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence, [a bay]

That Harry Hereford, Reignold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter²;

His brother, archbishop late³ of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rampton,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out⁴ our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Rofs. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Court.

Enter *Queen, Busby, and Bagot.*

Busby. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.
Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twelv

shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;

Like perspectives⁵, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

¹ To strike the sails, is, to contract them. ² Mr. Steevens observes, that this circumstance, of having broke from the duke of Exeter, applies solely to Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign; and from thence conjectures, that a line is lost, in which his name had originally a place. The archbishop next mentioned, was uncle to this young lord, though Shakspeare mistakenly calls him his brother. ³ Having been deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king. ⁴ This expression is borrowed from falconry. To imp a hawk, was to supply such wing-feathers as dropped, or were forced out by any accident. ⁵ Warburton says this is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this: "Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be looked upon in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, ey'd awry."

Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well
met, gentlemen :—
I hope the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The lords of Ros, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland,

And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester
Took his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way
it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy², to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, I came by, and call'd there;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do :—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth³ hath not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the servant.

And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit :—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit York and Queen.

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-
land, but none returns. For us to levy power, [land,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

¹ i. e. drawn in back.

² The lordship of Plashy was a town of the dutchess of Gloster's in Essex.

³ i. e. disloyalty, treachery.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king. [castile:]

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas! poor duke, the task he undertakes
Is—humb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Busby. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenspur to Cotswold, will be found

In Rofs, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguill'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By fight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court?]

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur, [traitor.]

To offer service to the duke of Hereford:
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
at power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspur.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is
the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,

As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,

It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stay
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and

None else of name, and noble estimate. [Seymour
Enter Rofs and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Rofs and
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. [purines
Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,

Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Rofs. Your presence make us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the

poor;

Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)

From the most glorious of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you

To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle,
[*Kneels.*]

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

¹ Meaning, perhaps, the time of the king's absence.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But more than why,—Why have they dar'd
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;

Fighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French;

Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign. [ford;

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here—

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my father, for, methinks, in you

I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,

It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;

Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am deny'd to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave:

My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold:

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject.

And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent. [abus'd.

North. The noble duke hath been too much

Ref. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made

great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right:

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

By his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;

And you, that do abet him in this kind,

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is

But for his own: and, for the right of that,

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;

I cannot mend it, I must need confess,

Because my power is weak, and all ill left:

But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoop

Unto the fovereign mercy of the king;

But, since I cannot, be it known to you,

I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

Unless you please to enter in the castle,

And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.

But we must win your grace, to go with us

To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet

I'll pause;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.

Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:

Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

In Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sol. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee. [stay.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven:

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other, to enjoy by rage and war:

These signs forerun the death of kings—

Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sol. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,

Fall to the base earth from the firmament!

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ On for in. ² Dr. Johnson conjectures that this dialogue was probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and advises the reader to insert it there.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.**Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Busby and Green, prisoners.**Boling.* BRING forth these men.—

Busby, and Green, I will not vex your souls

(Since presently your souls must part your bodies) With too much urging your pernicious lives, For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood From off my hands, here, in the view of men, I will unfold some causes of your death.

You have mislaid a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean. You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him; Broke the possession of a royal bed, And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth; Near to the king in blood; and near in love, 'Till you did make him misinterpret me,— Have sloop'd my neck under your injuries, And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment: Whilst you have fed upon my signories, Dispar'd¹ my parks, and fell'd my forest woods; From mine own windows torn my household coat², Raz'd out my imprese³, leaving me no sign,— Save men's opinions, and my living blood,— To shew the world I am a gentleman. This, and much more, much more than twice all this, Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd overTo execution and the hand of death. [me, *Busby.* More welcome is the stroke of death to Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.*Green.* My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.—

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house; For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated: Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,

away;

[To fight with Glendower and his complices⁴;

A while to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.**Flourish: drums and trumpets.**Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and soldiers.**K. Rich.* Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?*Aum.* Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,

10 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

15 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

20 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

25 Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

30 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall faultier under foul rebellious arms.

35 *Bishop.* Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,

made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

40 And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

45 *K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,

'Phat, when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

'Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;

50 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, [back]

'The cloak of night being pluckt from off their

¹ To *disparke* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. ² It was then the practice to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. ³ The *imprese* was a device or motto. ⁴ Theobald is of opinion (and we think his reasons for thinking so are just), that this line is an interpolation.⁵ Here Dr. Johnson thinks, may be properly inserted the last scene of the second Act.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my
tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'ertrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your
grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou cowardly majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names;
Arm, arm, my name; a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so;
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:

¹ The king's *headmen* were his chaplains.
and the wood is employed for instruments of death.

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

5 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
10 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

15 Thy very headmen¹ learn to bend their bows
Of double-fal² yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [ill.

20 *K. Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

25 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
my lord. [demption!

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without re-
30 Deds, easily won to fawn on any man! heart!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

35 *Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you
curse,

40 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
shire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

45 *Aum.* Where is the duke my father with his
power? [speak:

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

50 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills:—

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
55 And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model³ of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

60 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;

² Call'd so, because the leaves of the yew are poison,
³ i. e. mould.

All

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic¹ sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition², form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes.

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no woe can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him:
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou shalt me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
Thisague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up;
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Believe thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To Aumerle.*]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land⁴ that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.

¹ This alludes to the antic or fool of old farces, whose principal business is to ridicule the graver and more splendid personages. ² Tradition seems here used for traditional practices. ³ The meaning is, to die fighting, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. ⁴ i. e. to plough it. ⁵ To take the head is, to take undue liberties.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let him hence:—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint Castle.

Enter with drums and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the head⁵, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you
should. [Should,]

York. Take not, good cou'n, farther than you
Left you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield;

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king!

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

North. And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

Boling. Belike, it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

North. Noble lord, [To North.]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of praise
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh gro
My stooping
G's, signify a
Upon the gr
Let's march
that from th

Our fair app
M-thinks, ki
With no l-fs
Of fire and w
At meeting t
B-he the fir
The rage be
My waters;
March on, an

A bark founde
Flourish
shop of Carl

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any har
K. Rich. W
we l
To watch the
Because we th
And if we be
To pay their a
If we be not,
That hath dis
For well we k
Can gripe the
Unless he do p
And though yo
Have torn the
And we are ba
Yet know,—m
Is must'ring in
Armies of pesti
Your children
That list your
And threat the
Tell Bolingbro
That every stric
Is dangerous tre
The purple test
But ere the cro
Ten thousand bl
Shall ill become
Change the com
To scarlet indig
Her pasture's gr
North. The k
the ki
Should so with
Be rush'd upon!

York. See, f
As doth the b
From out the
When he per
To dim his gl
Of his bright
Yet looks he
As bright as i
Controlling m
That any

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A horn sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold! his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee. *[To North.]*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her mud-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord
the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thirder-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said;—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just:
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns:—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debate ourself, cousin, do we not, *[To Aum.]*
To look too poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? *[words,*
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords. *[of mine,*

K. Rich. O God! oh God! that e'er this tongue
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of soothing! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now! *[beat,*
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke. *[submit?]*

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st! My tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn;

¹ i. e. the flowery surface of England's soil.

² In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*.

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have freited us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

[*North. advances.*]

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court¹ he doth
attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring
Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*]

In the base court? Base court where kings grow
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace. [*base,*
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly², like a frantic man:
Yet he is come. [*Enter Richard, &c. below.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneels.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[*Touching his own head.*]

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well de-
serve to have,

That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

¹ Bas court, Fr.

SCENE IV.

Langley.

The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full
of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st it thou
weep. [*good.*]

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do
me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some supp'rtance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of two-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

Queen. You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing—as in a model, our firm state;

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

² i. e. foolishly.

Hath now h

The weeds,

the

That seem'd,

Are pull'd up

I mean, the c

Serv. What

Gard. The

Hath seiz'd t

That he had

As we this g

Do wound th

Left, being o

With too mu

Had he done

They might h

Their fruits o

We lop away

Had he done

Which waste o

Serv. What

depo

Gard. Depre

'Tis doubt, he

To a dear frie

That tell black

Queen. Oh,

of sp

Thou old Adan

How dares thy

news

What Eve, wh

To make a seco

Why dost thou

London

Enter Bolingbroke,

Fitzwater, Sir

Wylmester, &c.

Boling. CALL

Now

What thou dost k

Who wrought it

The bloody offic

Boling. Then fe

Cousin

man.

Reg. My lon

Seems to unfay

In that dead time

I heard you say,—

That reacheth

As far as Calai

Amongst much o

¹ Timeless for

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and drefs'd his land,
As we this garden ! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Let, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you then, the king shall be
depos'd ?

Gard. Deprefs'd he is already ; and depos'd,
Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am press'd to death, through want
of speaking !—

[*Coming from her concealment.*]

Thou old Adam's likeness, set to drefs this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this displeasing
news ?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curst man ?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings ? Speak, thou
wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam ; little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Post you to London, and you'll find it so :

I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, thou art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? Oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke !—
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,

I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow,

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be
no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace :
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exit Gard. and serv.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

London. The Parliament-House.

*Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy,
Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of
Wylmister, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.*

Boling. CALL forth Bagot :

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind :

What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless¹ end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.

[*tongue*]

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring
seems to unfay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—“ Is not my arm of length,

That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to my uncle's head ?”

Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, “ You rather had refuse
“ The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
“ Than Bolingbroke return to England ;
“ Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
“ In this your cousin's death.”

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man ?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars²,

On equal terms to give him chastisement ?

Either I must, or have my honour soil'd
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.—

There is my gage, the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell : Thou liest, and

I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart-blood, thou being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies³,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :

¹ Timeless for untimely.

² Meaning, his high or noble birth.

³ i. e. upon equality of blood.

By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing! Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I take the earth to the like, for-
sworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be halloo'd in thy treacherous ear
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. [all:]

Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. [horse?]

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive in this new world,²
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll attend the regal throne

Carl. Marry, God forbid!—

Work in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befecening me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars

Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this curst earth:

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Let children's children cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir: and, for
your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge

¹ Dr. Johnson supposes, that for *the earth*, we should read *thy oath*. ² Meaning, in this world
where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has just before called him boy.

To keep

May't p

Boling.

He may

Without

York.

Eding.

Procure y

Little are

And little

R.

K. Rich.

Before I ha

Wherewith

To insinuat

Give sorrow

To this sub

The favour

Did they no

So Judas did

Found truth

fa

God save the

Am I both p

God save the

And yet. *A*

To do what

York. To c

Which tired

The resignati

To Henry B

K. Rich. C

seiz

Here, cousin,

Now is this g

That owes tw

The emptier e

The other dov

That bucket d

Drinking my g

Boling. I tho

K. Rich. M

are r

You may my g

But not my gr

Boling. Part

your

K. Rich. Yo

cares

My care is—lo

Your care is—e

The care I giv

They tend the

Boling. Are y

K. Rich. Ay,

thing

Therefore, no,

Now mark me h

I give this heav

And this unwill

The pride of kin

i. e. the coun

haughty.

To keep him safely 'till his day of trial.— [suit?
 Nay 't please you, lords, to grant the commons'
Eding. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed [view
 Without suspicion.

Tork. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Eding. Lords, you that here are under our
 arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—
 Little are we beholden to your love, [To *Carlisle*.
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter Tork, with King Richard.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submision. Yet I well remember
 The favours¹ of these men : Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ! but, he in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-
 sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, Amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service, am I sent for hither?

Tork. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown :—Here, cousin,
 seize the crown; [thine.

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side,
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs
 are mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
 your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
 cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :
 The care I give, I have, though given away ;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must no-
 thing be ;

Therefore, no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm²,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :

5 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

10 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

15 And send him many years of sun-shine days!—

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person and your followers,

20 Against the state and profit of this land ;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

25 If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,

There should'st thou find one heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

30 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

35 Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my four crofs,

And water cannot wash away your sin. [ticles.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these ar-

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :

40 And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,

But they can see a fort³ of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest :

For I have given here my foul's consent,

45 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;

Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave;

Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught⁴, in-

50 sulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—

But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

55 And know not now what name to call myself!

Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!—

60 Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,

[To *Boling.*

Let it command a mirror hither straight;

¹ i. e. the countenances; the features.

² The oil of consecration.

³ i. e. a company.

⁴ i. e.

That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
come. (to hell.)

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
'That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lives the substance: and I thank thee king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

[a king:]

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

[lights.]

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey?—conveyers¹ are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. *[Exit.]*

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. *[dow]*

25 *[Ex. all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.]*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here behold.

Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

30 To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury² mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

35 I see, your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay

A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower³,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

[To K. Rich.]

Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;

55 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim necessity; and he and I

Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France

And cloister thee in some religious house:

60 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken down

¹ i. e. jugglers. ² i. e. to conceal.

³ The Tower of London is said to have been erected by
Julius Cæsar.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kifs the rod?
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And fend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the depositing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all; [way
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear:
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkifs the oath 'twixt thee and me:

[*To the Queen.*

And yet not so, for with a kifs 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, fct forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas², or short't of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and fend the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
means.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kifs shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no
good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay:

Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My Lord, you told me, you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [broke,—
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the
while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

¹ Meaning, to requite or repay them for their mournful stories. ² i. e. *All-lallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the first of November. ³ i. e. to be *never the nigher*; or, to make no advance towards the good desired.

Are idly bent¹ on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was²;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And tainting fealty to the new-made king. [now,

Dutch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets
That drew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one. [time,

York. Well, bear you well³ in this new spring of
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold those juits and
triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph. [bond

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing. [shew it.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? saddle my horse!
Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse :—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, [for ?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou
art amaz'd :—

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[Speaking to the servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age.

20 And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman.

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

25 and interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none.

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty

30 My son, I would appeach him. [times

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

35 And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit. [horde

Dutch. Aliter, Aumerle : mount thee upon his

Spur, post; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

45 I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :

And never will I rise up from the ground,

I'll Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Court at Windsor-Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—

55 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found :

Enquire at London 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions;

60 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

¹ i. e. carelessly turned ² From Holinshed we learn, that the dukes of Aumerle, Surry, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. ³ i. e. conduct yourself with prudence.

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew. [prince;

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. [both

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through
He some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone.—

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,

To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. [key,

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire [York within.

York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it. [know

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
The treason that my haste forbids me show. [past:

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise

I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—

O royal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer¹, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages

60 Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad²;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing³ son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;

I thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

10 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[Dutcheffs within.

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake,

let me in. [eager cry?

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

15 *Dutch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king;

'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,

20 And now chang'd to the Beggar and the King⁴.—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests found;

25 This, let alone, with all the rest confound.

Enter Dutcheffs.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can. [here?

30 *York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me,

gentle liege. [Kneels.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

35 For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

40 *Aum.* Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my

knee. [Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended

be. [Kneels.

ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

45 *Dutch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our

breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;

50 We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

55 Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

60 And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

¹ Sheer is pellucid, clear.

² That is, "The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son."

³ To

digress is to deviate from what is right or regular.

⁴ Alluding to an interlude well known in our author's

I never long'd to hear a word till now :
Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez-moy* ¹.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set 't the word itself against the word !—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art. [the abbot ²,
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and
With all the rest of that comforted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell ;—and, cousin, too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son ; I pray heaven make
thee new. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake ?

*Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?
Was it not so ?*

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice,
Exton. *Have I no friend ?* quoth he : he spake it
And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The Prison at Pomfret-Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world ;
And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father ; and these two begot
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world ;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word ³ :

As thus,—*Come, little ones* ; and then again,—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last : Like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me with myself a beggar,
And so I am : Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again ; and, by-and-by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing :—But, what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear ? [Music.
Ha, ha ! keep time :—How sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string ;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his num'ring clock ;
My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch ⁴,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now, sir, the found, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart
Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
Runs positing on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock ⁵.
This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.

¹ That is, *excuse me*. ² The abbot of Westminster was an ecclesiastic ; but the brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry of Bolingbroke. ³ By the word I suppose meant the *Scriptures*. ⁴ To jar probably here means, to make that noise which is called *tick*. ⁵ Watch seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument which measures time. ⁶ i. e. I strike for him.

Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
is a strange brooch¹ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog?²
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his
back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing³ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Kep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. [*Exit.*

Kep. My lord, will't please you to fail to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Kep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the
contrary. [*thee!*

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

Kep. help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this
rude assault? [*ment.*

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instru-

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*

[*Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce
hand [*land.*

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, mount, my soul! thy feat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Court at Windsor.

*Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords
and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discours'd in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous comforted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West-
minster,

With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—

Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For tho' mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathless lies

¹ i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn.

² Meaning, that

fast, gloomy villain, who brings, &c.

³ Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words.

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [deed.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:

5 Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on fullen black incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

10 In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

King HENRY
HENRY, Duke
JOHN, Duke
Earl of W
Earl of NO
HENRY PE
EDMUND N
SCROOP, Ar
ARCHIBALD
OWEN GLE
Sir RICHAR
Earl of WE

Sher

Enter King Hen

E. Hen. S O

And breathe sh

¹ The transfa
months: for th
Archibald earl
(the 14th of S
which engagem
1403. Dr. Joh
dramatic histori
the Second, deo
plaint made by
reader for the f
bized." ² N
drama were orig
a mistake whic
he has fal
title of Duke of
distinguished by
proper style, th
always mention

FIRST

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.
 HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *sons to the King.*
 JOHN, *Duke of Lancaster*, }
 Earl of WORCESTER.
 Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.
 HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR.
 EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.
 SCRUP, *Archbishop of York*.
 ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas*.
 OWEN GLENDOWER.
 Sir RICHARD VERNON.
 Earl of WESTMORELAND.

Sir WALTER BLUNT.
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 POINS.
 GADSHILL.
 PETO.
 BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, *wife to* Hotspur, *sister to* Mortimer.
Lady MORTIMER, *daughter to* Glendower, and
wife to Mortimer.
 QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in* Eastcheap.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Court in London.

Enter King Henry, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frightened peace to
 pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those oppos'd eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock

¹ The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months: for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of St. Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. Dr. Johnson remarks, that "Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited." ² Mr. Steevens says, it should be *Prince John of Lancaster*, and adds, that the persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphry of Lancaster, &c.* and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us.

And furious clofe of civil butchery.
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Chriit,
 (Whose foldier now, under whose blessed crofs
 We are impress'd and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy¹;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter crofs.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month's old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience².

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits³ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of. [broil]

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord]

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur⁴ there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald⁵,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way. [friend]

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd⁶ in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas; and the earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son:

15 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

20 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

25 But let him from my thoughts: What think

you, coz'?

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps⁷; and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife⁸.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-

Malevolent to you in all aspects; [cester]

Which makes him prune⁹ himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

35 *K. Henry.* But I have sent for him to answer this;

And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:

40 But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more is to be said, and to be done,

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An apartment belonging to the Prince.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking

of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and

sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast

45 forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st

truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with

the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack

¹ Mr. Steevens proposes to read *lead* for *levy*. ² i. e. *expedition*. ³ *Limits* for *estimates*. ⁴ Ho-
 tinshed in his *History of Scotland* says, "This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Harry*
Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad." ⁵ Archibald
 Douglas, earl Douglas. ⁶ A *balk* signifies a bank or bill. *Balk'd* in their own blood, may therefore
 mean, lay in *beaps* or *lillocks*, in their own blood. ⁷ Mr. Tollet observes, that by the law of arms,
 every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had
 him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. ⁸ Whom (Mr. Steevens adds)
 Percy could not refuse to the king, as being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the Duke of Albany,
 brother to king Robert III.) and whom Henry might justly claim by his acknowledged military pre-
 rogative. ⁹ Dr. Johnson says, to *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.

and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houies, and
the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-
colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st
be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you comé near me now, Hal: for
we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven
stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that *wand'ring*
bright so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet wag,
when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,
(majestically, I should say; for grace thou wilt have
none.)—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will
serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly,
roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art
king, let not us, that are squires of the night's
body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty¹; let us be—
Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,
minions of the moon: And let men say, we be
men of good government; being governed as the
sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon,
under whose countenance we—*fish.*

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well
too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's
men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being gov-
ern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof,
now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on
Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tues-
day morning; got with swearing—*lay by*²; and
spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an
ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in
as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is
not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of
the castle³. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet
robe of durance⁴?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in

thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have
I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with
my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning,
many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid
all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin
would stretch; and, where it would not, I have
us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here ap-
parent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry-
thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in
England when thou art king? and resolution thus
fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father an-
tick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king,
hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a
brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean,
thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so
become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps
with my humour, as well as waiting in the court,
I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits⁵?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits⁵; whereof the
hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as
melancholy as a gib⁶ cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare⁷, or the
melancholy of Moor-ditch⁸?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes; and
art, indeed, the most comparative⁹, rascallest.—
sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I prythee, trouble
me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou
and I knew where a commodity of good names

¹ Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that our poet, by the expression *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, "Let not us who are body squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day." He afterwards adds, that a *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield; and that it became afterwards the cant term for a pimp. ² i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. ³ Warburton, in commenting upon this passage, says, "This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: One sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliff, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff." Mr. Steevens, however, has, we think, very fully and satisfactorily proved that sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The place in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not, according to Mr. Steevens, the work of our poet, but a despicable piece, prior to that of Shakspeare, full of ribaldry and impiety from the beginning to the end; and was probably the play sneeringly alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV.—for Oldcastle died a martyr. ⁴ The sheriff's officers of those times were clad in buff. The meaning therefore of this answer of the Prince to Falstaff's question is, "whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench." ⁵ Shakspeare here quibbles upon the word *suit*. The prince uses it to mean a petition; Falstaff, to imply a suit of cloaths. The cloaths of the offender being a perquisite of the executioner. ⁶ i. e. an old be-cat, Gilbert, or Gai, being the name formerly appropriated to a cat of the male species. ⁷ Dr. Johnson says, that "a hare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary: and according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy." ⁸ Alluding, perhaps to the melancholy appearance of its stagnant water. ⁹ i. e. the most quick at comparisons.

were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration¹; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal — God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will it give over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle² me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poin's! — Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Enter Poin's.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poin's. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.

Poin's. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poin's. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poin's. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor

good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poin's. Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel, All-hallow's³ summer!

[Exit Falstaff.]

Poin's. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poin's. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poin's. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce⁴, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poin's. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, thou hast a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts; alluding to the prince having said in the preceding speech, *wisdom cries out*, &c. ² See note 2, p. 415. ³ i. e. All-saints' day, which is the first of November. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. ⁴ i. e. for the occasion. ⁵ i. e. confusion.

in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while up-
The unyok'd humour of your idleness; [*hold*]
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work:
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a fullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-
spur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and
temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition²,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and preemptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier³ of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd

As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

5 *Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

10 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:

He was perfum'd like a milliner;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box⁴, which ever and anon

15 He gave his nose, and took't away again;—

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff⁵;—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,

20 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest, demanded

My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

25 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay⁶,

Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,

30 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, [mark!]

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was pharmacy, for an inward bruise;

35 And, that it was great pity, so it was,

That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd!

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,

40 He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,

45 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. [*lord,*

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

50 May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;

But with proviso, and exception,—

55 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those, that he did lead to fight

¹ i. e. exceed men's expectations.

² i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition.

³ Moody is angry. Frontier was anciently used for forehead.

A small box for mink or other perfumes then in fashion; the lid of which, being cut with open

work, gave it its name; from *poinçon*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

⁴ Snuff is equivocally used for

finger, and a powder taken up the nose.

⁵ A popinjay is a parrot.

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,¹
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did

they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp² head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
believe him,

He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins.
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

War. Who strook this heat up after I was gone? [*To Worcester.*]

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,³
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

War. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

War. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [*then*]

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did King Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king.
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man—
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility, and power,
Did 'gaze them both in an unjust behalf,—

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker⁴, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd⁵ contempt,

Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

War. Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear⁶.

¹ The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower, out of fear, as appears from his next speech. ² i. e. curled. ³ i. e. an eye menacing death. ⁴ The canker-rose is the dog-rose. ⁵ i. e. disdainful. ⁶ i. e. of a spear laid across.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;¹
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corral, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,

That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy²,

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales³—

But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

T'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale⁴.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you,

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impa-
tient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

Richard's time.—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—

It was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept

His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspur.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

5 Look, when his infant fortune came to age,—

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. [mc!—

9 *Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;

10 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

15 For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,

Will easily be granted,—You, my lord,—[To North.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—

20 Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True: who bears hard

25 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation;⁵

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

30 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st it
slip⁶.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:

35 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

40 To save our heads by raising of a head⁷:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

45 And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

50 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

55 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive,

I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[Exit.

¹ Warburton thinks, that "this is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities." ² i. e. refuse. ³ A turbulant fellow, who fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a *swash-buckler*. Alluding, probably, to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time. ⁴ i. e. conjecture. ⁵ To let slip, is to loose the greyhound. ⁶ i. e. a body of forces.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Inn Yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

I Car. **H**EIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

I Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cefs.¹

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots³: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

I Car. Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

I Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach⁴.

I Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

I Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadsh. Good morrow carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gadsh. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

I Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadsh. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gadsh. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

I Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gadsh. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse⁵.

Gadsh. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin⁶ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gadsh. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁷, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadsh. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans⁸ that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make a whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers⁹, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of those mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers¹⁰: such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than

¹ i. e. out of all measure; the phrase being taken from a cefs, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be out of all cefs. ² i. e. wet, rotten. ³ Bots are worms in the stomach of a horse. ⁴ Warburton explains this by the Scotch word loch, a lake; while Mr. Steevens thinks, that the carrier means to say—fleas as big as a loach, i. e. resembling the fish so called, in size. ⁵ This is a proverbial expression often used in the writings of that time, where the cant of low conversation is preserved. ⁶ Franklin is a little gentleman. ⁷ St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. Nicholas' clerks. ⁸ Trojan, in this and other passages of our author's plays, has a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. ⁹ i. e. with no padders, no wanderers on foot. ¹⁰ Mr. Theobald substituted for oneyers, moneyers, which he says might either allude to an officer of the mint, or to bankers, and his emendation was adopted by Warburton. Dr. Johnson thinks no change is necessary; "Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joining with

with no mean a cant terminat Malone explains derstand public courier of the C said mefine prof nem: he thereup far whom he at accounts in this have formed the Alluding to the cant term for rate. ⁴ To col that it, waterfo.

than drink, yet I lie; faint, the co to her, but down on her, Cham. Wh will the hold Gadsh. She her. We ste the receipt of Cham. Nay more behold your walking Gadsh. Give share in our p Cham. Nay false thief. Gadsh. Go to men.—Bid tin stable. Farev S

Enter P Pains. Com Falstaff's horri P. Henry. S

Fol. Poinis! P. Henry, F a brawling do Fal. What, P. Henry. H

I'll go seek him Fal. I am a ny; the rascal him I know no by the square wind. Well, for all this, if rogue. I have time this two- which'd with th have not given I'll be hang'd; medicines.—Po loch!—Bardolp a foot further. drink, to turn tr

with no mean a cant terminat Malone explains derstand public courier of the C said mefine prof nem: he thereup far whom he at accounts in this have formed the Alluding to the cant term for rate. ⁴ To col that it, waterfo.

than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gadsh. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a cattle, cock-fure; we have the receipt of fern-feed¹, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-feed, for your walking invisible.

Gadsh. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase², as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gadsh. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the offler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The road by Gads-bill.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gunn'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hang'd; Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a bawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square³ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues,

I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whisper.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt⁴ me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art ungoltd.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your offler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gadsh. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bard. What news?—

Gadsh. Cae ye, cae ye; on with your vifors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gadsh. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gadsh. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch!

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the

with no mean wretches, but with *burgomasters*, and great ones, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great onyers*, or *great-one-ers*, as we say *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. Mr. Malone explains the word thus: "By *onyers* (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I understand *public accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the custom of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peramabile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king. To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer *to ony*; and from hence Shakspeare seems to have formed the word *onyers*."

¹ Alluding to some strange properties formerly ascribed to this plant. ² *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. ³ *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a side*.

⁴ *To colt*, is to fool, to trick; but the Prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *colt*, that is, *unhorse*.

hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole¹, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied² knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true³ men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument⁴ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. And the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and posses'd with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be we'l contented to be there, in respect to the love I bear

your house—He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unforted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York⁵ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will let forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires⁷; of trenches, tents, Of palisades, frontiers⁸, parapets; Of basilisks⁹, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

¹ The alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. ² i. e. fat and corpulent. ³ i. e. *bone*. ⁴ i. e. subject matter. ⁵ Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. ⁶ The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by King Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. ⁷ retreats. ⁸ i. e. forts. ⁹ A *basilisk* is a Like

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men refrain their breath
On some great sudden haste, O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hol. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet
gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hol. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hol. What horse? a roan? a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hol. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hol. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hol. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toft with, [*will.*]

In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I
fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath lent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hol. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hol. Away,

Away, you trifter! love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,

To play with mammetts¹, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns²,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have

with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hol. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whether I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hol. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Bear's-Head Tavern in East-Cheap.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast thou been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, a-
mongst three or four score hogsheds. I have

founded the very base string of humility. Sirrah,
I am sworn brother to a leath of drawers; and can

call them all by their christian names, as Tom, Dick,
and Francis. They take it already upon their sal-
vation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet

I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I
am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corin-
thian³, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord,

so they call me; and, when I am king of England,
I shall command all the good lads in East-Cheap.

They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and
when you breathe in your watering, they cry—

Henn! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I
am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,

that I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-
guage during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast

lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in
this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which

name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,
clapt even now into my hand by an under-skink-
er⁴; one that never spake other English in his

life, than—*eight shillings and six-pence*, and—you are
welcome; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon,*

for! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.
But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff

come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room,
while I question my puny drawer, to what end he

gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave call-
ing—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing

but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a pre-
cedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

50 Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the
Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

55 Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou

60 be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy in-
denture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run
from it?

¹ Puppets.

² Meaning, both crack'd money and a broken head.

³ i. e. a wench.

⁴ i. e. an

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Mi haelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button¹, nodd-pated², agat-ring, poke-stock-
ing³, caddice-garter⁴, smooth-tongue, Spanish-
pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bassard⁵ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Exit drawer.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] *Poins!*

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jeit of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of

woodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis.]

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O, my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hosts thou kill'st to-day?* Give my roan horse a drunch, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damnd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*⁶, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Galfill, Bardolph, and Poins.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Here I lead this life long, I'll fow nether flocks⁷, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a doll of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too! There is nothing but rogues to be found in villainous men: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old sack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged⁸ in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs⁹. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what matter'st thou?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath¹⁰, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.—You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [To Poins.]

¹ A leather jerkin with crystal buttons was the habit of a parren-broker. ² A person was said to be nodd-pated, when the hair was cut short and round. ³ Black-stocking. ⁴ Caddis was a sort of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive.

He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction. ⁵ Bassard was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. ⁶ A cant word of the English taverns of those times, expressive of no meaning. ⁷ Nether flocks are stockings. ⁸ See note¹, p. 49. ⁹ Warburton observes, that in the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion brought with them the woollen manufacture. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. ¹⁰ i. e. such a dagger as the Vice in the old moralities was armed with.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, all say I! [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs: How was it?

Galf. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Galf. And bound them.

P. H. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Galf. As we were sharing, some six or seven each men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of scum: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. H. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what,

Fal.—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me knave. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay

and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

P. H. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. H. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

P. H. Down fell their hose¹.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green², came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whorefson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech³,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trash, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: What say'st thou to this?

P. H. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-prestler, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin⁴, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—

¹ Our Author here plays upon the double meaning of *point*, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. To untruss a point, is a phrase still in use for the operation of easing nature. ² Kendal green was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon and his followers while in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. ³ A keech of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. ⁴ For elf-skin Sir Thomas Hamner and Dr. Warburton read *elf-skin*; and in our opinion justly; as Shakspeare, in this and his ensuing comparisons of the stock-fish and dry'd neat's-tongue, alludes to the leanness of the prince, for which he had historical authority; the prince of Wales being represented by Stowe to have "exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small, &c.

O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. —Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. —Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that. Hal, an thou lov'st

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman¹ of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal² man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—tie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true³ men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner⁴, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire⁵ and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purfes⁶.

Bard. Choler⁶, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring⁷: A plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook⁸,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O horseback, ye cuckold! but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue

¹ A kind of jest seems to be intended here. The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. 8d. ² i. e. bonest. ³ This is a law phrase, signifying taken in the fact. ⁴ Alluding to his red face. ⁵ That is, drunkenness and poverty. ⁶ A pun upon the similarity of sound between collar and choler. ⁷ Bombast is the stuffing of cloaths. ⁸ The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. ⁹ A Welsh hook appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind.

caps more : Worcester is stolen away by night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true ; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid ? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy infirmity.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I ? content :—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown !

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes' ² vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg ³.

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance !

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trifful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare ! he doth it as like one of these varletry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-train ⁴.—Harry ⁵, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion ; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy lower lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou

be son to me, here lies the point :—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher ⁶, and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses ? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the company thou keepst : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears ; not in pleasure, but in passion ; not in words only, but in woes also :—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a ⁷ rabbit-fucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry ? whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false :—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man ; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch ⁸ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon

¹ Meaning Scots, who wore blue bonnets.

² Alluding to the tragedy of *Cambyfes* king of Persia, written by Thomas Preston.

³ That is, my obeisance to my father.

⁴ Probably the nick-name of some strong liquor.

⁵ This speech was perhaps intended by our author as a ridicule on the public story of that time.

⁶ i. e. truant.

⁷ To *mich* (pronounced *mike*.) is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-gutter.

⁸ i. e. a sucking rabbit.

⁹ A poulterer's bare means, a hare hung up by the hind legs without skin, and which is long and slender.

¹⁰ A bolting-butch is the wooden receptacle into which the meal

and eat it? Wherein cunning¹, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you²; whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar³ be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[Knocking; and *Hof.*s and *Bardolph* go out.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter *Hof.*s.*

Hof. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick⁴: what's the matter?

Hof. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras⁵;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.*

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord: A hue and hath follow'd certain men unto this house. [cry

P. Henry. What men? [lord;

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious A grofs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here: For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good-morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exit

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snoring like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath:—

Search his pockets.

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halipenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

What there is else, keep close: we'll read it a more advantage; there let him sleep till day.

To the court in the morning: we must all to wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know

his death will be a march of twelve-score⁶. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage.

Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exit

¹ *Cunning* here means *knowing*, or *skilful*.

was a favourite liquor in Shakespeare's time.

always large spaces left between the arras and the walls.

twelvemore yards.

² i. e. let me know your meaning.

⁴ A proverbial phrase.

⁵ In old houses there were

⁶ i. e. it will kill him to march so far

And bring him out,

That is, entrain

play. ² The *cro*

carried on poles, in

ways we should read

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,—Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Hot. Cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with a rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning crests; and, at my birth, The frame and the foundation of the earth Shook'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done,

At the same season, if your mother's cat [born. Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born,

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble. [on fire,

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens And not in fear of your nativity.

Disseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vent'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind [big, Within her womb; which, for enlargement stirr,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this discomposure,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

Or hold me pace in deep experiments. [Welsh:—

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better

I will to dinner. [mad,

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to com-

10 The devil. [mand

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,

By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

15 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat. [made head

20 *Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke

Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,

Booteless home, and weather-beaten back. [too!

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather

25 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: Shall we divide

our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it

30 Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

35 To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

40 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

45 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

50 And in my conduct shall your ladies come,

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton

55 In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

¹ That is, entrance, beginning. An induction, however, was anciently something introductory to a play.

² The *crosset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross like a turnstile, and were

carried on poles, in processions. ³ *Beldame* is used here simply in the sense of *ancient mother*.

⁴ *Per-*

haps we should read cranking.

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle¹ out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the oppos'd continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you. [here.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court²:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue³ a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick⁴ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mipping poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night;

(I'll haste the writer⁵) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant⁶,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And sixh a deal of skumble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me last night at the least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devil's names,

That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,

—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoaky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a very worthy gentleman;

Exceeding well read, and profited

In strange concealments⁷; valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,

When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:

20 I warrant you, that man is not alive,

Might so have tempted him, as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof;

But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame;

25 And, since your coming hither, have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;

Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you),

30 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

Lofeth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain

35 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: Good manners be
your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

40 Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,

45 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt

Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish fellow
will'd harlotry, one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

55 Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

¹ A cantle is a corner, or piece of any thing.

² Mr. Steevens says, that the real name of Owen Glendower was *Vaughan*, and that he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. ³ i. e. the English language.

⁴ The word is written—*canstlick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced.

⁵ He means the writer of the articles. ⁶ This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. The *mold-warp* is the mole, so called because it renders the surface of the earth uneven by the hillocks which it raises.

⁷ i. e. skilled in wonderful secrets.

in such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

Upon the wanton rushes¹ lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep²,
Chaming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east. [*sing* :]

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
By that time will our book³, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my
head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]
Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous. [*Welsh* :]
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical;
for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl
in Welsh.

Lady. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault⁵.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you
swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in
good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God
shall mend me; and, As sure as day: and givest
such farcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never
walk'dst further than Finsbury⁶.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath! and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread⁷,

Lady. To velvet gaurds⁸, and sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next⁹ way to turn tailor¹⁰, or be
Red-breast teacher¹¹. An the indentures be
drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and to
come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are
as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

Lady. By this, our book¹² is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

[*The presence-chamber in Windsor.*]

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and
others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you—

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service¹³ I have done,

Lady. That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost, in thy passages of life¹⁴,

Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

Lady. To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate, and low desires,

¹ It was long the custom in this country, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

² The expression is beautiful; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only sit on his eye-lids, but that he should sit crown'd, that is, pleased and delighted.

³ i. e. our papers of conditions, our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was anciently called a book.

⁴ And for an, which often signifies in our author if or tho', is frequently used by old writers.

⁵ A proverbial expression; meaning, that it is the usual fault of women never to do what they are bid or desired to do.

⁶ Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street London Wall, by Moorgate; and at that time, the common resort of the citizens.

⁷ i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice*, was then denominated *pepper*, gingerbread.

⁸ i. e. to such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds of velvet, which appears then to have been a city fashion.

⁹ The next way—is the nearest way.

¹⁰ Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has before made mention in this play.

¹¹ The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a gold-finch still continues to be called a proud tailor, in some parts of England," which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever.

Perhaps this bird is called *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of cloaths made out of remnants of different colours, such as a tailor might be supposed to wear.

The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the Robin.

¹² See note ³ above.

¹³ Service for action, simply.

¹⁴ i. e. in the passages of thy life.

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts¹,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I
Quit all offences with as clear excuse [could]

As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks² and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me
wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely left,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession³;
And left me in reputation's banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;
Others would say, 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven⁴,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin⁵ wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: carded⁶ his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping⁷ fools;

Had his great name profan'd with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name⁸,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative⁹:
5 Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd¹⁰ himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
10 More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
15 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on fun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
20 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
25 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [lord,
P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
30 Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
35 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
40 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
45 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
50 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaks,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

¹ Mean attempts are unworthy undertakings. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *naughty*, but
licentious. ² i. e. officious parasites. ³ i. e. True to him that had then possession of the crown.

⁴ This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence; and as with this
he made a man, so with that Bolingbroke made a king. ⁵ *Bavin* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brul-
wood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. ⁶ The metaphor seems to be taken from ming-
ling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The
king means, that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with carping fools, &c. To card
is used by other writers for, to mix. ⁷ i. e. jesting, prating, &c. The quarto 1598, reads *carping*
fools. ⁸ i. e. made his presence injurious to his reputation. ⁹ Meaning, of every boy whose vanity
incited him to try his wit against the king's. ¹⁰ *Enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions.

To fill the
And shake
And what f
The archbil

Capitulate

But wherefo

Why, Harry

Which art n

Thou that a

Base inclinat

To fight aga

To dog his h

To shew how

P. Hen. D

And heaven

sw

Your majesty

I will redee

And, in the

Be bold to te

When I will

And stain my

Which, waf

And that shal

That this fan

This gallant

And your unt

For every hor

Would they

My thames re

That I shall

His glorious d

Percy is but

To engross fo

And I will cal

That he shall

Yea, even the

Or I will tear

This, in the n

The which if

I do beseech y

The long-grow

If not, the ene

And I will die

Ere break the

K. Henry.

this

Thou shalt hav

How now, go

Speed

Blot. So is t

Lord Mortimer

That Douglas,

i. e. make

Procur mean

a trophy from

dispar, but th

to the taper for

out any similid

a pepper-corn, a

on pain of bein

To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest² enemy?

Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,

Ease inclination, and the start of spleen,—

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and curt'ly at his frowns,

To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:

And heaven forgive them, that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And, in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:

When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours³ in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes; and on my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every glory up,

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:

The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty, may save

The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,

Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:—

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—

That Douglas, and the English rebels met,

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state. [to-day;

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;

For this advertisement is five days old:—

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:

On Thursday, we ourselves will march:

Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you

Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which ac-

count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely

since this last action? do I not bate? do I not

dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an

old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old

apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,

while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart

shortly, and then I shall have no strength to re-

pent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of

a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brew-

er's horse⁴; the inside of a church:—Company,

villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot

live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come sing me a bawdy

song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given,

as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough:

swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week;

went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quar-

ter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd,

three or four times; liv'd well, and in good com-

pass: and now I live out of all order, out of all

compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you

must needs be out of all compass; out of all rea-

sonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend

my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the

lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee;

thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of

it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a me-

mento mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon

hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for

¹ i. e. make head. ² Dearest here means most fatal, most mischievous, and should be spelled *dearest*.

³ Favours mean some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. ⁴ Mr. Steevens conjectures, that a *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *day-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. and that the allusion may be to the taper form of this machine; while Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, that "Falstaff does not mean to point out any similitude to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking dissimilitude. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of rascals—a horse."

there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast fared me a thousand marks in links and torches¹, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap², at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Shlood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen³? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd fo in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich⁴? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What,

will you make a younker⁵ of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn⁶, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion⁷.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly?

How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Bard. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a shew'd prune⁸; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox⁹; and for woman-hood, maid Marian¹⁰ may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter?

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John; why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

¹ Mr. Steevens remarks on this passage, that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) candles and lanterns to *light*, were cried about London. ² Cheap is market, and good cheap therefore is a *bon marché*. From this word East-cheap, Cheap-street, &c. are derived. ³ Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. ⁴ A face set with carbuncles is called a rich face. ⁵ A younker is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. ⁶ To take mine ease in mine inn, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a house or habitation. ⁷ i. e. as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. ⁸ Meaning a bawd; a dist of shew'd prunes being not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it, as has been before observ'd. ⁹ A drawn fox may perhaps mean, a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. ¹⁰ Maid Marian is either a man dressed like a woman, or the lady who attends the dancers of the morris.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff.—Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whorson, impudent, imbold'st 'rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed!

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess. Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too?

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can deal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmore—Go, Poin, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[Exeunt Prince, Poin, and Bard.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. WELL said my noble Scot: If speaking truth,

in this fine age, were not thought flattery,

each attribution should the Douglas have,

as not a soldier of this season's camp

should go so general current through the world.

My heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place

In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,

But I will beard³ him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

¹ i. e. swol'n, puffy.

² i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning.

³ To beard

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, in such a juggling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I prythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And, at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own¹.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing² now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lapt off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very lift³, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement⁴ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair⁵ of our attempt

Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away, That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction,

And breed a kind of question in our cause:

For, well you know, we of the offering side⁶

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence

'The eye of reason may pry in upon us;

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shews the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather of his absence make this use:—

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprize,

Than if the earl were here: for men must think,

If we, without his help, can make a head

To push against the kingdom; with his help,

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a

word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news may be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards: with him prince John

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—

The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards, intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed⁷ mad-cap prince of Wales,

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd⁸:

Glittering in golden coats, like images⁹:

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls:

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,

His cuisses¹⁰ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

¹ i. e. on any less near to himself. ² To quail is to languish, to sink into dejection. ³ The lift is the selva; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. ⁴ i. e. a support to which we may have recourse. ⁵ i. e. the complexion; the character. ⁶ i. e. of the assailing side. Some later editions read, *offending*. ⁷ Stowe says of the Prince, "He was passing swift in running, inasmuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." ⁸ Mr. Steevens observes, that all birds, after *batting* (which almost all birds are fond of), spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *batting*, and by Shakespeare, *batting with the wind*. It may be observed, that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *batting*. ⁹ Alluding to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days, when they are bedecked in very richly laced and embroidered. ¹⁰ *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs.

And witch ' the world with noble horfemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worfe than the fun in March,

This praife doth nourifh agues. Let them come :

They come like facrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-cy'd maid of fmoky war,

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :

The mailed Mars fhall on his altar fit,

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,

To hear this rich reprimand is fo nigh,

And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horfe,

Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,

Againft the bofom of the prince of Wales :

Harry to Harry fhall, hot horfe to horfe—

Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corfe.

O, that Glendower were come !

For. There is more news :

Kearn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the world tidings that I hear of yet.

For. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froffy found.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach

For. To thirty thoufand. (unto ?)

Hot. Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may ferve to great a day.

Come, let us take a mufter fpeedily :

Doomfday is near; die ill, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear

Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;

fill me a bottle of fack : our foldiers fhall march

through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it

make twenty, take them all, I'll anfwer the coin-

age. Did my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's

end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [Exit.

Fal. If I be not afham'd of my foldiers, I am

a fow'd gurnet². I have mif-us'd the king's prefs

damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred

and fifty foldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

I prefs me none but good houfholders, yeomen's

sons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, fuch

as had been ask'd twice on the bans; fuch a com-

modity of warm flaves, as had as lief hear the de-

vil as a drum; fuch as fear the report of a caliver,

more than a ftruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.—

I prefs me none but fuch toaft and butter³, with

hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads,

and they have bought out their fervices; and now

my whole charge confifts of ancients, corporals,

lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, flaves as

ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the

glutton's dogs lick'd his fores : and fuch as, indeed,

were never foldiers; but difcarded unjuft ferving-

men, younger fons to younger brothers⁴, revolted

tapfters, and oftlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a

calm world, and a long peace; ten times more

difhonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient⁵;

and fuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that

have bought out their fervices; that you would

think, I had a hundred and fifty fatter'd prodigals,

lately come from fwine-keeping, from eating draft

and hulks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and

told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prefs'd

the dead bodies. No eye hath feen fuch fcare-

crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them,

that's flat :—Nay, and the villains march wide be-

twixt the legs, as if they had gyves⁶ on; for, in-

deed, I had the moft of them out of prifon.—

There's but a fhirt and a half in all my company;

and the half-fhirt is two napkins, tack'd together,

and thrown over the fhoulders like a herald's cone

without sleeves; and the fhirt, to fay the truth,

ftolen from my hoft of St. Alban's, or the re-

noft inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one;

they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Wefmoreland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now,

quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what

a devil doft thou in Warwickfhire?—My good

lord of Wefmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought

your honour had already been at Shrewfbury.

Wef. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that

I were there, and you too; but my powers are

there already: The king, I can tell you, looks

for us all; we muft away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as

a cat to ftal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to ftal cream indeed; for

thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell

me, Jack; Whofe fellows are thefe that come af-

ter?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never fee fuch pitiful rafcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to tofs; food for

powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as

well as better; tuth, man, mortal men, mortal

men.

Wef. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are

exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not

where they had that: and for their barenefs,—I

am fure they never kearn'd that of me.

¹ Witch for bewitch, charm.

² Sowe'd gurnet is an appellation very frequently em-

ployed in the old comedies.

³ Another term of contempt.

⁴ Meaning, men of desperate

fortune and wild adventure.

⁵ Mr. Steevens has happily, we think, explained this paffage: "An

old fac'd ancient, is an old Standard mended with a different colour. It fhould not be written in one

word, as old and fac'd are diftinct epithets. To face a gown is to trim it; an expreffion at prefent in

ufe. In our author's time the facings of gowns were always of a colour different from the ftuff itfelf."

⁶ i. e. fhackles.

⁷ That is, to tofs upon a pike.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, firrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, [leasts,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Stratford.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)

If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I. [much,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
Being men of such great leading¹ as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe my hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And would
to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should
stand so,

¹ i. e. such experience in martial business. ² This is a law-phrase; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*. ³ i. e. the greater and the less. ⁴ *T. J. N.* is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indistinctly.

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

10 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mislaid by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know,
the king

13 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

20 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery², and beg his peace;

25 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,

30 The more³ and less came in with cap and knee:
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths.

35 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

40 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
And now, forthwith, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some straight decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep

45 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads

Of all the favourites, that the absent king

50 In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;

55 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd⁴ the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,

60 There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

Act 5. Scene

Sought to ent

Rated my unc

In rage dismi

Broke oath on

And, in concl

This head of

Into his title,

Too indirect f

Blunt. Shall

Hot. Not fo

Go to the king

Some surety fo

And in the m

bring him our

Blunt. I wo

Hot. And,

Blunt. Pray

S

Tork.

Enter the Al

Tork. Hie,

With winged

This to my co

To whom they

How much the

Sir Mich. M

I guess their te

Tork. Like c

To-morrow, g

Wherein the fo

Must hide the

As I am truly

S

The

Enter King Hen

Lancaster, Ear

and Sir John

K. Henry. H

At his distemper

P. Henry. Th

Death play the t

And, by his hol

Forc't, is a temp

K. Henry. Th

For nothing can

Trumpet.

How now, my l

That you and I

As now we mee

And made us do

' Meaning,

accounted a stro

mean, a noisy

pullings called

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Kated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety¹; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

H. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell. [love.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and

H. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Tork. The Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

Tork. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
With winged haste, to the lord marshal; [brief,
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Tork. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,

The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion),
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rat, d'fnew² too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. [fear,

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not.
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

Tork. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord
Harry Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. [drawn

Tork. And so there is: but yet the king hath.
The special head of all the land together;
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more courtrials, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well oppos'd.

Tork. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of
Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Sir John Falstaff.

K. Henry. HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bulky hill! the day
looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worcester, and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,

To crush our old limbs in ungente steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? Will you again unknot
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it! how comes it
then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet³, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house;

¹ Meaning, this army, from which I hope for protection.

² A brief is simply a letter.

³ i. e.

accounted a strong aid. ⁴ i. e. woody, from *bosquet*, Fr.

⁵ Theobald explains *chewet*, or *chuet*, to mean, a noisy chattering bird, a pie; while Mr. Stevens thinks it alludes to a kind of fat greasy puddings called *chewets*.

And

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time¹;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead;—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wroth
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentele gull, the cuckow's bird,
With the sparrow²: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand oppos'd³ by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise. [luted]

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articul-
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gaze, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell haveock and confusion. [soul]

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a
Shall pay full deadly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare as
venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advis'dly.

[*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exit King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

Tal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
beside me so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Tal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
P. Henry. Why, thou overest heaven's death.

[*Exit Prince Henry.*]

Tal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no mat-
ter: Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if hon-
our prick me off when I come on? how then?

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No.
Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour?
A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A
trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o'
Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it?
No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But
will it not live with the living? No. Why? De-
traction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of
it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my
catechism. [Exit]

SCENE II.

Hotspur's Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard,

¹ i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. ² The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. ³ i. e. we stand in opposition to you. ⁴ i. e. exhibited in articles.

The liberal kin

Ver. 'Twere

Wor. Then

It is not possib

The king shoul

He will suspect

To punish this

Suspicion, all o

For treason is b

Who, ne'er so

Will have a wi

Look how we

Interpretation w

And we shall fe

The better cher

My nephew's tr

It hath the excu

And an adopte

A hair-brain'd

All his offences

And on his fath

And, his corrup

We, as the sprin

Therefore, good

In any case, the

Ver. Deliver

Here comes you

Enter

Hot. My unc

My lord of We

Wor. The kin

Doug. Defy h

Hot. Lord Do

Doug. Marry,

Wor. There i

Hot. Did you

Wor. I told h

Of his oath-brea

By now forswear

He calls us, reb

With haughty a

Doug. Arm, g

thrown

A brave defiance

And Westmorela

Which cannot ch

Wor. The prin

king,

And, nephew, c

Hot. O, woul

And that no mar

But I and Harry

How shew'd his

Ver. No, by n

Did hear a challe

Unless a brother

To gentle exerci

He gave you all

¹ Engag'd is do

prince who playe

on Percy's side, a

motto of the dul

might wager heav

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,

Interpretation will misquote our looks;

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;

And an adopted name of privilege,—

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:

All his offences live upon my head,

And on his father's;—we did train him on;

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd,—Deliver up

My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,

Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—

By now forswearing that he is forsworn.

He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge

With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have

thrown

A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd¹, did bear it;

Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales slept forth before the

king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;

And that no man might draw short breath to-day,

But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,

How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my foul; I never in my life

Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

Unless a brother should a brother dare

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;

Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:

5 And, which became him like a prince indeed,

He made a blushing cital² of himself;

And chid his truant youth with such a grace,

As if he master'd³ there a double spirit,

Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

10 There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—

If he out-live the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,

So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

15 Upon his follies; never did I hear

Of any prince so wild, at liberty⁴:—

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—

20 Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers,

friends,

Better consider what you have to do,

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,

Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

25 *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;

To spend that shortness basely, were too long.

30 If life did ride upon a dial's point,

Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;

If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,

35 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on

apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

40 For I profess not talking: Only this—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

45 Now,—Esperance⁵!—Percy!—and set on.—

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace!

For, heaven to earth⁶, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

50 [The trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the

battle. Then enter Douglas and Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou croffest me? what honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;

60 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus,

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies

Hot. Where? [the king.

Doug. Here. [well:

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly¹ furrow'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away:

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exit.

Other alarms. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free² at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but
upon the pate—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter
Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity³!—
I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy
too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no
more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led
my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend
me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whole deaths are unrevenge'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe
awhile.—Turk Gregory⁴ never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
I have made him sure⁵.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will
sack a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

¹ i. e. in resemblance, alike. ² A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a
missive weapon discharged from artillery. ³ In our author's time, the negative, in common speech,
was used to design ironically, the excess of a thing. ⁴ Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called
Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his
right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History,
hath made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were
well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the
Turk and Pope, in one. ⁵ Sure has two significations—certainly disposed of, and safe. Falstaff uses it
in the former sense; the prince replies to it in the latter. ⁶ A quibble on the word sack. ⁷ A sur-
nado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. ⁸ History says, the prince was wounded in
the eye by an arrow.

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do
come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in
his, willingly, let him make a carbonado⁷ of me.
I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath:
Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, ho-
nour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of West-
moreland.*

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou
bleed'st⁸ too much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Left your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[Exit P. Henry and West.

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself: who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear
And yet, in f
But mine, I a
And thus I wi

[They fig

Prin

P. Henry. F
art li
Never to hold
Of valiant Shir
It is the prince
Who never pro

Cheerly, my lo
Sir Nicholas Ga
And so hath Cl

K. Henry. St
Thou hast redee
And flew'd, th
In this fair rescu

P. Henry. O
injury.

That ever paid,
If it were so, I
The insulting ha

Which would ha
As all the poison
And fav'd the tre

K. Henry. Ma
cholas

Hot. If I mistak

P. Henry. Tho
name.

Hot. My name

P. Henry. Why

A very valiant re

I am the prince of

To share with me

Two stars keep no

Nor can one Engl

Of Harry Percy,

Hot. Nor shall I

To end the one of

Thy name in arms

P. Henry. I'll m

thee;

And all the buddin

I'll crop, to make

Hot. I can no lo

Fal. Well said,

shall find no boy's

Enter Douglas; he

down as if he w

Fal. O, Harry, th

better brook the l

Than those proud t

Dr. Johnson co

himself. The glory

with it, and will soo

and sport of time

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the king being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*]

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promisseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; Douglas fleeth.*]

Cheerily, my lord: How fares your grace?—

Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion:
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven; they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawfey. [Exit.]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us: And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls drawn as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
Better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop! O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favours² hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;

I'll then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day,
I'll give you leave to powder me³, and eat me too,
to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit,
or that hot termagant Scot had paid me foot
and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit:
To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but
the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man:
but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth,
is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.
The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part,
I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder
Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too,
and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him.—
Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes,
and no body sees me.—Therefore, 'brah, with a new wound in your thigh,
come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

¹ Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus: "Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the sport of time; of time, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be swept away." ² See note ³, p. 461. ³ To powder is to salt.

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy?

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: *[throwing the body down]* if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

The trumpets found. Enter King Henry, Prince of

Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Between our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me. *[non-ton:]*

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,

I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest

speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself,—and you, son Harry, will towards Wales

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. *[Exeunt.]*

K

Enter R.
Now. OPEN

The vent of hear
i, from the orig
Making the win
The acts comm
Upon my tongu
The which in ev
stuffed the ears
I speak of peace
Under the smile
And who but R
Make fearful m
Whilst the big y
Is thought with
And no such ma
Blown by furnis
And of so easy a
That the blunt r
The still-discord
Can play upon it

King HENRY
HENRY, Prince

King,

JOHN, Duke of

HUMPHREY, L

THOMAS, Duk

Earl of NORTH

SCROOP, Archb

Lord MOWBRA

Lord HASTING

Lord BARDOLE

JOHN COLLI

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

Earl of WARW

Earl of WEST

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Jus

S C

Northumberl

The Porter at t

Bar. WHO

WH

Part. Whall th

The transacti

the account of H

the coronation of

SECOND

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. **O**PEN your ears; For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,

Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth:

Upon my tongues continual flanders ride;

The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity,

Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:

And who but Rumour, who but only I,

Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;

Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe

Blown by fumes, jealousies, conjectures;

And of so easy and so plain a stop,

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,

The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before king Harry's victory;

Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,

Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion

Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I

To speak so true at first? My office is

To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell

Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;

And that the king before the Douglas' rage

Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.

This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,

Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,

Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,

And not a man of them brings other news

Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's

tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true

wrongs. *[Exit.]*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards

King,

JOHN, Duke of Bedford,

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster,

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, Archbishop of York,

Lord MOWBRAY,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord BARDOLPH,

Sir JOHN COLEVILLE,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Justice,

his sons.

against the King.

of the King's party.

FALSTAFF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,

PETO, and PAGE.

SHALLOW, and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, servant to Shallow.

PHANG and SNAKE, two Serjeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCALT,

Recruits.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY.

Hopfe QUICKLY.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Northumberland's castle, at Warkworth.

The Porter at the gate. Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. **W**HO keeps the gate here, ho?—

Where is the earl?

Port. Whall shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,

And he himself will answer.

The transactions comprized in this History take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V.

3 P

Enter

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now¹

Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost spent¹ with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade²
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again,

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a filken point³

I'll give my barony; never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding⁴ fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone⁵,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;

But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gain'd:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear⁷, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:

The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

¹ To *forpend* is to waste, to exhaust. ² *Jade* seems anciently to have signified what we now call a *hackney*; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse kept for show, or to be rid by its master. Poor *jade* here means the horse wearied with his journey. ³ A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. ⁴ For *bilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. ⁵ Mr. Steevens observes, that in the time of our poet, the side-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally blank. ⁶ i. e. so far gone in woe. ⁷ Rend'ring

Rend'ring faint
breath

To Harry Monmouth
The never-daunt

from whence w
In few, his death

even to the dull
being bruited on

from the best to
from from his me

Which once in h
turn'd on them

And as the thing
Upon enforcement

So did our men,
Lend to this weig

That arrows fle
Than did our fol

Fly from the field
Too soon ta'en p

The bloody Doug
Had three times

'Gan vail his stor
Of those that turn

Stumbling in fear
—that the king

A speedy power,
Under the condu

And Westmorela
North. For this

In poison there is
Having been wel

Being sick, have
And as the wretc

Like strengthless
Impatient of his

Out of his keeper
Weaken'd with g

Are thrice them
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet
Mult glove this h

Thou art a guard
Which princes, fl

Now bind my br
The rugged'st hou

To frown upon th
Let heaven kiss e

Keep the wild flo
And let it work

To feed contentio
But let one spirit

Reign in all bosom
On bloody courtes

And darkness be t
Bard. This stra

Sweet earl, divorce
Mort. The live

Lean on your heal

¹ *Quittance* is a

lower temper, or,

slak under his fo

blows; *dile* origin

the door of a nob

ground. ⁷ i. e.

Rend'ring faint quittance¹, wearied and out-
breath'd, [down

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:

For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated², all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field; then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword,
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach³, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord.

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland; this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news
Having been well, that would have made me sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle⁴ under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves; hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly quoit;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
The rugged ft hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!

Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [my lord:

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong,
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your pre-surmise,

That, in the dole of blows⁵ your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,

More than that being which was like to be?
Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, from the gain propos'd

Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land⁶,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less⁷ do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.
A street in London.
Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his
sword and buckler.
Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor to
my water?

¹ Quittance is return. By faint quittance is meant a faint return of blows. ² i. e. reduced to a
lower temper, or, as it is usually called, let down. ³ i. e. began to fall his courage, to let his spirits
sink under his fortune. ⁴ i. e. bend, yield to pressure. ⁵ The dole of blows is the distribution of
blows; dole originally signifying the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) given away at
the door of a nobleman. ⁶ That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the
ground. ⁷ i. e. greater and less. Page.

foltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whorison apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorison tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hat's its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your wealth great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog¹.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet sleeping that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel² candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell³: Virtue is of so little regard in these colter-monger times⁴, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy⁵ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapeth them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity⁶? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady

¹ Dr. Johnson says, he does not understand this joke; that dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? To which Dr. Farmer replies, "If the Fellow's great Belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog, as well as a blind man." ² A wassel candle is a large candle lighted up at least.

³ Meaning, I cannot pass current. ⁴ That is, in these times, when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. A colter-monger is a hard-monger, a dealer in apples, called by that name, because they are shaped like a coltard, i. e. a man's head.

⁵ Pregnancy is readiness. ⁶ i. e. old age.

peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again¹. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scourg'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest: And heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses². Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle³.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent⁴ my curfies.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity⁵. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

The Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray, (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand: For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war, Indeed of instant action: A cause on foot Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair, That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build, We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the erection:

Which if we find outweighs ability, What do we then, but draw anew the model In fewer offices; or, at least, desist To build at all? Much more in this great work, (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,

And set another up) should we survey The plot of situation, and the model;

Consent upon a sure foundation; Question surveyors; know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo, To weigh against his opposite; or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures, Using the names of men instead of men:

Like one that draws the model of a house Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth) Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd

The very utmost man of expectation:

¹ i. e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; to spit white, being the consequence of inward heat. ² A quibble was probably here intended on the word *cross*, which meant a coin so called, because stamped with a cross, as well as a disappointment or trouble. ³ A beetle wielded by three men. ⁴ i. e. anticipate my curfies. ⁵ i. e. profit, self-interest.

I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand? [*Bardolph.*]
Hof. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [*together,*
York. That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hof. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that. [*ther,*
Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hi-
Hof. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
York. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unfure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accrue!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set
on?
Hof. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

*Enter Hofeys; Phang, and his boy, with her; and
Snare following.*

Hof. MASTER Phang, have you enter'd the
action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hof. Where is your yeoman? It is a lusty yeo-
man? will a' stand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hof. O Lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Hof. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
if he will stab.

Hof. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he
does not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be
set: he will foil like any devil; he will spare
neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for
a thrust.

Hof. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; and he come
within my vice:—

Hof. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,
'tis an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good

master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare,
let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-
corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle;
and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's² head in
Lumbart-street, to master Smooth's the silkman:
I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case
so openly known to the world, let him be brought
in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan
for a poor lone woman³ to bear: and I have
borne, and borne, and borne; and have been sub'd
off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it
is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty
in such dealing; unless a woman should be made
an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's
wrong.—

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose⁴
knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do
your offices, master Phang, and master Snare;
do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's
the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut
me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the
kennel.

Hof. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee
in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bas-

¹ Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice.
² Perhaps a corruption of the Libbard's-
head.
³ A lone woman is a desolate, unfriended woman.
⁴ That is, red nose, from the effect of
malmsey wine.

tardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-fuckle¹ villain; wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-feed² rogue! thou art a honey-feed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Pbong. A rescue! a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian³! you fustilarian⁴! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful lord, an' please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet⁴, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess⁵ of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere

long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hof. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁶ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sawciness: if a man will make curt'ey, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation⁷, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Wales.*]

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work⁸, is worth a thousand of these bed-hanging, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pounds, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England.

Hof. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost thou not know me? Come, come, I know thou wilt set on to this.

¹ The landlady's corruption of *bomicidal* and *bomicide*.

strumpet, speaking to the hostess.

² A cudgel (from *fustis*, a club), not being entitled to wear a sword.

⁴ A *parcel-gilt goblet* is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold.

⁵ A *mess* seems in those days to have been the common term for a

small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen.

⁶ *Sneap* signifies check.

⁷ That is, in a manner suitable to your character.

⁸ i. e. in water colours.

² Mearring, perhaps, you *ramping* riotous to the officer, whose weapon of defence is a

⁴ A *parcel-gilt goblet* is a goblet

⁵ A *mess* seems in those days to have been the common term for a

⁶ *Sneap* signifies check.

⁷ That is, in a

Hof. Pray nobles; I am earnest, la.

Fal. Let it be a fool still.

Hof. Well gown. I hope me all together.

Fal. Will hook on, hook on, will at supper?

Fal. No more.

Ch. Just. I

Fal. What?

Ch. Just. W

Gower. At

Fal. I hope

Ch. Just. Cor

Gower. No

Hof. hor

Fal. Come

Ch. Just. Yo

Fal. Come, go along

Ch. Just. W

Fal. Master

Gower. I must

Ch. Just. Sir

Fal. Will you

Ch. Just. Wh

Fal. Master C

Hof. was a fool that t

Ch. Just. Now

a great fool.

S

C

Enter

P. Henry. Tru

P. Henry. Is it con

P. Henry. Fair

hours the complex

ledge it. Doth it

small-beer?

P. Henry. Why, a

studied, as to rem

P. Henry. Belie

principally got; for,

the poor creature,

humble consideration

my greatness. V

Hof. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

[To the Officers.]

Hof. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[Exeunt *Hofes*, *Bardolph*, *Officers*, &c.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter *Prince Henry* and *Poins*.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small-beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small-beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to

remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—But that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strength'n'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing

that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what avails your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter *Bardolph*, and *Page*.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

¹ i. e. shew.

² A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph!
Bard. [to the Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and methought, he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instru& us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. *[Gives him money.]*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas¹ your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen² to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight.*—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt.*—*How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap³; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. Sir *John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman⁴ in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for*

he misuses thy favours so much, that he fears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou us'st him) *Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.* My lord, I will sleep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank⁵? *[cheap.]*

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians⁶, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What pagan⁷ may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kind woman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper? *[you.]*

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go.—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

¹ That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring; meaning, the old fellow with juvenile passions. ² i. e. *Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. ³ A man who goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complainant; his cap is always at hand. ⁴ By the *honourable Roman* is probably intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. ⁵ *Frank* is fly. ⁶ Probably the cant word in those times for *supper*.

⁷ The cant word perhaps for *prostitute*.

Give even way
 Put not you on
 And be, like th

L. North. I
 more:

Do what you wi
North. Alas,

And, but my gr
L. Percy. Oh,

these v
 The time was, f

When you were
 When your own

Threw many a m
 Bring up his pow

Who then persua
 There were two

For yours,—may
 For his,—it touch

In the grey vault
 Did all the chivva

To do brave acti
 Wherein the nob

He had no legs,
 And speaking thi

Became the accer
 for those that co

Would turn their
 To seem like him

In diet, in affecti
 In military rules,

He was the mark
 That fashion'd doth

O miracle of men
 (Second to none,

To look upon the
 In disadvantage;

Where nothing bu
 Did seem defensib

Never, O never,
 To hold your hon

With others, than
 The marshal, and

Had my sweet Ha
 To-day might I, l

Have talk'd of M
North. Beshrew

Fair daughter! yo
 With new lamenti

But I must go, an
 Or it will seek me

And find me wor
L. North. O, fly

Till that the noble
 Have of their puif

L. Percy. If the
 king,

¹ Theobald con
 called, and used in

shrivelled. ² D
 listen if he can h

company of them.
 word yet in use i

Cabre, citra fess

Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the village of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublefome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours left; yours, and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the found of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him:

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others, than with him; let them alone;

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,

Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient overlooks.

But I must go, and meet with danger there;

Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the

king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough,

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband. [murd

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,

That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,

But many thousand reasons hold me back:—

I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,

Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

London.

The Bear's Head Tavern, in East-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Drawer. What the devil hast thou brought
there? apple-Johns? Thou know'st, Sir John
cannot endure an apple-John¹.

2 Drawer. Mafs, thou say'st true: The prince
once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and to'd
him, there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting
off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six
dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to
the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Drawer. Why, then, cover, and set them down:
And see if thou can'st find out Sneak's² noise;
mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music.
Dispatch:—The room where they sup'd is too
hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Drawer. Sirrah, here will be the prince and
master Poinson: and they will put on two of
our jerkins, and aprons; and Sir John must not
know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Drawer. Then here will be old utis³: It will
be an excellent stratagem.

2 Drawer. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. Sweet-heart, methinks now you are in an
excellent good temperality: your pulfidge beats as
extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your col-
our, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But,
if faith, you have drank too much canaries; and
that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes
the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do
you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said: A good heart's
worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jor-
dan—and was a worthy king: How now, mistress
Doll? [Exit Drawer.

¹ Theobald conjectures that the poet wrote *look* in vain. ² Alluding to the plant, rosemary, so called, and used in funerals. ³ This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. ⁴ Dr. Johnson says, Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. A noise of musicians anciently signified a concert or company of them. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play. ⁵ Utis, a word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *luit*, *octo*, ab A. S. *cahta, ostra festi alitujus*. Old utis signifies festivity in a great degree.

Hof. Sick of a calm¹: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect²; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals³, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ewers⁴;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers⁵ bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hof. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic⁶ as two dry toasts⁷; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To Doll.]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient⁸ Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd st rogue in England.

Hof. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hof. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tifick, the deputy, the other day: and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—Neighbour Quickly, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—Neighbour Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater⁹, he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hof. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater¹⁰: But I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Hof. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I¹¹.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung¹², away; by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the fawcy cuttle¹³ with me. Away! you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I

¹ Meaning, probably, of a *quail*.

² Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, for being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*.

³ This is a line in an old song. *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Ewers* were bottles of gold set with diamonds.

⁴ Instead of gold and diamonds Falstaff intends to describe the several stages of the venereal disease.

⁵ To understand this quibble, it is necessary to observe, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. A *chamber* is likewise that part of a mine where the powder is lodged.

⁶ *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of those times, signified capricious, humourfome.

⁷ Which cannot meet but they grate one another.

⁸ *Ancient Pistol* is the same as *Ensign Pistol*.

⁹ *Gamster* and *cheater* were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms.

¹⁰ The humour of this consists in the man's mistaking the title of *cheater* (or *gamster*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *excheater*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*.

¹¹ The duplication of the pronoun was very common. The French still use this idiom—*Je suis Parisien, moi*.

¹² In the cant of thievery, to *rip a bung* was to cut a purse.

¹³ *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bug* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle.

pray you, sir?

Pist. I will

Fal. No m

go off here;

Pistol.

Hof. No, g

captain.

Dol. Captain

art thou not aff

tains were of r

out, for taking

have earn'd th

what? for tear

house?—He a

lives upon mou

A captain! the

tain as odious a

an excellent go

therefore captai

Bard. Pray t

Fal. Hark th

Pist. Not I:

Dol.—I could

ter.

Page. Pray th

Pist. I'll see h

and lake, to the

tortures vile al

Down! down,

not Hiren? her

Hof. Good ca

late: I beseech y

Pist. These b

pack-h

And hollow-pam

Which cannot go

Compare with C

And Trojan Gree

King Cerberus;

Shall we fall foul

Hof. By my tr

words.

Bard. Be gone,

a brawl anon.

¹ As a mark o

same sense with t

sions of bawdy-h

to be known on th

⁴ *Occupant* seems

⁵ These words are

Shakspeare had b

composed.

⁶ i.

Pistol may theref

⁷ These lines are i

or, *The Scottish S*

that as Hiren was

occasion, as an end

foet-beat. *Pistol*

¹² A burlesque on

here? ¹³ i. e. I

expression to mean

fragment of an anc

Hawkins's *General*

prayer you, sir?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder? much²!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, *Pistol.*

Hofl. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes³. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy⁴; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sort'd; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line⁵, say I, Down! down, dogs! down, traitors⁶! Have we not Hiren⁷ here?

Hofl. Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia⁸, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals⁹, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hofl. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here¹⁰?

Hofl. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then, Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis¹¹: Come, give's some sack.

—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

10 Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lye thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points¹² here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

15 *Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neck¹³: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not 20 Galloway nags¹⁴?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling¹⁵; nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

25 *Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrow?—Then death

Rock me asleep¹⁶, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

30 [*Snatching up his sword.*]

Hofl. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

35 [*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Hofl. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

40 *Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

Hofl. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

45 [*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

¹ As a mark of his commission. ² Much was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. ³ Meaning, that he liv'd on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks shops. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in our notes on other passages of these Plays.

⁴ *Occupier* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. ⁵ These words are introduced in ridicule of some absurd and fustian passages from plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, and from which the greater part of *Pistol's* character seems to be composed. ⁶ i. e. traitors, rascals. ⁷ *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot; Pistol may therefore mean, "Have we not a strumpet here? and why am I thus used by her?"

⁸ These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled *Tamburlain's Conquests*; or, *The Scythian Shepherd*. ⁹ *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. ¹⁰ Mr. Steevens observes, that as *Hiren* was sometimes used to denote a *mistress* or *harlot*, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—*friend-heart*. Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—*Atropos*.

¹¹ A burlesque on a line in an old play, called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. ¹² That is, shall we stop here? ¹³ i. e. I kiss thy neck. ¹⁴ That is, common hackneys. ¹⁵ Mr. Steevens supposes this expression to mean a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. ¹⁶ This is a fragment of an ancient song, supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn; for which see Sir John Hawkins's *General History of Music*, vol. III. p. 31.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart; if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, firs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me, like quicksilver.

Dol. I faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew bear-pig¹, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining of nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head²; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury³ mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel⁴; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons⁵; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of⁶ discreet stories; and such other gambol

faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction⁸! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon⁹, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables¹⁰; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle¹¹ of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come; it grows late, we'll to bed. 'Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, as thou say'st so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven blefs that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of ma-

¹ For tidy Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew bear-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew-fair, and given to children for a fairing. ² Mr. Stevens says, it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a death's head in a ring, upon their middle finger. ³ Tewksbury, a market-town in Gloucestershire, was formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. ⁴ *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. ⁵ A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. Ben Johnson speaks of those who eat *candle ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. But perhaps our author, by Poins swallowing *candle ends* by way of *flap-dragons*, meant to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. ⁶ This expression may not perhaps be improperly elucidated by a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs. Quickly, enumerating the virtues of John Rugby, adds, that "he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate." ⁷ Alluding to the roundness of Falstaff, who was called *round man* in contempt before. ⁸ Meaning, that this was indeed a prodigy; astrologers having remarked, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. ⁹ *Trigonum ignis* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. ¹⁰ Dr. Warburton thinks, we should read, claspings too his master's old tables, i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now has bawd [his note-book, his counsel-keeper]. ¹¹ Mr. Stevens conjectures, that *kirtle* here means a petticoat.

Enter King Henry IV.
K. Henry. G O, ca
but, ere they come, b

jelly,—by this art welcome.

Dol. How!

Poins. My revenge, and t not the heat.

P. Henry. Y how vilely did this honest, vir

Hof. 'Blessin

is, by my troth

Fal. Didst th

P. Henry. Ye

when you ran

was at your bac

my patience.

Fal. No, no,

walk within hear

P. Henry. I

wilful abuse; and

Fal. No abuse,

P. Henry. No

pantler, and breac

Fal. No abuse

Poins. No abu

Fal. No abuse,

none. I disprais

the wicked migh

which doing, I

friend, and a true

me thanks for it.

none;—no, boys,

P. Henry. See

the cowardice, do

uous gentlewoma

wicked? Is thine

is the boy of the

whose zeal burns i

Poins. Answer,

Fal. The fiend h

coverable; and his

where he doth not

the boy,—there is a

devil out-bids him

P. Henry. For th

Fal. For one of

and burns, poor so

money; and whet

know not.

Hof. No, I war

Fal. No, I think

art quit for that: I

jelly,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon Doll.]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorefon candle-mine¹, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hof. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill; you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. No! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indict-

ment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hof. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, firrah [To the Page.]—Farewel, hostess;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on—Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [Exeunt Fal. and Bard.]

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [within.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Hof. What's the matter?

Fal. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Hof. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. O, call the earls of Surrey, and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.]

60 How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down, And sleep my senses in forgetfulness?

¹ Meaning, thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow.

Why,

Why, rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous beads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly², death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!³
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you.

Well, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege. [kingdom]

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd⁴;
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the
book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing this progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and set him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You cousin Nevil⁵, as I may remember)

When Richard⁶,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;

Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to life:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,

And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things.

As yet not come to life; which in their feeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entrecured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,

That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater fallence;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word⁷ even now cries out on us:

They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

John, a boy; and
of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir
anon about folding

Shal. The law
him break
when he was a
very fame day I
fish, a fruiterer,
days that I have
nine old acquaint
Sil. We shall
Shal. Certain,
death, as the P
shall die. How
lord fair?

Sil. Truly, co
Shal. Death is
town living yet

¹ This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarm-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarm-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. ² *Hurly* means noise, from the French *hurlet*, to howl. ³ Warburton thinks this passage to be evidently corrupted from *happy* to *lovely* clown; these two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded: "If sleep will fly a king and comfort itself with beggars, then happy the *lovely* clown, and uneasy the crown'd head."

⁴ Johnson observes, that *distemper* (which, according to the old physic, is a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity) is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases; and that the difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. ⁵ Mr. Stevens observes, that Shakspeare has mistaken the name of this nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced), who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury.

⁶ He refers to King Richard, Act V. Scene II.; but Warwick was not present at that conversation. ⁷ Meaning, necessity.

A certain instat
Your majesty h
And these unick
Unto your sick
K. Henry. I
And, were the
We would, dear

Sil. Justice S
Ent. r. Shallow
Wart, Fable,
Seal. Come

your hand, fir,
furer, by the
cousin Silence?

Sil. Goo: m
Shal. And h
low? and your
daughter Eileni

Sil. Alas, a b
Shal. By yea
William is beco
lord still, is he

Sil. Indeed, f
Shal. He mu
I was once of
they will talk o

Sil. You were
Shal. I was ca
done any thing,
was I, and litle

black George B
Squele a Cotswo
swing-bucklers
and, I may say
robas & were; a
commandment.

John, a boy; an
of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir
anon about foldi

Shal. The law
him break
when he was a
very fame day I

fish, a fruiterer,
days that I have
nine old acquaint

Sil. We shall
Shal. Certain,
death, as the P
shall die. How
lord fair?

Sil. Truly, co
Shal. Death is
town living yet

¹ i. e. the cro
note 2. p. 46.
of Shakspeare.

that *Scogan* was
for the king's fo
a boy or child.

7
modish term of

A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel :

And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow,
Wart, Fable, and Bull-calf, Servant, &c. behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, fir, give me your hand, fir: an early
rurser, by the rood¹. And how doth my good
cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fel-
low? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Eileen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: He is at Ox-
ford till, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, fir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think,
they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lustly Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have
done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There
was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and
black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will
Squele a Cotswold² man,—you had not four such
swinge-bucklers³ in all the inns of court again:
and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas⁴ were; and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir
John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
saw him break Skogan's⁵ head at the court gate,
when he was a crack⁶, not thus high: and the
very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stock-
fish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad
days that I have spent! and to see how many of
nine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure;
death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all
shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stan-
ford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, fir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;
—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of
Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on
his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i' the
clout⁷ at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand
shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half⁸, that it
would have done a man's heart good to see.—
How a fore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the
peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, fir, commends him to you;
my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by
heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, fir: I knew him a
good back-sword man: How doth the good knight?
may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accom-
modated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, fir; and it is well said in-
deed too. Better accommodated!—it is good;
yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and
ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!
—it comes of *accommodate*: very good; a good
phrase⁹.

Bard. Pardon, fir; I have heard the word.
Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the
phrase: but I will maintain the word with my
sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of
exceeding good command. Accommodated; that
is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or,
when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be
thought to be accommodated; which is an excel-
lent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good
Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your
worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well,
and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir
John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master
Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in
commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you
should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen,

¹ i. e. the cross.

² For an account of the Cotswold games, so famous in Shakspeare's time, see
note 2. p. 46.

³ *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters, in the time
of Shakspeare.

⁴ i. e. ladies of pleasure, or harlots.

⁵ We learn from a masque of *Ben Jonson's*,
that *Seagen* was "a fine gentleman, and a master of arts of *Henry the fourth's* times, that made disguises
for the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal daintily well."

⁶ This is an old Islandic word, signifying
a boy or child.

⁷ i. e. hit the white mark.

⁸ i. e. fourteen score of yards.

⁹ *Accommodate* was a
modern term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us.

have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Sbal. Marry, have we, fir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Sbal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? 5
where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so.—Let me see: Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Sbal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, and you could have me let alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. 25
Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Sbal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see:—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to fit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Sbal. Where's Shadow?

Sbal. Here, fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Sbal. My mother's son, fir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Sbal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book¹.

Sbal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, fir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Sbal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir: you can do it, I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, fir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, fir.

Sbal. Shall I prick him, fir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou

make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow: deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, fir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Sbal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorison cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Sbal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Sbal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in St. George's-fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Sbal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Sbal. She could never away² with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Sbal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Sbal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Sbal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

¹ That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. ² This is an expression of dislike.

Fal. We have
master Shallow

Sbal. That
have; in fair

word was, He

come, let's to d

ten!—Come,

Bull. Good

my friend; and

French crowns

as lief be hang'

part, fir, I do n

unwilling, and

to stay with my

for mine own p

Bard. Go to

Moul. And,

my old dame's

body to do any

and the is old,

have forty, fir

Bard. Go to

Feeble. I care

we owe God a

mind!—an't be

be that's too g

go which way

quit for the nex

Bard. Well fi

Feeble. Faith

Fal. Come, f

Sbal. Four of

Bard. Sir, a

pound to free N

Fal. Go to;

Sbal. Come,

Fal. Do you

Sbal. Marry

and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy

stay at home ti

your part. Bull-

I will none of y

Sbal. Sir John

they are your li

serv'd with the

Fal. Will you

chuse a man? (

the stature, bull

give me the spin

—you see what

charge you, and

a pewterer's ha

than he that g

¹ i. e. the m

beer from the v

hand-gun.

the story of Sir

author's time,

says, his squire

rafter. 6 2

Ruffian's Hall,

for the number

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have ken!—Come, come. [*Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Maul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and he is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, so: an't be not, for: No man's too good to serve his prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes¹, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbet's on the brewer's bucket².

And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the fore-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a³ caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good:—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot⁴.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tetter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-matter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's-inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet⁵ in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tab, tab,* would 'a say; *boom,* would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph,*

Recruits, &c.—As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street⁶; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd raddish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of

¹ i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. ² That is, swifter than he who carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. ³ A hand-gun.

⁴ Shot is used for shooter, one who is to fight by shooting. ⁵ Dr. Johnson observes, that the story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthur*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool (Dr. Warburton says, his squire). Shakspeare would not have shewn his Justice capable of representing any higher character.

⁶ Turnbull or Turnmill-street is near Cow-Cross, West Smithfield, which was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler, and was notorious for the number of its houses of ill-fame.

the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-saute¹ h frives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and fware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights². And now is this vice's³ dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst⁴ his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name⁵; for you might have trufs'd⁶

him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now he hath land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's⁷ stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him⁸. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

York. WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't

shall please your grace. [forth]

York. Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already!

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland;

Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold fortance with his quality,

The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,

To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your attempts may over-live the hazard,

And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground]

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

20 Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,

In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand. [exit]

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them

25 Let us sway⁹ on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed¹⁰ leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general.

30 The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address

35 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth¹⁰, guarded¹¹ with rage,

And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

40 In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop—

45 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;

¹ i. e. according to Mr. Pope, whipt, carted; though Dr. Johnson rather thinks that the word means dirty or grimed; and that the word *business* agrees better with this sense. Ray, however, among his north-country words, confirms Pope's meaning, by saying that an *over-saute'd business* is a frumpet.

² Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. ³ Vice was the name given to a doll figure heretofore much shewn upon our stage, and brought into play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. The word is an abbreviation of *device*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a *device*, or *vice*. The smith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compute Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon. ⁴ To break and to burst were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. To break had the same meaning. ⁵ That is, beat Gaunt, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been Gaunt. ⁶ One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. ⁷ That is, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. ⁸ Dr. Johnson thinks this word, which is used in Holinshed, was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. ⁹ Well-appointed is completely accoutred. ¹⁰ Bloody youth means only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. ¹¹ Guarded is an expression taken from dress, and means the same as faced, turned up.

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
 Whole white investments¹ figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves², your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Tork. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it; of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, (present now)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

Wes. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Or forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's civil edge³?

Tork. My brother-general, the commonwealth,
 To brothers born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular⁴.

Wes. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or, if they were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before;
 And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

Wes. O my good lord Mowbray,
 Continue the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
 And not the king that doth you injuries.

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd

To all the duke of Norfolk's signiorities,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
 lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?

The king, that lov'd him as the state stood then,
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:

And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,

Their armed slaves in charge⁵, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights⁶ of
 steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

¹ Formerly, all bishops were white even when they travelled. The white investment meant the episcopal rodiet. ² For *groves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaires*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hamner. Mr. Steevens says, "We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, which is spelled *groves* in Warner's *Albion's England*," i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots; and adds, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. boots, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war. *Glove* is the *Erse* word for a broadsword, and *glais* is *Welsh* for a hook.

³ It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first crusades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes.

⁴ Dr. Warburton explains this passage thus: "My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to brothers born, by giving some all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of male-content, and source of civil commotions. Dr. Johnson, however, believes there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus: "My quarrel general, the common-wealth, &c. That is, my general cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my particular cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order;" a circumstance mentioned in the First Part of the Play. ⁵ An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. ⁶ Or, the visers, i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

Wes. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king,
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Wes. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no
parley.

Wes. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

Wes. That is intended 'in the general's name:
I mule, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule;

For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are infew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form²;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd³;
We come within our awful banks⁴ again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Wes. This will I shew the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *Wes.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me,

'That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :

That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord : Note this,—the king
is weary

Of dainty and such picking⁵ grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean⁶;

And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,

As his misdeeds present occasion :

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend :

So that this land, like an offensive wife,

That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;

As he is striking, holds his infant up,

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm

That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement :

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,

May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true ;—

And therefore be assured, my good lord-marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,

Our peace will, like a broken limb united,

Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Wes. The prince is here at hand : Pleasest your

lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name

then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord,

we come. [Exit

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings,

and others; from the other side, Prince John of Lan-

caster, Westmoreland, Officers, &c.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin

Mowbray :—

² Meaning, included in the office of a general.

³ For confined, Mr. Steevens proposes to read *confirm'd*.

⁴ Awful banks are the proper limits of rever-

ence. Perhaps we might read—*lawful*.

table-book of slate, ivory, &c.

⁵ i. e. piddling, insignificant grievances.

⁶ Alluding to a

Good

Good day to you

And so to you

My lord of York

When that you

Encircled you,

Your exposition

Than now to se

Chearing a rout

Turning the wo

That man, that

And ripens in t

Would he abuse

Alack, what mi

In shadow of such

It is even so !—V

How deep you v

To us, the speak

To us, the imag

The very opener

Between the gra

And our dull wot

But you misuse t

Employ the coun

As a false favouri

In deeds dishonou

Under the counte

The subjects of H

And, both again!

Have here up-sw

York. Good my

I am not here ag

But, as I told my

The time misorde

Crowd us, and cr

To hold our safety

The parcels and p

The which hath

court,

Whereon this Hy

Whose dangerous

With grant of our

And true obedienc

Keep tamely to th

Mowb. If not, v

To the last man.

Hast. And thou

We have supplies t

of they misfarry, t

and so, success² o

and heir from heir

Whiles England sh

Lan. You are to

shallow,

To found the botto

Wes. Pleasest y

rectly,

low far-forth you

Lan. I like them

and swear here by

My father's purpos

and some about hi

reflex his meanin

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so!—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,¹
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Shoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success² of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them di-
rectly,

How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Dress'd his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity. [dresses.

York. I take your princely word for these re-

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part;
I know, it will well please them: Hie thee, cap-
tain. [Exit Captain.

West. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy sea-
son;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

York. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore, be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow [morrow.

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule
be true. [Shout.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: Hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharg'd too.—[Exit West.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night toge-
ther.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their course,
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up, [place.

Each hurries towards his home, and sporting

¹ To take up is to levy, to raise in arms.

² Success for succession.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Tork. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly¹ brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.*]

S C E N E III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Falstaff, and Coleville.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Coleville of the dale².

Cole. Are you not Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

Lan. The heat³ is past, follow no farther now; Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

¹ i. e. foolishly.

² The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*.

³ That is, the eagerness of revenge.

⁴ Caesar.

⁵ i. e. stand my good friend in your favourable report of me.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extreme inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome⁴,—I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular builded case, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville killing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me higher: had they been rul'd by me,

You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with Coleville.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord's⁵ pray in your good report.

Shall better

Fal. I

better than

young fob

man cannot

vel, he dri

these dem

drink doth

many fish-

green-sick

get wenche

ards;—whi

inflammatio

fold operati

dries me th

vapours whi

quick, forge

leakable shap

(the tongue)

wit. The f

ris is,—the

cold and fet

which is the

but the sherr

the inwards

the face; wh

the rest of th

then the vic

rits, multer

who, great, a

any deed of

sherris: So

without sack

ing, a mere

sack commen

Hereof comes

the cold blood

he hath, like

hufbanded, an

drinking good

that he is beco

a thousand son

teach them, sh

and to addict

How now, Ba

Bar. The ar

Fal. Let the

and there will

quire: I have

my finger and

with him. Co

¹ i. e. in my commanding office inventive, imagine our navy is ready in the opinion of intense towards occasion those su

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition¹,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive², quick, forgetive³, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.—Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bar. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, enquire: I have him already tempering⁴ between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd⁵, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. [majesty
War. Both which, we doubt not but your
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother? [Windfor.

Glo. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. [ther?

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not, blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter⁶, and as sudden⁷
As flaws congeal'd⁸ in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in;

That the united vessel of their blood,

¹ i. e. in my good nature (or, condition may perhaps here, as in *The Tempest*, mean, in my place as commanding officer) I shall speak better of you than you merit. ² i. e. quick to understand. ³ i. e. inventive, imaginative. ⁴ A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. ⁵ i. e. our navy is ready, prepared. ⁶ i. e. changeable as the weather of a winter's day. ⁷ Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*.

Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash¹ gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windfor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? can't thou tell that? [lowers.]

Cla. With Pains, and other his continual fol-

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest foil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections² fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:—

The prince but studies his companions, [guage,
Like a strange tongue: wherein to gain the lan-
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages. [her comb

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happi-
Added to that which I am to deliver! [ness
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his³ particular. [bird,

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:

The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

5 Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
10 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Sinks down.]

15 *Glo.* Comfort your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

[look up!]

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
War. Be patient, princes; you do know these
Are with his highness very ordinary. [his

20 Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure⁴, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

25 *Glo.* The people fear me⁵! for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners; as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd⁷, no ebb be-
tween:

30 And the old folk, time's doating chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

35 *Glo.* This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me
Into some other chamber; softly, pray. [hence

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull⁸ and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here⁹.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

45 [They convey the King to an inner part of the room.
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and noise
50 How doth the king? [abroad!

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet

prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

60 *Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

¹ *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. ² i. e. his passions. ³ *His* is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. ⁴ i. e. the wall. ⁵ i. e. make me afraid. ⁶ That is, equivocal births; pro-
ductions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. ⁷ This is historically true.
It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. ⁸ *Dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing. ⁹ It
is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. *[Exit all but Prince Henry.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep't the ports¹ of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen² bound,

Scores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he inspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my fa-

ther!—

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol³ hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's

whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me; this from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *[Exit.]*

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cl. Doth the king call? *[your grace?]*

War. What would your majesty? How fares

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my

lords? *[liege,]*

Cl. We left the prince my brother here, my

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales! Where is he?

let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way,

Cl. He came not through the chamber where

we stay'd. *[my pillow?]*

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it

here. *[seek him out.]*

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—

This part of his conjoins with my disease, *[are!]*

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains

with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engross'd and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

5 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling⁴ from every flower

The virtuous sweets; *[honey,]*

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

10 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments⁵ to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me? *[room,]*

15 War. My lord, I found the prince in the next

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demourour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

20 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the

crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—

25 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exit Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. *[thought:]*

30 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

35 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation⁶:

40 The life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

45 What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

50 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form,

55 Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

60 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

¹ i. e. the gates of slumber. ² A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. ³ Rigol means a circle. ⁴ Tolling is taking toll. ⁵ His accumulations. ⁶ i. e. thou hast confirmed my opinion.

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?¹
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[Kneeling.]

The most impediments unto my speech,
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours: If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true² and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty.
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable³:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,

¹ i. e. curator: a bold figure. ² i. e. loyal.

³ Dr. Johnson says, "There has long prevailed an opinion, that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make potable gold, among other frauds practised on credulity." ⁴ i. e. the turpitude, reproach. ⁵ i. e. counterfeited, imitated. ⁶ Fear is here used for that which causes fear, ⁷ i. e. by order of succession. ⁸ Perhaps we should read my friends.

How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ⁴ soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
Wounding supposed⁵ peace; all these bold fears⁶,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:—
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer fort,
So thou the garland wear'st⁷ successively. [do,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy⁸ friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their fangs and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd; which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk; upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick!

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—

But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[Exeunt.]

Sh.

Enter Shal.

Sh. BY coe

to-m

Ed. You m

low.

Sh. I will

excus'd; excus

to excuse shall

Why, Davy!

Davy. Here,

Sh. Davy,

let me see;—

him come hither

as'd.

Davy. Marry,

not be serv'd;

head-land with

Sh. Let it

cook;—Are

Davy. Yes, I

note, for shoein

Sh. Let it

shall not be exc

Davy. Now,

needs be had;—

of William's w

other day at Hi

Sh. He shall

a couple of shor

and any pretty

cook.

Davy. Doth t

Sh. Yes, I

friend i' the cou

Use his men w

knaves, and will

Davy. No wo

for they have m

Sh. Well cor

Davy.

Davy. I befee

ham Visor of V

the hill.

Sh. There a

that Visor; that

knowledge.

Davy. I grant

fir; but yet, Go

have some count

honest man, fir,

a knave is not.

fir, these eight y

in a quarter bear

¹ See note 4, P

were content to.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Shallow's Seat in Glostershire.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. BY cock and pye¹, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see;—yea, marry, William cook², bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts³ cannot be serv'd; and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest

man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go, to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.*]

—If I were faw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such beared hermit's-slaves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the fumble coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either

wife bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Henry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

SCENE II.

The Court, in London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king? [*ended.*]

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

¹ See note 4, p. 48. ² Anciently, the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt the titles of their several professions. ³ *Precept* is a justice's warrant.

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries,

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arn
myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, &c.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead
Harry:—

O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Glo. Cl. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own. [*find,*

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to
You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Glo. Well, you must now speak Sir John Fal-
staff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission¹.—

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your
majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment,
majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me:—and
you most; [*To the Ch. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! how might a prince of my great
hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleas'd to forget my place

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment²;

Whereon

¹ Meaning a base ignominious pardon, begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge.

² The chief justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir is given by Sir John Hawkins: "While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled, 'The Governour': 'The most renowned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, duringe the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage; it happened, that one of his servautes, whom he well fauoured, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche; whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his servaunt stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and set at libertie: whereat all men were abashed, refered the chiefe justice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his servaunt might be ordred, accordynge to the aunciente lawes of this realme; or if he wolde haue hym saued from the rigour of the lawes, that

Whereon, as an
I gave bold way
And did commit
Be you content
To have a son
To pluck down
To trip the cou
That guards the
Nay, more; to
And mock your
Question your
Be now the fath
Hear your own
See your most d
Behold yourself
And then imagin
And, in your p
After this cold
And, as you are
What I have do
My person, or
K. Henry. Y
this w
Therefore still b
And I do wish y
Till you do live
Offend you, and
So shall I live to
Happy am I, that
That dares do just
And not less happy
That would deliv

he shulde opteyn
iustyce shulde be
inflamed, endeu
and inconuenie
prince upon his
the prince being
men thynking t
sittinge styll w
assured and bold
felle, I kepe her
obedience, when
enterprise, & fr
subiects. And
benche, wherev
your father be
mercurious gra
reuerence, depu
seruautes disla
studyenge, after
abrayded, saying
bounde to your
minister iustyce,
be noted, that
gether; for it is
that Gascoigne d
Doug. Origines
account of this
justice.—Speed,
gave the judge
tempt your acts
The meaning
as it were buried
gravely. Sad is
rivers, running t

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law¹, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body².
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son³:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son:—
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do with your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so*

Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this⁴ remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections⁵;
And with his spirit sadly⁶ I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods⁷,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

he shulde opteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or
iustyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answer the prince nothyng appealed, but rather more
inflamed, endeuored him selfe to take away his seruant. The iudge considering the perillous example,
and inconuenience that mought therby insue, with a valyant spirite and courage, commanded the
prince upon his allegiance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment
the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible manner, came vp to the place of iugement,
men thinking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge
sittinge styll without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an
assured and bolde countenance, had to the prince, these wordes followyng, "Syr, remembre your
selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng your soueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double
obedience, wherfore esteemes in his name, I charge you desyste of your wysfulness and vnlauffull
enterprise, & from hensforth giue good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre
subiectes. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience, goo you to the pryson of the kynges
benche, wherunto I comynitte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of the kyng
your father be further knownen." With whiche wordes beinge abashed, and also wondryng at the
mercifull grauitie of that worshipfull iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doyng
reuerence, departed, and wente to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his
seruauntes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all the hole affaire. Whereat he awghyles
iudgyng, after as a man all rauysht with gladnesse, holdyng his eien and handes vp towarde heuen,
abrayded, sayng with a loude voice, "O mercifull God, howe moche am I, aboue all other men,
bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who feareth nat to
minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre seemblably, and obeye iustyce?" And here it may
be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. to-
gether; for it is expressely said by Fuller, in his *Worthies in Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority,
that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See
Dugl. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Mr. Malone adds, that in the foregoing
account of this transaction, there is no mention of the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief
justice.—Speed, however, who quotes Elyot, says, on I know not what authority, that the prince
gave the judge a blow on the face. ¹ To defeat the process of justice. ² i. e. to treat with con-
tempt your acts executed by a representative. ³ i. e. image to yourself a son. ⁴ i. e. admonition.
⁵ The meaning seems to be—My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now
as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. ⁶ i. e. seriously,
gravely. ⁷ i. e. the assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all
rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions.

And

And (heaven consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Shallow's Seat in Glostershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways¹, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the ma's, I have drank too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.]

And praise heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear²,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet fir, sit;—I'll be with you anon;—most sweet fir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: ³Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: 'The heart's' ⁴all. [Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry shrew-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [Setting them before Bardolph.]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, fir?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine, that's brist and fair,*
And drink unto the leman mine;—

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, bespew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [to the page]

and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master

Bardolph, and to all the ⁵cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, fir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, fir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [One knocks at the door.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing] *Do we right⁶, and dub me knight:*
Samingo?—Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat. [Re-enter Davy.]

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'have you, fir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man

¹ A comfit or confection so called in our author's time, according to Dr. Warburton; but a dish of apples of that name, according to Dr. Goldsmith; and Mr. Steevens says, there is a pear called a carraway, which may be corrupted from caillouel, Fr.

² Here the double sense of the word dear must be remembered. ³ Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. ⁴ That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. ⁵ This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. ⁶ To do a man right and to do him reason, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths.

He who drank a bumper expected a bumper should be drank to his toast. It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on their knees, to the health of their mistress. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a knight for the evening. ⁷ Samingo, that is, San Domingo, as Sir T. Hanmer has rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not been shewn. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and Mr. Warton says, he remembers a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo* or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial saint or signior was the burden. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.

good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men of the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barlon.

Puff. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter, have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now deliver them like a man of this world.

Pistol. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.

Puff. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. [ing.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breed-

Puff. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under, the king, in some authority.

Puff. Under which king, ' Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Puff. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Puff. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me ' like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Puff. As nail in door; the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Puff. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll

ride all night:—Oh, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Puff. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

10 *Where is the life that late I led?* say they:

Why, here it is: Welcome these pleasant days.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A street in London.

15 *Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.*

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook⁵, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou had'st better thou had'st struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions⁶ again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer⁷! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you 'blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles⁸.

Bead. Come, come, you the knight-errant; come,

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might!

Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy¹⁰, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal¹¹!

Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

¹ Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom, we learn from Shakspeare, there were ballads too. See *Love's Labour Lost*.

² This is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognoso*, a needy person; thence, metaphorically, a base scoundrel. ³ To *fig*, in Spanish *bigas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you."

⁴ Words of an old ballad. ⁵ It has been already observed on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-book* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpole; or *nut-book* might probably have been as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present.

⁶ That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy. ⁷ These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in the *Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *latten bilboe*.

⁸ A name probably given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery; or perhaps the allusion may be to the great *steeb fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

⁹ A *half-kirtle* was the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown; and was the drels of the courtizans of the time. ¹⁰ *Atomy*, for *anatomy*. ¹¹ *Leun deer* were called *rascal deer*.

S C E N E V.

*A public place near Westminster Abbey.**Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes¹.***1 Groom.** More rushes, more rushes.**2 Groom.** The trumpets have sounded twice.**1 Groom.** It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch; dispatch.[*Exeunt Grooms.*]*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.***Fal.** Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.**Pist.** 'Bless thy lungs, good knight!**Fal.** Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.**Shal.** It doth so.**Fal.** It shews my earnestness of affection.**Pist.** It doth so.**Fal.** My devotion.**Shal.** It doth, it doth, it doth.**Fal.** As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.**Shal.** It is most certain.**Fal.** But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.**Pist.** 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*; 'Tis all in every part.**Shal.** 'Tis so, indeed.**Pist.** My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hands:— [*Snake,* Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alesto's For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.**Fal.** I will deliver her. [*Sounds.*]**Pist.** There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor The trumpets sound. *Enter the King, and his train.***Fal.** God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!**Pist.** The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp² of fame!**Fal.** God save thee, my sweet boy! [*man.*]**King.** My lord chief justice, speak to that vain**Ch. Just.** Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak? [*heart!*]**Fal.** My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my**King.** I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;³
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, [*cries—*
We will,—according to your strength and quality
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my
lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exit King, &c.*]**Fal.** Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.**Shal.** Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.**Fal.** That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him; look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.**Shal.** I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.**Fal.** Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard, was but a colour.**Shal.** A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.**Fal.** Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.*Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince John, &c.***Ch. Just.** Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.**Fal.** My lord, my lord,—**Ch. Just.** I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. Take them away.**Pist.** *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*[*Exeunt.*]*Manent Lancaster, and Chief Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wanted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

¹ At ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. ² *Imp* means progeny; and is probably derived from *imp-yn*, a Welch word, which primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. ³ *Profane*, in our author, often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given it.

Cl. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord,

Cl. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds,—that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my
speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy,
my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you
look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I
have to say, is of mine own making; and what, in-
deed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own
warring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—
Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately
here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your pa-
tience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean,
indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill
venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my
gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would
be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate
me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors
do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will

you command me to use my legs? and yet that were
but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a
good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and
so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me;
if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree
with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in
such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too
much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will
continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you
merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any
thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless al-
ready he be killed with your hard opinions; for Old-
castle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My
tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you
good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, in-
deed, to pray for the queen².

¹ This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. ² It was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Almost all the ancient interludes conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills.

K

King HENRY
Duke of GLOS
Duke of BEDF
Duke of YOR
Duke of EXET
Earl of SALL
Earl of WEST
Earl of WAR
Archbishop of
Bishop of ELY
Earl of CAM
Lord SCROOP
Sir THOMAS
Sir THOMAS
 LEN, MAC
Henry's fer

The S C

O For a mu
 The brig
 A kingdom for
 And monarchs
 Then should th
 Assume the por
 Leash'd in like
 fire,
 Crouch for en
 The flat unrais
 On this unwor
 So great an obj
 The vail'd field
 Within this wo
 That did asfrig
 O, pardon! fin
 Attest, in little
 And let us, cy

¹ The transa
 terminate in th
 closed up the d
 chorus to the fi
 queen Elizabeth
 of this play.
 one above anot
 helmets. 5
 meant no more

K I N G H E N R Y V.¹

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fifth.

Duke of GLOSTER, } Brothers to the King.

Duke of BEDFORD, }

Duke of YORK, } Uncles to the King.

Duke of EXETER, }

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl of WESTMORELAND.

Earl of WARWICK.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Bishop of ELY.

Earl of CAMBRIDGE, } Conspirators against the

Lord SCROOP, } King.

Sir THOMAS GREY, }

Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACKMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's service.

NYM, DARDOLPH, PISTOL, Boy, formerly Servant to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the King's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.

CHARLES, the Sixth, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, BOURBON, GRANDPREE, French Lords.

Governor of HARFLEUR.

MONTJOY, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, Daughter to the King of France.

ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.

Chorus.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with other Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.

C H O R U S.

O For a muse of fire², that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire, [all,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
The flat unrais'd spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty field of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O³, the very casques⁴
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary forces⁵ work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-reared and abutting fronts
5 The perilous narrow⁶ ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
'Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
10 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck out
kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
15 Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

¹ The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign; when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. It was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not till after Henry the VIth had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. ² This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire. ³ i. e. this wooden circle. ⁴ The helmets. ⁵ i. e. your powers of fancy. ⁶ Perilous narrow, in burlesque and common language, meant no more than very narrow. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually.

ACT

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

An Antichamber in the Englifh Court, at Kenelworth.

Enter the Archbifhop of Canterbury, and Bifhop of Ely.

Cant. MY lord, I'll tell you,—that felf bill is urg'd, Which, in the eleventh year o' the laft king's reign, Was like, and had indeed againft us paft, But that the feambling¹ and unquiet time Did push it out of further queftion.

Ely. But how, my lord, fhall we refift it now?

Cant. It muft be thought on. If it pafs againft us, We lofe the better half of our poffeffion : For all the temporal land, which men devout By teftament have given to the church, Would they flip from us; being valued thus,— As much as would maintain, to the king's honour, Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights; Six thousand and two hundred good efquires; And, to relief of lazars, and weak age, Of indigent faint fouls, put corporal toil, A hundred almshoufes, right well fupply'd; And to the coffers of the king, befide, A thoufand pounds by the year : Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no fooner left his father's body, But that his wildnefs, mortify'd in him, Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment, Consideration like an angel came, And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him; Leaving his body as a paradife, To envelop and contain celeftial fpirits. Never was fuch a fudden fcholar made : Never came reformation in a flood², With fuch a heady current, fcouring faults; Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulnefs So foon did lofe his feat, and all at once, As in this king.

Ely. We are bleffed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reafon in divinity, And, all-admiring, with an inward wifh You would defire, the king were made a prelate : Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You would fay,—it hath been all-in-all his ftudy : Lift his difcourfe of war, and you fhall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in mufic :

Turn him to any caufe of policy, The Gordian knot of it he will unloofe, Familiar as his garter; that, when he fpeaks, The air, a charter'd libertine, is ftill, And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears, To steal his fweet and honey'd fentences; So that the art, and praftic part of life

Must be the miftrefs to this theorique³; Which is a wonder, how his grace fhould glean it, Since his addition was to courfes vain; His companies unletter'd, rude, and fhallow; His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, fports; And never noted in him any ftudy, Any retirement, any fequestration From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The ftrawberry⁴ grows underneath the nettle;

And wholefome berries thrive, and ripen beft, Neighbour'd by fruit of bafe quality : And fo the prince difcur'd his contemplation Under the veil of wifdom; which, no doubt, Grew like the fummer grafs, fableft by night, Unfeen, yet crefcive in his faculty⁵.

Cant. It muft be fo; for miracles are ceas'd; And therefore we muft needs admit the means, How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord, How now for mitigation of this bill Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majefty Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He feems indifferent; Or, rather, fwaying more upon our part, Than cherifhing the exhibitors againft us : For I have made an offer to his majefty,— Upon our fpiritual convocation; And in regard of caufes now in hand, Which I have open'd to his grace at large, As touching France,—to give a greater fum Than ever at one time the clergy yet Did to his predeceffors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer feem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majefty : Save, that there was not time enough to hear (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done) The fevers, and unhidden paffages, Of his true titles⁶ to fome certain dukedoms; And, generally, to the crown and feat of France, Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off;

¹ Meaning, when every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himfelf as well as he could.
² Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleanfed the Augean ftables when he turned a river through them.
³ That is, his theory muft have been taught by art and praftice. Theoric or theorique is what terminates in fpeculation.
⁴ i. e. The wild fruit fo called, which grows in the woods.
⁵ i. e. Increafing in its proper power.
⁶ The paffages of his titles are the lines of fucceffion by which his claims

defcend. Unbidden is open, clear.

Cant. The Fr
 Crav'd audienc
 To give him h
Ely. It is.

Cant. Then
 Which I could
 Before the Fre
Ely. I'll wai

Enter King Hen

K. Henry. W
 terbu
Exc. Not ho
K. Henry. S
Wefl. Shall
K. Henry. N
 refol

Before we hear
 That talk our th
Enter the Ar

Cant. God,
 thror

And make you
K. Henry. Su
 My learned lor
 And juftly and
 Why the law S
 Or fhould, or f
 And God forbi
 That you sho

readi
 Or nicely charg
 With opening t
 Suits not in nat
 For God doth h
 Shall drop their
 Of what your
 Therefore take
 How you awak
 We charge you
 For never two t
 Without much
 Are every one
 'Gainft him, w
 fword

That makes fuc
 Under this conj
 For we will hear
 That what you
 As pure as fin
Cant. Then h
 you pe

That owe your
 To this imperia
 To make againft
 But this, which
 In terram Salica
 No woman fhall f

John Holla
 mind bufied wit
 that title which f
 fteady or fpecious

Cant. The French Ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock.

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Opens to the presence.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Warwick, West-
moreland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Can-
terbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle¹.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin; we would be
resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts², concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop
of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred
throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles³ miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know, how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation⁴

Of what your reverence shall incite us to:

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend,

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
Gaimil him, whose wrong gives edge unto the
sword

That makes such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;

For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and
you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,

To this imperial throne;—⁵ There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France,

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

Laterram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,

No woman shall succeed in Salique land:

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,

5 That the land Salique lies in Germany,

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;

Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;

10 Who, holding in disdain the German women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establish'd there this law, to wit, no female

Should be inheritor in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

15 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.

Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law

Was not devised for the realm of France:

Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one and twenty years

20 After defunction of king Pharamond,

Who suppos'd the founder of this law;

Who died within the year of our redemption

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French

25 Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,

Did, as heir general, being descended

30 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown

Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—

To fine⁶ his title with some shew of truth,

35 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)

Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son

40 Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ninth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,

Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd

That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,

Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,

45 Daughter to Charles the aforesaid duke of Lorrain;

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great

Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,

King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,

50 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female:

So do the kings of France unto this day;

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,

To bar your highness claiming from the female;

55 And rather chuse to hide them in a net,

Than amply to imbare⁷ their crooked titles,

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I, with right and conscience,

make this claim?

60 *Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of numbers it is writ—

When the son dies, let the inheritance

¹ John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth the king's aunt. ² Meaning, keep our
mind busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. ³ i. e. spurious. ⁴ i. e. in proving and supporting
that title which shall be now set up. ⁵ This whole speech is copied from Holinshed. ⁶ i. e. to make it
clear or spurious by some appearance of justice. ⁷ i. e. lay open, display to view. Descend

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.—
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Wes. They know, your grace hath cause, and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors. [French:]

K. Henry. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches¹, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers. [only.]

K. Henry. We do not mean the courting snatchers
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a² giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot affays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampl'd by herself,—

When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise;
As is the ouze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

Exe. But there's a saying very old and true,—
If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To take and havock more than she can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd³ necessity;

since we have looks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent⁴;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience⁵: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their flings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they⁶ with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing maçons building roofs of gold:
The civil citizens kneading up the honey:

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—

That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.

Divide your happy England into four;

¹ The marches are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marches*, i. e. the lords presidents of the marches, &c. ² i. e. inconstant, changeable. ³ i. e. an unfortunate necessity, or a necessity to be excused. ⁴ Consent is unison. ⁵ The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government.

Whereof

Whereof take
And you with
If we, with th
Cannot defend
Let us be wor
The name of l

K. Henry. C

Now are we w

And yours, th

France being c

Or break it all

Ruling, in lar

O'er France, a

Or lay these b

Tumble, wit

Either our his

Speak freely o

Like Turkish

Not worshipping

Ely.

Now we are v

Of our fair co

Your greeting

Amb. May

freely to renc

Or shall we s

The Dauphin

K. Henry. V

Unto whose g

As are our w

Therefore, wi

Tell us the D

Amb. Thu

Your highnes

Did claim for

Of your grea

In answer of

Says,—that y

And bids you

That can be

You cannot r

He therefore

This tun of t

Desires you,

Hear no mor

K. Henry.

Exe. Ten

K. Henry.

His present,

When we ha

We will, in

Shall strike

¹ Empty
galliard was
in the tennis
which he is
of stone.

Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy. [Dauphin.]

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the
Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery¹,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipping'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble-galliard² won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exc. Tennis-balls, my liege. [with us;

K. Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:

Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With³ chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence⁴, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and shew my fail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the days of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stone⁵; and his soul
Shall stand fore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and the tell Dauphin,
His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exc. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sander blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Empery signifies dominion, but is now an obsolete word, though formerly in general use. ² A galliard was an ancient dance, now obsolete. ³ Chace is a term at tennis. So is the bazard; a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. ⁴ i. e. not in the court, the place in which he is now speaking. ⁵ When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone.

A C T II.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. NOW all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

¹ For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills [men,—
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,

Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.—
Have for the gilt ² of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;

And by their hands this ³ grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest

The abuse of distance, while we force a play ⁴.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:

There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pafs; for, if we may,

⁵ We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

*Before Quickly's house in Eastcheap.**Enter Corporal Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolph.**Bard.* Well met, corporal.*Nym.* Good morrow, ⁶ lieutenant Bardolph.

¹ Mr. Tollet says, that in the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. ² Gilt, which in our author generally signifies a display of gold, in the present instance means golden money.

³ i. e. he who does great honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. ⁴ To force a play, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. ⁵ That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. ⁶ At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* ⁷ Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, *We'll all go sworn brothers to France*, or, *we'll all be sworn brothers in France.* ⁸ *Tike* is a small kind of dog. ⁹ We should read, *Good ancient*, for it is to Pistol to whom he addresses himself. ¹⁰ Meaning, will you march, or go off?

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheeks; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Quickly.
Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Bafe tyke ⁸, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.—O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant ⁹, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pist!

Pist. Pist for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog ¹⁰ off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!

50 The solus in thy most marvellous face;

Act 2. Scene

The solus in t

And in thy ha

And, which i

I can retort th

For I can talk

And flashing

Nym. I am

me. I have a

ly well: If yo

four you wic

If you would

a little, in go

humour of it.

Pist. O brag

The grave do

Therefore exh

Bard. Hear

Strikes the first

as I am a foldi

Pist. An oar

abate

Give me thy fi

Thy spirits are

Nym. I wil

in fair terms;

Pist. Corp

tance

O bound of C

Ne; to the spi

An; from the

Fetch forth the

Doll Tear-shee

I have, and I w

for the only she

Boy. Mine

matter,—and y

would to bed.—

tween his theet

pan: faith, he

Bard. Away*Quick.* By m

ding one of th

heart.—Good h

Bard. Come,

We must to f

should we kee

throats?

Pist. Let flo

how!

Nym. You'll

of you at bettin

Pist. Bafe is*Nym.* That

mour of it.

Pist. As man*Bard.* By thi

thrust, I'll kill

¹ *Earbosen* is

pellation of bed

bad means an a

The

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worfe, within thy nasty mouth!
I will retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk; and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbasen¹; you cannot conjure
me. I have an humour to knock you indifferent-
ly well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will
fou you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms:
If you would walk off, I would prick your guts
a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the
humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that
brakes the first it oke, I'll run him up to the hilts,
as I am a foldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall
abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other,
in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Come I: gorge*, that is the word—I defy
thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her spouse;
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
for the only she; and—*Panica*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
maiter,—and you hostess,—he is very sick, and
would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose be-
tween his sheets, and do the office of a warming-
pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pud-
ding one of these days: the king has kill'd his
heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exit Quickly.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends?
We must to France together: Why, the devil,
should we keep knives to cut one another's
throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food
howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won
of you at betting?

Pist. Bafe is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the hu-
mour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

[Draw.]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first
thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have
their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends,
be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be en-
mies with me too. Pr'ythee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of
you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in
quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so
shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is
most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come
to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the
knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be
as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambskins,
we will live. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these
traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear
themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow²,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely
favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[Trumpets sound.]

*Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and
Attendants.*

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head³ assembled them?

Scroop.

¹ Barbasen is the name of a demon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² The familiar ap-
pellation of bedfellow, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility.

³ A

head means an army formed.

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a
subject,

That fits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create¹ of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
A cording to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice², we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give
him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper³,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes;—

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Henry. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

5 What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there,

10 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault?

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. *Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

15 *K. Henry.* The mercy, that was quick in us but
late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—

20 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man

25 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge, is,—hath likewise sworn.—
But O!

30 What shall I say to thee, 'lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

35 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

40 That, though the truth of it stands off⁵ as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly⁶ in a natural cause,

45 That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason and on murder.
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

50 He hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glittering semblances of piety;

55 But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same daemon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

60 He might return to vasty Tartar⁷ back,
And tell the legions—I can never win

¹ i. e. made up of duty and zeal. ² On his return to more coolness of mind. ³ i. e. from intoxication. ⁴ i. e. living. ⁵ To stand off is être relevé, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. ⁶ i. e. palpably. ⁷ i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.

A foul so easy as that Englishman's.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
 of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
 And I repent my fault, more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it. [*duce;*

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not se-
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to affect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in surfeance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
 your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; [*ter.*
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaugh-
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

5 Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 10 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothen'd in our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 15 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me
 bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No: for my manly heart doth yern.—
 Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaulting
 veins; [*dead,*

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
 And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would, I were with him, wherefome'er
 he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Ar-
 thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bo-
 som. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it
 35 had been any chrysem⁵ child; 'a parted even just
 between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide⁶;
 for after I saw him fumble with the sheets⁷, and
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,

40 I knew there was but one way; for his nose was
 as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.—
 How now, Sir John? quoth I; what, man! be
 of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!
 three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid
 him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd, there was
 no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts
 yet: So 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet: I
 put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and
 they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his
 50 knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was
 as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

55 *Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

¹ *Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the
 age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. ² The king means to say of

Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that a specious appearance was deceitful, and there-
 fore did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. ³ i. e.

refined or sifted from all faults. ⁴ i. e. marked by the blot he speaks of in the preceding line. ⁵ The
 old quarto has it, *crisom'd child*. The *Chrysum* was the white cloth put on the new baptised child. The

child itself was also sometimes called a *chrysom*. ⁶ It was a common opinion among the women of our
 author's time, that nobody died but in the time of ebb; though every day's experience must have con-

sulted such a notion. ⁷ This indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lemmius, Hip-
 pocrates, and Galen. *Boy.*

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said, it was a black foul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let fences rule¹; the word is, *Pitch and pay*²;

Truik none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *cawto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals³.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

'To fuck, to fuck, the very blood to fuck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewif'ry appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The French King's Palace.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

I therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no shew of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied⁴ with a Whitfun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception⁵, and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter;

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;

And princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,

And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward black prince of

Wales; [standing,]

Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—

Saw his heroical feed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry king of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.—

Go, and bring them,

You see this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward

dogs

¹ i. e. let prudence govern you. ² This caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before by letting Falstaff run in her debt. ³ i. e. dry thine eyes. ⁴ The 4to 1608 reads, *were troubled*. ⁵ i. e. how diffident and decent in making objections.

Most spend their mouths*, when what they seem to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother England? [Jefty.

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your ma-
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days.
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line¹,
In every branch truly demonstrative;

[*Gives the French King a paper.*

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:

And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

15 Thus says my king; and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
20 Shall chide² your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,

It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity.
25 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference

30 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters³ now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

35 *Fr. King.* To-morrow you shall know our mind
at full. [*Flourish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay;

40 For he is footed in this land already. [*conditions:*

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. **T**HUS with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phæbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
55 You stand upon the rivage⁴, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage⁵ of this navy;
60 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandfires, batteries, and old women,

* i. e. bark.

¹ Meaning, this genealogy; this deduction of his lineage.

² To chide is to re-

found, to ccho.

³ The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *musters*.

⁴ The bank or shore.

⁵ i. e. Let

your minds follow close after the navy.

Or

Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
back ;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter ; and with her to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not ; and the nimble gunner
With linstock¹ now the devilish cannon touches,

[*Alarum ; and chambers go off.*]
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E I.

Before Harfleur.

[*Alarum.*]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more :

Or close the wall up with the English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage² of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded³ base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument⁴.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood. [*ycomen,*
And teach them how to war !—And you, good
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear [*not ;*
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;

Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and faint George !

[*Exeunt King and train.*]

[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the
breach !

Nym. Pray thee, corporal⁵, stay ; the knocks are
too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a
case of lives ; the humour of it is too hot, that is
the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just ; for humours
do abound ;

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London !
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and
safety.

Pist. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing
on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. 'Splood !—Up to the preaches, you ral-
cals ! will you not up to the preaches ?

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage ! [*chuck !*
Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet

Nym. These be good humours—your honour
wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these
three swafshers. I am a boy to them all three ; but
all they three, though they would serve me, could
not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such anticks
do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is
white-liver'd, and red-fac'd ; by the means where-
of, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—
he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword ; by
the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps
whole weapons. Nor Nym,—he hath heard, that
men of few words are the best⁶ men ; and there-
fore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be
thought a coward ; but his few bad words are
match'd with a few good deeds ; for 'a never
broke any man's head but his own ; and that was
against a post, when he was drunk. They will
steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph
stole a lute-case ; bore it twelve leagues, and sold
it for three-half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are
sworn brothers in filching ; and in Calais they stole
a fire-shovel : I knew, by that piece of service,
the men would carry coals⁷. They would have

¹ The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. ² Portage, open space, from, port, a gate. The meaning is, let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. ³ i. e. his *worn* or *wasted* base. ⁴ i. e. matter, or subject. ⁵ We should read lieutenant. ⁶ i. e. a set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. ⁷ i. e. to men of earth. ⁸ That is, *brave*. ⁹ In Shakspeare's age, to carry coals, implied, to endure affronts.

me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter Fluellen, Governor following.

Gover. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermine; by Cheshu, I think, 'a will now¹ up all, if, there is no petter directions.

Gover. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gover. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris, and Captain Jamy.

Gover. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous-falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worships, goot captain Jamy.

Gover. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit² you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save

me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still: it is sham, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do good service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the bress and the long: Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gover. Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gover. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end.

S C E N E III.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves:

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-atchiev'd Harfleur,

Till in her ashes she be buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd foldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his sinich'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

¹ That is, *he will blow up all.*

² That is, *I shall requite you, answer you.*

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows¹ the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your thrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness following
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd².

[Flourish, and enter the town.]

S C E N E IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Katharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles
bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne, il faut que j'ap-
prenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en
Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? may foye, je oublie les doigts;
mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils
sont appelé de fingres; ury, de fingers; oui de
fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.
Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée
deux mots d'Anglois visiblement. Comment appelez
vous les ongles?

Alice. Des ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle
bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coule.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de
tous le mots, que vous m'avez appris des à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand,
de fingre, de nails, de arm, de billbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow
Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De fin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de fin
Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur; en vérité, vous
prononcez le mots aussi droit que les natifs d'An-
gletorre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace
de Dieu; & en peu de temps.
Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous
ay enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De
hand, de fingre, de mails.

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre bonneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi des je; de elbow, de neck, et de fin:
Comment appelez vous les pieds & la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; & de con.

Kath. De foot, & de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ce
sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et im-
pudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je
ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de
France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de
con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon
ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de
elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner.
[Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Presence-Chamber in the French Court.

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of
Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river
Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of
us,—

The emptying of our father's luxury³—

Our syons, put in wild and savage⁴ stock,

Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,

And over-grow their grafters?
[Bastards:]

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Normans

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

¹ To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off.
means lust.

⁴ i. e. uncultivated, or wild.

² i. e. prepared.

³ In this place, as in others, luxury

In that nook—

Con. Dieu

Is not their el

On whom, as

Killing their f

A drench for

Decoit their

And shall our

Seem frosty?

Let us not ha

Upon the hou

Sweat drops of

Poor—we ma

Dau. By fa

Our madams

Our mettle is

Their bodies

To new store

Bour. They

sch

And teach la

Saying, our g

And that we

Fr. King. V

hiz

Let him greet

Un, prince's;

More sharper

Charles De-la

You dukes of

Alençon, Bral

Jagues Chatill

Beaumont, Gr

Foix, Lestrale,

High dukes,

knig

For your great

Bar Harry En

With pennons

Rush on his h

Upon the vall

The Alps doth

Go down upon

And in a capt

Bring him ou

Con. This b

Sorry am I, h

His soldiers sic

For, I am sur

He'll drop his

And, for atch

Fr. King.

Mo

And let him s

To know wha

Prince Dauph

Dau. Not f

Fr. King. B

us—

¹ Spotten fig

tures, and ne

observes, that

small flags, o

as pendant.

In that nook-shotten¹ isle of Albion. [mettle?]
Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
 A drench for fur-reyn'd² jades, their barley broth,
 Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon the houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
 Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
 Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
 To new store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-
 schools,

And teach *lavoltus*³ high, and swift *cavatras*;
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed
 him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
 Un, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
 More sharper than your swords, lie to the field:
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alençon, Erabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaulemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons⁴ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot, into Roan
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
 Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
 us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The English Camp.

Enter Governor, and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you
 from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service
 committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as
 Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour
 with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my
 life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers; he
 is not (God be praised and pleased!) any hurt in
 the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly,
 with excellent discipline. There is an ancient
 lieutenant there at the bridge,—I think, in my very
 conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark An-
 tony; and he is a man of no estimation in the
 world; but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the
 man.

Pist. Captain, I beseech thee to do me favours:
 The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some
 love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a foldier firm and found of heart,
 Of buxom⁵ valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
 And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
 That godless blind,
 That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune
 is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to
 signify to you, that fortune is blind: And she is
 painted also with a wheel; to signify to you,
 which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and
 inconstant, and mutabilities, and variations; and
 her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,
 which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth,
 the poet makes a most excellent description of
 fortune; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
 him;

For he hath stol'n a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.
 Damn'd death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
 For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice:
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:

¹ *Shotten* signifies any thing projected; so *nook-shotten* isle is an isle that shoots out into capes, promon-
 tories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain. ² i. e. over-ridden horses. ³ *Hammer*
 observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. ⁴ *Pennons* armorial were
 small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* means the same
 as *pendant*. ⁵ i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pis. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pis. Die and be damn'd; and figs for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pis. The fig¹ of Spain!

[Exit Pistol.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a foldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sponce², at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit³ of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the King, Glesler, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got blefs your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders to cut off—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Montjoy⁴.

Mont. You know me by my habit⁵.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee: What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better foldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe;—now we speak upon our cue⁶, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this—add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But would be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment⁷; for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;

¹ This alludes to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. ² A sponce appears to have been some hairy, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. ³ The 4tos 1600, &c. read—a horrid sbout of the camp. ⁴ Mont-joye is the title of the first king at arms in France, as Garter is in our own country. ⁵ That is, by my herald's coat. ⁶ In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. ⁷ i. e. hindrance.

My numbers less'n'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me
God,

That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master,—here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before¹, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neigh-
bour,

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
ness. [Exit.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.
K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not
in theirs.—

March to the bridge; it now draws toward
night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt]

S C E N E VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the
Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, with others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let
my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any
prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on four
patterns. *Ca, ba!* He bounds² from the earth, as
if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the
Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I be-
stride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the
air; the earth sings when he touches it; the
basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a
beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and
the dull elements of earth and water never ap-
pear in him, but only in patient stillness, while
his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse; and
all other jades you may call—beasts³.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is
like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance
enforces homage.

Orl. No more, 'cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the
lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a
theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into
eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for
them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason
on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on;
and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown)
to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder
at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and
began thus, *Wonder of nature*⁴—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
posed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French
hose off, and in your strait troffers⁵.

Con. You have good judgment in horfemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then; they that ride
so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I
had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,
& la truie lavée au boubrier:* thou mak'st use of
any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress;
or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, up-
on it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

¹ This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide*.

² Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*, "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." ³ *Jade* is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. ⁴ Here, probably, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed. ⁵ *Troffers* signifies a pair of breeches. Mr. Steevens observes, that the kerns, or peafints, of Ireland, anciently rode without breeches; and therefore *strait troffers* may mean only in their naked skin, which fits close to them.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.
Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and, 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a 'gal-lant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good man still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.¹

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap² that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high countable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish³ fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples; you may as well say, —that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now it is time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock: but, let me see—by ten, We shall each have a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the
 poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

¹ This alludes to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, bait or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy; yet when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. ² Alluding to the practice of capping verses. ³ Peevish, in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 night,
 The hum of either army silly sounds,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire; and through their palmy flames

Each battl
 Steed thro
 Piercing t
 The arm
 With busy
 Give drea
 The count
 And the t
 Proud of
 The confid
 Do the low
 And chide
 Who, like
 So tediously
 Like sacrific
 Sit patiently
 The mornin
 Investing la
 Presented th
 So many ho
 The royal cr
 Walking fr
 Let him cry
 For forth he
 Bids them g
 And calls the
 Upon his ro
 How dread
 Nor doth he
 Unto the we
 But freshly l
 With cheerfu
 That every v
 Beholding hi
 A largess uni
 His liberal ey
 Thawing col
 Behold, as m
 A little touch
 And for our sc
 Where (O for
 With four or
 Right ill-dispo
 The name of
 Minding³ tru

S
 The
 Enter K
 K. Henry, C
 dang
 The greater th
 Good-morrow,
 There is some
 Would men ob
 For our bad ne
 Which is both

¹ Umber is a
 when beheld th
 this phrase occu
 lit. Mr. Steeve
 times; where
 ombres, ombriere
 Hence umber'd f
 mind is the famo
 and by the ch
 lightness, nimbl

Each battle sees the other's umber'd¹ face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And the third hour of drowfy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play² at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon.
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrouned him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night:
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, fit and fee;
 Minding³ true things by what their mockeries be.

S C E N E I.

The English Camp, at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.

K. Henry. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
 There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. [better,

Erping. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king. [sent pains,

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their pre-
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowfy grave, and newly move

With casted slough⁴ and fresh legerity⁵.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;

Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company. [Harry!

Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st

cheerfully. [Exit.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me: Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;

A lad of life, an imp⁶ of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy. [Cornish crew?

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of

K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon saint David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in

your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figs for thee then!

¹ *Umbre* is a brown colour: the distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. Mr. Tollet observes, that another interpretation of this phrase occurs, expressive of the preparation of both armies for an engagement, in *Hamlet*, Act III. Mr. Steevens gives the following quotations from *Stowe's Chronicle*: "He brast up his *umber* three times;" where *umber* means the vizor of the helmet, as *umbriere* doth in *Spenser*, from the French *ombre*, *ombriere*, or *ombraire*, a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that hides or covers the face. Hence *umber'd face* may denote a face arm'd with a helmet. ² i. e. do play them away at dice. ³ To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. ⁴ *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. ⁵ *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. ⁶ See Note ², p. 506.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.]

K. Henry. It forts¹ well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen,—

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal² world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. [Exit.]

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Henry. No; nor it is not meet he should.—For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions³: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives sav'd.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after: for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off, in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We dy'd at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or, if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury: some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment⁴, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war

¹ i. e. it agrees.

² Conditions mean qualities.

³ i. e. hastily, suddenly.

⁴ That is, punishment

in their native country: or, such as they are born to if they offend.

is his beadle
men are pur
laws, in no
fared the
where they
they die un
their damna
impieties for
Every subje
ject's soul is
soldier in th
bed, wash e
dying so, dea
the time wa
ration was g
were not fin
offer, he let
neis, and to
pare.

Will. 'Tis
the ill is up
answer for it

Bates. I do
and yet I det

K. Henry.
not be ransom

Will. Ay,
fully; but, v
ransom'd, an

K. Henry.
his word after

Will. You
out of an eld
pleasure can
well go about
in his face wi
trust his word

K. Henry.
I should be ar
venient.

Will. Let
K. Henry.

Will. How
K. Henry.

Will. Here
dar't acknow

Will. Here
thine.

K. Henry.
Will. This

thou come to
is my glove, b
on the ear.

K. Henry.
lunge it.

Will. Thor
K. Henry.

thee in the ki
Will. Keep

Bates. Be fi
we have Fre

tell how to re

¹ Meaning
the timid p

is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.—

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God to free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun¹, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king; we must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, [ing!]

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring—

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy? and what have kings,

That privates have not too, save ceremony?

Save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!

What is thy soul, O adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out,

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flattery and low bending?

Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's

knee, [dream,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farfed² title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of the world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

Eut, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follow so the ever-running year

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

¹ Meaning, it is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon. ² Farfed is stuffed: meaning, the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
Seek through your camp to find you. [absence,

K. Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them altogether at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers
hearts !

Possess them not with fear : take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O
O not to-day, think not upon the fault [Lord,
My father made in compassing the crown ;
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My liege !

K. Henry. My brother Gloster's voice !—Ay ;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my
lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval* :—My horse ! valet !
lacquey ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. *Via !—les eaux & la terre.*—

Orl. *Rien plus ? l'air & le feu.*—

Dau. *Ciel ! cousin Orleans !*—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
neigh !

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides ;

That their hot bloods may spin in English eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! strait to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales, and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport ; let us but blow on

them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

About our squares of battle,—were enough

To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;

Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Look stand for idle speculation :

But that our honour's must not.—What's to say ?

A very little little let us do.

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonnance², and the note to mount :

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and

yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France !

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
ill-favour'dly become the morning field !

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully,

Big Mars seems bankrupt in the r beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand³ ; and their poor

jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips :

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal⁴ bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh
suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard⁵ ; On, to the field ;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste. Come, come away !

The sun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[Exit.

¹ *Via* ! is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons* !

² The tucket-sonnance was probably the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet.

³ Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

⁴ Gimmal is, in the western counties a ring ; a gimmal bit is therefore a bit of which the parts played one with another.

⁵ It seems, by what follows, that guard in this place means rather something of ornament or distinction than a body of attendants. The following quotation from Holinshed will best elucidate this passage—"The duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard."

S C E N E III.

The English Camp.

Enter Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the English Host; Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds. God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster—and my good lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. to Sal. Farewel, kind lord! fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness; Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enough

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;

Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;

It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian:

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: Then shall our
names,

5 Familiar in their mouth as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son:

10 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,

15 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,

20 That fought with us upon saint Crispian's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with

speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,

25 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds

be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward

now!

30 K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from

England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I

alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

35 K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwill'd five

thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

40 Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,

king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured over-throw:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

45 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor

50 bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

55 K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer

back;

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows

thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin

60 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

¹ The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispian's day. ² i. e. this day

shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. ³ i. e. splendidly, ostentatiously. ⁴ i. e. expedition.

A many

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in bras of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime.
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality¹.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness, and our guilt², are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)

And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald save thy labour:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee
well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, sol-
diers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and
Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art
thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discus.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark:—
O signieur Dew, thou dy'st on point of fox³,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de
moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys!
For I will fetch thy rim⁴ out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ta
bras?

Pist. Brags cur.

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me bras?

Fr. Sol. O, pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

—Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,

What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir⁵ him,
and ferret him:—discus the same in French unto
him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and fir.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur!

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous
teniez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette
heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison;
gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is a
gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom,
he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de par-
donner ce prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les escus
que vous l'avez promettez, il est content de vous donner
la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille re-
mercimens: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé
entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave,
vaillant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

¹ Mr. Steevens observes, that by this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. *Relapse* may be used for rebound. Shakspeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality*, for *fatal or mortal rebound*; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had relapsed into inu-
mation. ² i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. ³ Fox is an old cant word for a sword. ⁴ The rim means what is now called the diaphragm in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts. ⁵ Moys is a piece of money; whence moi d'or, or moi of gold. ⁶ To fir is used in a variety of senses by different old authors; in this place it would seem to mean, to chastise.

Boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks), the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Piff. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exe. Piffol, and French Soldier.*]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil: 't' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Raimbours.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! — *le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. — [*A short alarm.*]

O misérable fortune! — Do not run away

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die, instant: — Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field.

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon. [*throng;*]

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the

Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Alarm. Enter King Henry and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,

5 I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting: From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie, larding the plain: and by his bloody side (York-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)

10 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay inteept'd, And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes, That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

15 And cries aloud, — *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

20 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And, with a feeble gripe, says, — *Dear my lord, Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

25 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

30 But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

King Henry. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

35 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. — [*Alarm.*]

But, hark! what new alarm is this same?

The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men: —

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarums continued; after which, enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the world: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, has caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.

55 O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the

¹ Dr. Johnson on this passage observes, that in modern puppet-shews, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the Devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *Vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the Devil with a wooden dagger. ² *Perdurable* means lasting.

pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon: and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, &c. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came into France,
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir' away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now! what means their herald?
Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary² blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; while their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praise be God, and not our strength,
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Henry. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispian Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the black prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am a Welch, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Enter William.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Exit Montjoy and others.]

Exc. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

¹ See note 7, p. 384. ² Mercenary here means common or hired blood. The gentlemen of the army served at their own charge, in consequence of their tenures.

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live, and if ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier should keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort¹, quite from the answer of his degree².

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-fauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit.

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,—

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear; It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly he'll return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peeseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows³, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this is my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty here now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, peggary, lowfy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimonials, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promis'dst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

¹ High rank. ² Meaning, a man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. ³ The *Revisal* reads, very plausibly, "in two plows." The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently.* ⁴ It must be, *give me my glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow,—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Hen. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? [king]

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the John duke of Bourbon, and lord Beuciqualt: Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, [ber]
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

5 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, And gentlemen of blood and quality. [squires,
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret², high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
10 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Anthony duke of Brabant, The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
15 And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls, Grandpré, and Roulli, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrail. Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

20 Where is the number of our English dead? [folk.
Exe. Edward the duke of York, the earl of Salisbury, Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire: None else of name; and, of all other men, But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
25 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
30 For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village: And be it death proclaimed through our host, To boast of this, or take that praise from God, Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd? [ledgment,

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment God fought for us.

40 *Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
45 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. **V**OUCHSAFE, to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

55 Be here presented. Now we bear the king—[seen,
Toward Calais: grant him there; and there being
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea: behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps—voice the deep-mouth'd
60 sea,

¹ See note 2, p. 534. ² *De-la-bret* here, as in a former passage, should be *Charles D'Albret*, would the measure permit of such a change. ³ The king (say the *Chronicles*) caused the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Aegypto* (in which, according to the Vulgate, is included the psalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be sung after the victory.

Which,

Which, like a mighty whiffler¹ 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath :
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood²,
Were now the general * of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broadch³ on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit, [cause,
To welcome him ? Much more, and much more
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chance'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

S C E N E I.

The English Camp in France.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you
your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my
friend, captain Gower ; the rascally, scald, peggar-
ly, lowly, praggling knave, Pistol,—which you
and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no pet-
ter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits—
he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt
yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek : it
was in a place where I could not preed no conten-
tions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear
it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I
will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a tur-
key-cock :

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you,
scurvy, lowly knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web⁴ ?
Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowly knave,
at my desires, and my request, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you,
you do not love it, nor your affections, and your
appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with
it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you : [strikes him.] Will
your be to goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time,
and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for
it.—[strikes him.] You call'd me yesterday,
mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree⁵. I pray you fall to ; if you
can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have⁶ assenish'd

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Pite,
I pray you ; it is goot for your green wound, and
your ploodly coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out
of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ;
I eat, and eat, I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you : will you have some more
sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is
goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take
occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock
at them ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take
it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in
cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy no-
thing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and
keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

¹ A *whiffler* is an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies on the 9th of November, or what is vulgarly called *Lord Mayor's Day*. ² *Likelihood* for *similitude*. ³ The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. ⁴ i. e. spitted, transixed.

⁵ The meaning is, dost thou desire to have me put thee to death ? ⁶ That is, according to Dr. Johnson, *I will bring thee to the ground*. Other commentators think it alludes to an old matrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, intitled, *The Squire of low Degree*.

⁶ That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

Pis. All hell shall stir for this.

Gen. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking¹ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. *[Exit.]*

Pis. Doth fortune play the huswife² with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

The French Court, at Trois in Champagne.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Katharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!—

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bar. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar³, and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd:
And all her husbandry doth lie in heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate⁴ such savag'ry:
The even meal, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd⁵ attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour⁶,
You are assembled: and my speech intreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, duke of Burgundy, you would⁷
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tennours and particular effects
You have, enshedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bar. The king hath heard them; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curfory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: please⁸ your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:

¹ i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. ² i. e. the *jilt*. *Huswife* is here used in an ill sense. ³ i. e. to this barrier; to this place of congress. ⁴ To deracinate is to force up by the roots. ⁵ i. e. wild, irregular, extravagant. ⁶ i. e. former appearance.

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Ifa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Ifa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent King Henry, Katharine, and a Lady.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! des langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

Lady. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deccits: dat is de princefs.*

K. Henry. The princefs is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonheur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure: and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet

for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off: But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, 'tis true;—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he performs must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, that you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

H. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez la possession de moi, (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) —donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonheur, le Francois que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at once. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet,

¹ i. e. real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me, tells me—thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling¹, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between saint Denis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople², and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere & digne deesse!*

Kath. Your majesty 'ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, lie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering³ effect of my visage. Now bespew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine: who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Dep it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma*

joy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le costume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat is not be de fashion pour de ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser, en English.*

K. Hen. To kiss.

Lady. Your majesty entendre betterre que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty, that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding—[*kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burg. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz'; and my copdition⁴ is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling,

¹ i. e. scrambling. ² Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. ³ Meaning, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose. ⁴ i. e. my temper.

which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ¹ ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled within maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wife, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition in French:—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*: and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son: and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms [pale Of France and England, whose very shores look

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen.

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the passion of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—

25 Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;— And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen, Our bending ² author hath pursu'd the story; In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts ³ the full course of their glory. Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd This star of England: fortune made his sword:

35 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd, And of it left his son imperial lord. Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

40 Which oft our stage hath shewn; and, for their In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

¹ That is, the application of this fable, the moral being the application of a fable.

² i. e. humble.

³ Meaning, by touching only on select parts.

9 FE 65